

Pig

"Heathen Temple"

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Beliefs must evolve or face extinction
She'd dogma like snakeskin
No need for confession
Or astral projection I survive on the primal instinct
within
Even a loving
God
Is still a master
Even a loving
God
Is still a master
Spare me your fear
All these childish superstitions

I've spent decades
Trying to purge your swill
From my system
God is in the mirror
Not hiding in the skies
This heathen temple
Will stand tall
Till the day I die
Till the day I die
Till the day I die
This heathen temple will stand
Tall

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