

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