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 fallYou 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 soulGod 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 beI 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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