

Clutch, Effigy

Behold the man, a living example
In his likeness sacred profane
Behold the man, what I have done?

The path to hell is paved
With least resistance
But those less traveled by
Shall make a world of difference

Beating myself to a pulp
Extracting from my skull
All those things I've learned to live with
All those things I've loved
All these things are killing me
A perpetual fall from grace
But the hand that feeds
Is the hand that beats me
Fiercely in the face

So I will build myself an effigy
No longer mope in mediocre hell

Behold the man, a living example
Behold the man, what have I done?
Behold the man in his likeness
Sacred profane
Behold the man, a living example
Behold the man, what have I done?
Behold the man in his likeness
What have I done?

Effigy
Effigy
Effigy
Effigy

Behold the man
Behold the man

The icons, betrayal, and guilt
The icons, betrayal, and guilt
The icons, betrayal, and filth
The icon, what have I done?