

Psychotic Waltz

"Wretch"

Visit "[Wretch](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chews the fat with his creator over breakfast in the
sunlight.
Though when he says grace,
When he says grace, He feels enveloped like a
shadow.
But there are evenings,
There are evenings when his decimated world of
movement,
Color and form gets thin, and getting thinner
When lights are dim and getting dimmer
When nights are grim and only getting, only getting
grimmer.
Shake it down now!

As they barter their boulders, and martyr their soldier,
Teach a man to tear her fucking head from her God
damn shoulders.
Held into the sun by the threads of her hair,
By the threads of her hair,
By the threads of her hair,
They impart the secret hatred from the fathers to their
heirs.

In a silence left unbroken, Oh
On a bed bound and gagged, bound, bound and
gagged.

With culture, language, myth and law:
Our Goddess gave birth, our Goddess gave birth to
your God

On a bed bound and gagged with culture, language,
myth and law,
From a wounded womb where flesh is scarred and raw.

Our goddess gave birth to your God
Our goddess gave birth to your God
Our goddess gave birth to your God
Our goddess gave birth to your God, God Damn!

Culture, language, myth and law; Our goddess gave

birth to your God.

Visit [Psychotic Waltz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.