

Architects

"Need To Shout"

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There's a sword in your side,
That you'll ignore until blood shows,
And later on, when it's gone,
When something's wrong,
The violence grows and it's designed,
To spy and try to poke your eyes,
While laying low.

Beneath the seven different reasons for satellites,
Eleven different reasons for fists in fights,
There's never been a reason for shouting when it's
quiet,
But no-one's ever listening.

Seven different reasons for satellites,
Eleven different reasons for fists in fights,
There's never been a reason for shouting when it's
quiet,
But no-one's ever listening.

When you need to shout (x3)
No-one's ever listening
When you need to shout (x3)
No-one's ever listening

And don't go dragging your name,
Through the mud and the rain,
When it dries I know some dust that wants to get in
your eyes.

Put a stethoscope on,
You'll notice the beat is gone,
All that's left is hesitations from your previous life.

Don't go dragging your name,
Through the mud and the rain,
When it dries I know some dust that wants to get in
your eyes.

Put a stethoscope on,
You'll notice the beat is gone,

All that's left is hesitations from your previous life.

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