

At The Gates "The Architects"

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Music: Anders/AT THE GATES

Lyrics: Tomas/Anders

Ornaments in silent darkness,
the image of man now torn from its structure

The smell of need,
the dwarfed soul of man
attuned only to flesh

suffering from frustration

Alien to our own spirits

We're naked even in death

The dawn is yet to come
to fill us with knowledge

Pulsating waves of colour,
bleeding off into the black

A whisper of red screams through the night

[Alien to our own spirits

We're naked even in death

The dawn is yet to come
to fill us with knowledge]

The architects and the flesh

[We're going down..eehharghhh.. ?

The architects and the flesh

Ornaments in silent darkness,
the image of man now torn from its structure]

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