

Curse Of Athena

The Lord Weird Slough Feg

Swept on the shore by the light of the silver moon's
glaive
Creeping of dawn through the street in the rags of a
slave
Once I was lord of this kingdom from city to sea
Now twenty years past the townsfolk are laughing at me

Crouched in the hut of the swineherd
I don my disguise
Faced with the kindness and questions
I meet them with lies
Dirty and smoke-stained I'm all shriveled flesh, gnarled
limb
Touched by the hand of the goddess my eyes become grim