

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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