

# Embodiment

## Imhotep Is Invisible

I bow down your precious icon, deity of self suppression  
This effigy of flesh, corporeal Christi, nailed  
In submission to this false idol, seeking deliverance  
From this spiritual hierarchy, downward spiraling  
A corrupt throne of repression and guiltOur will be done  
Thy kingdom burnOn my knees, before this tormented flesh, in irreverence  
In communion with this parasitic host of virtuous divinity  
This imperious creed bears testament to the failures of our morality  
Righteous durance is our cross we bear in stations  
In stations of the lostOur will be done  
Thy kingdom burn, thy kingdom burn  
Our will be doneFrom your knees arise  
By your own hand, your God you scribe  
The earth shall inherit the meek  
Your God is deadBound down, in God we're trussed, foul stature  
Icons embodied in flesh, we nail  
In servitude to deities fashioned in our self image  
Shadows of eternal strife cast by those who serve  
Serve a crown of pawns

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