

Thee Beginning

Those Poor Bastards

Some folks don't fit
With any crowd
Though they get lumped together
With those they hate
This is a story
Of a man like that
Obscure and violent and obscene
A man of God, a cannibal
Of these grim facts
You're now aware
He hated man
But adored the beasts
Held at the mercy
Of such fools
So grab your holy water
And pour it on your head
Your filthy carcass can't be cleansed
You are worthless