Tourniquet "Melting The Golden Calf"

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Bring us your trinkets, your baubles of gold Join the debauchery, the young and the old Let us bow down to his great golden calf Darken our spirits, as we dance and we laugh

The golden calf takes shape - the idol of black hearts
The whole deed, from the sum of its parts
From the healer of sorrow came a great molten blast
With holy tongue of fire, the commandments were cast

Down from the mountain with two tablets of stone In countenanc white, Moses walked down alone Instructed by God to bring the people His word Intoxicated by evil, their judgment obscured Why should we listen to his set of his rules? Deeper in sin sinks the assembly of fools Though shalt not make graven images Visiting evil in the land of the dust Though shalt not have other gods before Me Then only then can you truly be free

Let us bow down to the King of kings Melt down this idol and the evil it brings

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