

## Embodiment

### Carcass

I bow down your precious icon  
Deity of self suppression  
This effigy of flesh, corporeal christi, nailed  
In submission to this false idol  
Seeking deliverance  
From this spiritual hierarchy  
Downward spiralling  
A corrupt throne  
Of repression and guilt

Our will be done  
Thy kingdom burn

On my knees  
Before this tormented flesh in irreverence  
In communion with this parasitic host  
Of virtuous divinity  
This imperious creed bears testament  
To the failures of our morality  
Righteous durance is our cross  
We bear in stations  
In stations of the lost

Our will be done  
Thy kingdom burn - thy kingdom burn  
Our will be done

From your knees arise  
By your own hand, your god you scribe  
The earth shall inherit the meek  
Your god is dead

Bound down, in God we're trussed, foul stature  
Icons embodied in flesh, we nail  
In servitude to deities fashioned in our self image  
Shadows of eternal strife cast by those who serve  
Serve a crown of pawns