

Architects

"These Colours Don't Run"

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These streets aren't paved with gold
Don't believe everything that you're told
Deception hides in all you see
Corruption hangs in the air that you breathe

And in the land of the free
You know nothing comes for free
Fourth drive in paradise
Vapid souls check the market price

Life time slave
Living in a suburban grave
If there was a god
Was a god
You would be the death of him

These colours don't run
Like colours from the face
Eyes roll back chemical despair
It's true what they say life isn't fair

So repeat this line
Everything, everything is fine
So repeat this line
Everything, everything is fine

These colours don't run
Like colours from the face
Eyes roll back chemical despair
It's true what they say life isn't fair

And in the land of the free
You know nothing comes for free

I'm struggling to find any poetry in this
Someone beat me to the line ifnornance is bliss
So I guess I'll just say it how it is
You had it all
YOU FUCKING PIGS

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Don't believe everything that you're told

Deception hides in all you see
Corruption hangs in the air that you breathe

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