Exodus "Iconoclasm"

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Man creates the god
And the god destroys the man
Betrayed by their own invention
The shepherd butches the lamb
A lion at the head of an army
Of sheep when comes time to feed
Like Saturn devoured his children
TheyÂ're consumed by belief

I am the chosen one
And I hold the key
Behold the prodigal son
This good I do lives long after me
Let iconoclasm set you free

Christ is the same yesterday
And today, forever a lie
They concocted the heavens
To keep all the puppets in line
Narcotic, addictive desire
To believe they wonÂ't go to hell
A dog that has bitten its master
That it once knew so well

I am the chosen one And I hold the key Behold the prodigal son This good I do lives long after me Let iconoclasm set you free

Figment of imagination
Oracle of ignorance
Corrupter of society
Killer of reason and innocence
An object of manÂ's creation
Made to fill the hole inside
But that abyss has only been opened wide

Wolves they guard the flock And they slaughter the sick and the weak Sorrow is all that they find When salvation is all that they seek The truth is the greatest lord Where no fool commands the wise Religion ten times undone No room for compromise

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