

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

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