

Heavy Metal Monk

The Lord Weird Slough Feg

What kind of a fool do you take me for?
The lust of a monk or a troubadour

I must be the last of a dying race
What virtue is wrought from a man who is chaste?
And spiteful enough for a holy war

What kind of a man do you think I am?
A master who's failed at his own exam

This knowledge of life has become a cage
A prison where reason has turned to rage
A hawk that circles a pentagram

What kind of a face do these people see?
A creature enslaved by his inquiry

A chain of thought that will never stop
Perhaps a bull in a china shop
A monster trapped in a library

I'm caught in this race's own graveyard
I'm piecing together unholy shards

A man that died of his mental health
An age that turned it against himself
And left to gather his own reward

What ever does this world want from me?
A martyr for a moral tragedy