

The Lord Weird Slough Feg

"Atavism II"

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I've been to this place before
I'm fighting a silent war with you
I've carried this cross for too long

Nailed to my body bleeding
And off of my blood you're feeding
You buried your thorns around my bed

Memories of caterwaul
Resound against the hand of violence
Randomly decides the fate of man
While inside your callous dreams I'm banging
On the gates of sorrow
Trying to find a way to understand

You think the truth will set you free
While you're still rotting here with me
Your subtle adaptation
Was my extermination
And now your lies have conquered me

You think the past will come alive
And with that hopeless faith you strive
My fate's beyond selection
Your flaws beyond correction
Only the weakest will survive

You think the truth will set you free
I'll test your idle prophecy
Your lies are all recessive
My truth is retrogressive
More than you're likely to foresee

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