

Architects, Modern Misery

Seven billion hungry ghosts
Just a parasite killing its host
The emperor wears no clothes
I see those brittle bones
But we're buried by modern misery

there's no enough water in the world to wash the blood form our hands

we planted a seed
its roots will suffocate the soul
it grows without light
and feeds from our bones
hell must be empty
all the devils are here
singing u the Lord's prayer
Finally, something that we all share

I won't go to the grave with the song still in me

what are we hiding in the rain
this is a prison for lost souls
another life circles the drain
we used tu run with the wolves
now we can't see the forest
cos there's no light in the black hole
don't try and tell me we're blessed
we used to run with the wolves

are these our new messiahs?
coz the seviour has a gun to my head
don't be footed by Maya
the kings are all thieves
and ythe serpents will bite they please
how has it comes to this?

I won't go to the grave with the song still in me
and I won't live like a slave
begging from my knees
I will not live like a slave
I will not begging from my knees
I won't go to the grave with the song still in me