

## 20th Century Wretch

### The Lord Weird Slough Feg

Sinking in silence the soft womb  
Breaking apart from the blows  
Heavy and lame on this twentieth century  
Planet of granite I've chose  
Nothing can save me  
I've lost all my energy  
Withered and broken I lie on the bed  
Breathing disgust as I stare in the mirror  
Cursing the veins that bulge out of my head

Worthless to live anymore  
One thousand deaths finally taking its toll  
Thought you'd survive in the fire  
Of mind vs. body--to hell with your soul

Just a host for the beast to perform  
Old nemesis of the race he will mourn  
Visions of him creeping under my skin  
He's vivisection of life from within