

## Defiler

### "Iconoclast"

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good lord above.  
I've got nothing of consternation anymore.  
Months upon years, dwelling and failing to see whats in  
front of me.  
A better question to ask...is if these fucking scars are  
real.  
my veins are strychnine.  
with burning windows in my eyes,  
i crawl back inside my crestfallen chest and insist to  
exist.  
i will never fucking change and this poses a problem  
for  
the ones who associate with this revenant.  
i don't know where it comes from, all i know is where  
my  
malevolence travels.  
i'm drained, insane, disdain, the pain - is the only  
force at work in me.  
this has been a long time coming, here we go, flip the  
switch and step back.  
it doesn't matter who hears this, it doesn't matter who  
interprets what in which way.  
you will never dissect these words and think you know,  
what's going on in me.  
this is simply a passage, a signal sent from the  
transistors up above  
tales of an iconoclast heretic cynic dissident with all  
the answers but no will to share.

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