# Embodiment

## Narkoleptik

I bow down your precious icon, deity of self suppression
This effigy of flesh, corporeal Christi, nailed
In submission to this false idol, seeking deliverance
From this spiritual hierarchy, downward spiraling
A corrupt throne of repression and guiltOur will be done
Thy kingdom burnOn my knees, before this tormented flesh, in irreverence
In communion with this parasitic host of virtuous divinity
This imperious creed bears testament to the failures of our morality
Righteous durance is our cross we bear in stations
In stations of the lostOur will be done
Thy kingdom burn, thy kingdom burn
Our will be doneFrom your knees arise
By your own hand, your God you scribe
The earth shall inherit the meek
Your God is deadBound down, in God we're trussed, foul stature
Icons embodied in flesh, we nail
In servitude to deities fashioned in our self image
Shadows of eternal strife cast by those who serve
Serve a crown of pawns

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