

# Effigy

## The Smashup

Behold the man, a living example  
Behold the man, a living example  
    In his likeness sacred profane  
    In his likeness sacred profane  
Behold the man, what have I done?  
    The path to hell is paved  
        With least resistance  
    But those less traveled by  
        Shall make a world of difference  
        Beating myself to a pulp  
        Extracting from my skull  
All those things I've learned to live with  
    All those things I've loved  
    All these things are killing me  
        A perpetual fall from grace  
But the hand that feeds is the hand that beats me  
    Fiercely in the face  
So I will build myself an effigy  
    Build myself an effigy  
    Build myself an effigy  
    Build myself an effigy  
No longer mope in mediocre hell  
No longer mope in mediocre hell  
Behold the man, a living example  
Behold the man, what have I done?  
Behold the man in his likeness sacred profane  
    Behold the man, a living example  
    Behold the man, what have I done?  
    Behold the man in his likeness  
        What have I done?  
        What have I done?  
        What have I done?  
        What have I done?  
        Done done done  
            Effigy  
            Effigy  
            Effigy  
            Effigy  
Behold the man

Behold the man  
The icons, betrayal, and guilt  
The icons, betrayal, and guilt  
The icons, betrayal, and filth  
The icon, what have I done?  
Behold the man, a living example  
In his likeness sacred profane  
Behold the man  
Behold the man  
What have I done?  
What have I done?  
What have I done?

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