

The Yawning God

Cretin

Dullard skipping down the street
Whistling to a tuneless beat
Tripping over his own feet
He falls into a hole
A stinking sewage hole

To his mind, his simple mind
His god lives here, lives right inside
He smells the piss, the sulfur pit
His yawning god is breathing shit

Just a mundane sewage tank
Cracked open and very rank
Cretin thinks his god's awake
Thinks he's found his home
His very smelly home

Make us laugh, you silly man
As you worship this wretched land
And shave your head like monks of old
Then sacrifice things to your hole

Brings it little animals
Until the pit is almost full
Feels the gassy brimstone pull
Then he crawls inside
So horrible inside

Then repairmen come to fix
They fill it with shovels and picks
And just as cretin sees his god
Heaven goes mysteriously dark