

## A Block of Wood

Mehida

The carpenter draws a line  
Makes an outline with a marker  
Shapes the wood in the form of a man  
That it may dwell in a shrine

He is relying on ashes  
A deceived heart has lead him astray  
So that now he won't save himself  
Just won't say "This thing in my hand is a fraud"

It's man's fuel for burning  
Will you ever be learning  
It's man's fuel for burning

All Idols makers bow to nothing  
Their precious production profits no one  
And the witnesses to their own shame  
Neither see nor understand

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