

Placement

Plankeye

Don't bow down, before an empty tomb
Where a pretty face it makes me stumble
And another chance is a hidden fall, is a hidden fall You made that thing with your hands
But you kneel down in front of it
Pledge your allegiance and all that you own
To plastic idols and a rubber soul, a rubber soul God is in his holy temple
So let us all be silent
God is in his holy temple
So let us all be silent let us all be I worship and adore you, my God
Casting down my treasures to the ground
Making dust of anything that I could set up in your place
Be thou exalted, be thou exalted

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