

# Architects, A Portrait For The Decease

Piano wire strangling our necks  
We are both silenced  
And were sure this does not add up  
Still we try and place our bets  
Were sure this does not add up  
Still were dying  
To make that call  
Our people versus yours  
Never did make sense  
Your people versus mine  
Light me up its all too much for me  
Never did make sense, come dance with me  
Well go out the sea, the sky was blood red  
Images of people dead  
Stained with the shadows  
Of our past victims, were out at sea  
Then come and drown with me  
Well float away, drift away  
Our corpses lifeless  
Then somehow tell me we made sense