

# Wretch

## Captain Cleanoff

Chews the fat with his creator  
Over breakfast in the sunlight  
Though when he says grace, when he says grace  
He feels enveloped like a shadow  
But there are evenings  
There are evenings when this  
Decimated world of movement, color and form  
Gets thin and getting thinner  
When lights are dim and getting dimmer  
When nights are grim and they're only getting  
Only getting grimmer  
As they barter their boulders  
And martyr their soldiers  
Teach a man to tear her fucking head  
From her goddamn shoulders  
Held into the sun, by the threads of her hair  
By the threads of her hair  
By the threads of her hair  
They impart a secret hatred from their fathers to their heirs

In a silence left unbroken, oh  
On a bed bound and gagged  
Bound, bound and gagged  
With culture, language, myth and law  
Our goddess gave birth  
Our goddess gave birth to your god  
On a bed bound and gagged  
With culture, language, myth and law  
From a wounded womb where flesh was scarred and raw  
Our goddess gave birth to your god  
Our goddess gave birth to your god  
Our goddess gave birth to your god  
Our goddess gave birth to your god, goddamn  
Culture, language, myth and law  
Wounded womb and scarred and raw  
(Our goddess gave birth)  
Culture, language, myth and law  
Wounded womb and scarred and raw  
(Our goddess gave birth to your god)

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