

Invert The Idols

Dying Fetus

Minds seduced by scripture, masquerade as pawns
Rejecting each other, they take on many forms
Minions praising with compulsion, statues stand and stare
Holy hymns, incantations, rise into the air

High on the myths of the church
They never quite see where they are
Like God, their devil is an icon, for face-painting frauds

A holy ghost laugh, a fetish for the weak
Satanic overlords for paranoid freaks

Always ranting and obsessing, hiding from themselves
Living out their fantasy, morbidly indulged

High on the myths of the church
They never quite see where they are
Their devil is a joke in the real world
Where death is never far

Burn all the icons, fuck your fairytales
Cleanse your head of filth

Bred on illusion, fed on tradition pull the wool from your eyes