

Let's go

These are the bones of his disciples  
Oil from the blubber of Jonah's whale  
Two Samson's hairs, eye of providence  
Very old tooth of someone almost saint

Gott Mit Uns buckles, flammable stakes  
Stylish white robes and peaked white hoods  
Laundries of Ireland and gold of Aztecs  
Finest collection of filthy keepsakes

Nothing to lose  
I, Iconoclast  
Nothing to fear  
I doubt therefore I am

Hated traitor, take your fall  
Fading evangelical  
Spit your poison in our brains  
Twisting voices, mind insane  
Hated traitor, take your fall  
Fading evangelical  
Septic poison in our brains  
Twisting voices, mind insane

Nothing to lose  
I, Iconoclast  
Nothing to fear  
I doubt therefore I am

This is the dust from holy land  
Here comes the storm to wash it away  
This is the empire designed to fall  
But hey, Rome wasn't burned in a day

Nothing to lose  
I, Iconoclast  
Nothing to fear  
I laugh therefore I am