

# Catalepsy, Architect

Like a plague, flooding streets  
Is the stench and blood of the innocent  
This is everything you've been dreaming of  
They still die for your benefit  
Our friends still die for debts you raise.  
Im not standing for all your fallacies  
Were the living proof, of your treachery  
Your destroyer, hands soaked in blood and oil  
War, Lies, They, Cry  
Whats the reason for fighting  
If there's no fucking end?