

Placement

Plankeye

Don't bow down, before an empty tomb; where a pretty face it makes me stumble
And another chance is a hidden fall; a hidden fall...
You made that thing with your hands but you kneel down in front of it and pledge your allegiance and all you
Own to plastic idols, and a rubber soul...
God is in His holy temple, so let us all be silent
I worship and adore You, my God; casting down my treasures to the ground
Making dust of anything that i could set up in Your place
Be thou exalted, be thou exalted
God is in His holy temple, so let us all be silent

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