

## Curse Of Athena

### The Lord Weird Slough Feg

Swept on the shore by the light of the silver moon's  
glaive  
Creeping of dawn through the street in the rags of a  
slave  
Once I was lord of this kingdom from city to sea  
Now twenty years past the townsfolk are laughing at me

Crouched in the hut of the swineherd  
I don my disguise  
Faced with the kindness and questions  
I meet them with lies  
Dirty and smoke-stained I'm all shriveled flesh, gnarled  
limb  
Touched by the hand of the goddess my eyes become grim