

Architects, when we were young

we're separated by a margin of a greater degree
the same flesh and blood but in a different lane
i read the remedy too but my words, they still sounded the same
when we were young
we thought we had the whole world figured out
now all we do is speak in tongues
we play a losing game
only now we hear the shouts fading out
we flew into the sun
i'm dedicated to the shadow that's been following me
it caught me counting the cards
i guess the rules remain
oh it was heavenly then
but the devils were calling my name
is there something in your eye?
did you fall or were you just on a high?
everybody's so afraid they could die
but they never once said
thank god we're alive