

# 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  
Let iconoclasm set you free  
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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