

Effigy

Sean Panting

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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