

## 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