

# Melting The Golden Calf

## Tourniquet

Bring us your trinkets, your baubles of gold  
Join the debauchery, the young and the old  
Let us bow down to his great golden calf  
Darken our spirits, as we dance and we laugh  
The golden calf takes shape - the idol of black hearts  
The whole deed, from the sum of its parts  
From the healer of sorrow came a great molten blast  
With holy tongue of fire, the commandments were cast  
Down from the mountain with two tablets of stone  
In countenanc white, Moses walked down alone  
Instructed by God to bring the people His word  
Intoxicated by evil, their judgment obscured  
Why should we listen to his set of his rules ?  
Deeper in sin sinks the assembly of fools  
Though shalt not make graven images  
Visiting evil in the land of the dust  
Though shalt not have other gods before Me  
Then only then can you truly be free  
Let us bow down to the King of kings  
Melt down this idol and the evil it brings

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