

Architecture In Helsinki, Nothing's Wrong

A wicked decision
We can agree
A wicked decision
Nothing's wrong with you and me

A week in the forest
A week in the fog
You'll be sad to hear that
I I I I was robbed

And we're gonna own it
A fist to the voice
And we've found the music
Why did you try at the choice?

And decapitation
for failing to see
Nothing in this whole wide world saves us from this situation
[Nothing can save us]

Don't stop talkin' to me please
baby cut me all to pieces
If you really want hell, hell
Ripped apart by the crows not the vultures
No one in this fair new world can talk us through this situation

Speak in the garden
You burn down the trees
I'll leave out the teasin'
while you are down on one knee

Never is heavy
and heavy is fine
but only in the street man
you ate your words wrong this time

It's wicked where you tread
Shot an arrow in your head
Since the apple wasn't there, yeah.
Ripped apart by the crows and the vultures
Ignore me in the parking lot
I'm petrified by conversation.

It's wicked where you tread
They shot an arrow at your head
Since the apple wasn't there, yeah.
We're ripped apart by the crow and the vultures
Ignore me in the parking lot
I'm petrified by conversation.