

Architects

"Scissor, Paper, Rock"

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If you're seeking repair
For figure eights in the ice in your stare
Seven storeys we're climbing tonight
So if you're angry about the fact that it's red
I'll surrender, I'll change it to white
Sneaking looks at you sleeping around
At you grass stained and drunk on the ground

So we're taking you down with the scissor, paper, rock
again
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again
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again

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