

Program The Dead

"Sincerely, Ichabod"

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We once drew
Some lines in black
And right now it's about time
We took them back
So bored of losing ground to the heresy
In our hearts...

With a steady steady hand hand hammer hammer
blade blade through your sweaty sweaty skin skin skin
Please don't stay
We're well past asking
This time we'll make it clear
Our point is made
You're no longer welcome here
(But we) wish you well...
With a steady steady hand hand hammer hammer
blade blade through your sweaty sweaty skin skin skin

Off with your head
We'll take it all back and then some
Never again...Off with your head
We'll cut out all that's a hinderance
Bleed the old man

And just in case you want to protest
Your eviction, imminent
With a rolling head
On the dirty pavement
And just in case you want to contest
Your destruction, evident
The decision, permanent
We'll send you out so you'll know that you will find a
bright shiny new home on the other side
(Never again
Never again will you)

You're no longer welcome here
(But we) wish you well

With a steady steady hand hand hammer hammer
blade blade through your sweaty sweaty skin skin skin

I know who I am in the depths of
Spirit and truth
I've seen the face of redemption
And He isn't you
I'm through indulging the tastes of
My cruelest nature
So I think this blade better suits you

Since we're the ones
Who occupy this temple
We'll be the ones
Who'll show you out

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