Effigy

Clutch

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?

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/