

Decapitated, Iconoclast

These are the bones of his disciples
Oil from the blubber of Jonah's whale
Two Samson's hairs, eye of providence
Very old tooth of someone almost saint

Gott Mit Uns buckles, flammable stakes
Stylish white robes and peaked white hoods
Laundries of Ireland and gold of Aztecs
Finest collection of filthy keepsakes

Nothing to lose
I, iconoclast
Nothing to fear
I doubt therefore I am

[?] take your fall
Fading evangelical
Spit your poison in our brains
Twisting voices, mind insane
[?] take your fall
Fading evangelical
Septic poison in our brains
Twisting voices, mind insane

Nothing to lose
I, iconoclast
Nothing to fear
I doubt therefore I am

This is the dust from holy land
Here comes the storm to wash it away
This is the empire designed to fall
But hey, Rome wasn't burned in a day

Nothing to lose
I, iconoclast
Nothing to fear
I laugh therefore I am