

## Invert The Idols

### Dying Fetus

Minds seduced by scripture, masquerade as pawns  
Rejecting each other, they take on many forms  
Minions praising with compulsion, statues stand and stare  
Holy hymns, incantations, rise into the air

High on the myths of the church  
They never quite see where they are  
Like God, their devil is an icon, for face-painting frauds

A holy ghost laugh, a fetish for the weak  
Satanic overlords for paranoid freaks

Always ranting and obsessing, hiding from themselves  
Living out their fantasy, morbidly indulged

High on the myths of the church  
They never quite see where they are  
Their devil is a joke in the real world  
Where death is never far

Burn all the icons, fuck your fairytales  
Cleanse your head of filth

Bred on illusion, fed on tradition pull the wool from your eyes