

Exodus [Thrash Metal], Iconoclasm

Man creates the god
and the god destroys the man
Betrayed by their own invention
the shepherd butches the lamb
A lion at the head of an army
of sheep when comes time to feed
Like Saturn devoured his children
theyre consumed by belief
I am the chosen one
and I hold the key
Behold the prodigal son
This good I do lives long after me
Let iconoclasm set you free
Christ is the same yesterday
and today, forever a lie
They concocted the heavens
to keep all the puppets in line
Narcotic, addictive desire
to believe they wont go to hell
A dog that has bitten its master
that it once knew so well
I am the chosen one
and I hold the key
Behold the prodigal son
This good I do lives long after me
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Figment of imagination
Oracle of ignorance
Corrupter of society
killer of reason and innocence
An object of mans creation
made to fill the hole inside
But that abyss has only been opened wide
Wolves they guard the flock
And they slaughter the sick and the weak
Sorrow is all that they find
When salvation is all that they seek
The truth is the greatest lord
where no fool commands the wise
Religion ten times undone
no room for compromise
I am the chosen one
and I hold the key
Behold the prodigal son
This good I do lives long after me
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