

Corpus Christi "Monuments"

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All hail the shrine to the apex of self-absorption.
All hail the shrine, you worshippers of corruption.
You're so impressed with yourself.
Self-centered and unaware.
You bask in your own decline.
Your stench pollutes the air.
You're a monument to yourself.

And the monuments you've made to yourself, will one
day come crashing to the ground.
You are your own demise.

Just look at what you've made us; greedy, bloated,
shameless whores.
Integrity is sold so cheaply to feed the greedy and rob
the poor.

And the monuments you've made to yourself, will one
day come crashing to the ground.
And the crowns you wear that you gave yourself so we
would stare will one day fall around your neck as you
draw your final breath.
You are your own demise.

All your kings will be made low. (x3)
You would not see but you were shown.
And the monuments you've made to yourself, will one
day come crashing to the ground.
And the crowns you wear that you gave yourself so we
would stare will one day fall around your neck as you
draw your final breath.
You are your own demise.

All hail the shrine (x3)
To the apex of self absorption.

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