Wretch

MSD

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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