

Behold the man, a living example  
Behold the man, a living example  
In his likeness sacred profane  
In his likeness sacred profane  
Behold the man, what have I 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  
Build myself an effigy  
Build myself an effigy  
Build myself an effigy  
No longer mope in mediocre hell  
No longer mope in mediocre hell

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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?  
What have I done?  
What have I done?  
What have I done?  
Done done 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?

Behold the man, a living example  
In his likeness sacred profane  
Behold the man  
Behold the man

What have I done?  
What have I done?  
What have I done?