

# Why Not

The Lord Weird Slough Feg

The world is watching down on you  
The world owes you nothing and there's  
Nothing you can do  
You've found out nothing from within  
Digging deeper down inside  
The coffin of your skin

Their wisdom's failed you for to long  
You never saw the point in listening  
To their morbid song  
You sit and stare with vacant eyes  
Into the street below you've worn out  
All the saving lies

Sitting in the wretched silence all alone  
You've reached the end  
Nothing makes sense but violence anymore  
You can no longer pretend

You want to be god-  
You've got to be in control of all around you  
The only direct approach is  
Kill until I get my treasure  
I slaughter them all, and now I see  
This is living, this is giving  
The only way left for me is

Sitting in the wretched silence all alone  
You've reached the end  
Nothing makes sense but violence anymore  
You can no longer pretend

The world is watching down on you  
The world owes you nothing  
But you owe it nothing too  
You've found the only way for you  
And listen to yourself this time  
Now you make all the rules