

Unveiled

Hildur Guðnadóttir

Isis, Ishtar, Hecate, Kali
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Isis, Ishtar, Hecate, Kali
Isis, Ishtar, Hecate, come to me
I'm sharpening my halo into forest horns
I'm sanctifying pages in the protocols of war
I've abolished your mythology and vanquished all your gods
I liberated your women and eradicated your laws
I put books in the temple to annihilate the lie
I broke the bones of Kronos to restore what was mine
Made of flame, made of mud, I'm the many, I'm the one
All the children sing along
Thank God for the atom bomb
Thank God for the atom bomb
Isis, Ishtar, Hecate, Kali
I've got a splinter in my finger from carrying the cross
I sleep on sheets of sulphur and dream of all we've lost
I travel iron oceans, singing sinful songs
To hypnotize and defy sex starved lonely gods

I'm the woman clothed with the sun, the moon beneath my feet
I'm the silver spear of Athena, the tongue of Kali
Made of flame, made of mud, I'm the many, I'm the one
All the children sing along
Thank God for the atom bomb
Thank God for the atom bomb
Demon, daughter, monster, whore
Obey good little slave

Better behave and watch the words you say, ownership laws apply
You can break my bones with jagged stones but I will never comply
Impotent breeder, flaccid leader
Earth and snakes, fires and quakes
What once was lost will be replaced
All that was, all that is, all that will ever be
All that was, all that is, all that will ever be
All that was, all that is, all that will ever be
Shed the veil, shed the veil, shed the veil

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