

## 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