

Architects, Whiplash

Can we ready ourselves for the outrage
Have they got you in an iron lung?
Every rodent wants to live in a gilded cage
'Till the soldiers come and take your tongue
They say move, move
Fuck you if you disapprove
You're doomed too
Quit talking like you're bulletproof
Is the world done fucking around?
We bow to the crown
Dripping in blood
Lit under halos
Welcome here in the crowd
We're safe and we're sound
But who gives a fuck unless you're one of us?
Did you bury you neighbour in the earthquake?
Were you sitting by a smoking gun?
Light a fire in the shrine
We're the absolute
Christ preaching to the fucking scum
They say move, move
Fuck you if you disapprove
Doomed youth
You're fucking lying if you tell the truth
Echoes of a recent past
All tears when the culture starts to crash
Will we ever ask
Was I built for the whiplash?
To the holy rats
And all the prophets they attract
Will you ever ask?
Were you built for the whiplash?
Was I built for the whiplash?
Bitch
You got something to say?
What?
You motherfucker
Do you disapprove?
Motherfucker.