

# Plankeye, Placement

Don't bow down, before an empty tomb; where a pretty face it makes me stumble

And another chance is a hidden fall; a hidden fall...

You made that thing with your hands but you kneel down in front of it and pledge your allegiance a

Own to plastic idols, and a rubber soul...

God is in His holy temple, so let us all be silent

I worship and adore You, my God; casting down my treasures to the ground

Making dust of anything that i could set up in Your place

Be thou exalted, be thou exalted

God is in His holy temple, so let us all be silent

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