

White Washed Tomb

No Innocent Victim

You're nothing but a whitewashed tomb
Clean on the outside
But full of dead man's bones
Your soul knows no life
But you say no one should question you
No one can talk to you
There's just no getting through
Full of your altar ego
Spiritual fashion show
You're a whitewashed tomb
The Spirit's like the wind blows
How could you know which way He goes
Pretending that you have control
Of a God you barely know
You're a whitewashed tomb
You're a whitewashed tomb