

The Lord Weird Slough Feg "Curse Of Humaniti"

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Imperial troops are coming
This may be our last chance
Professor's mind is numbing
As Vargr troops advance

And though your mind is restless
Don't waste it on the past
The Vargr moon is crescent
The future's theirs at last

The future's now becoming
A tribute to the past
The masses are succumbing
The race is merging fast

And though your mind is bitter
Don't give them what they want
Professor was a quitter
His methods far too blunt

And though your mind is restless
Don't waste it on the past
The Vargr moon is crescent
The future's ours at last

The curse of double helix
Brings only racial wars
And though you may not feel it
The air is filled with spores

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