

The Lord Weird Slough Feg "Baltech's Lament"

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Release the spores
All's lost and there's nothing gained
Your time is through
Chasing a worthless fate
Wasting your mind, rotting inside

All of the dreams for your life now have died
Alien mind, ancestral memories
Released in time
Progress and savagery
Scavenging waste, conquest in space
All of the memories of life gone to waste

First in a line
Heading towards mastery
Why waste your time?
Seeking out clemency
You're left behind
Body and mind
All those before you, just slaves to the grind

It's your god-given right
I suppose I would let you win

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