

Agnostic Grunt

The Lord Weird Slough Feg

Your random faith has run away
abandoned traits of yesterday
And stripped of everything but balls and blood
Your cryptic message finally understood

The message comes in loud and clear
You'll force the world to adhere
The only consolation I can find
Is in the legacy you left behind

See them driven before you
Through the eyes of a slave
Once they tried to ignore you
Now you spit on their grave