

## Idolatrous Apostate

Melvins

Tie muscle down on it  
Die with your boots on  
Got nothing but style  
Run around red line  
But it ain't no where  
They feel like rated  
All cider too  
Turn around insane  
Free wives to the wooden  
His bones make do  
My sin firing down  
Five boys five days  
Idolatrous