

Blindspott

"Fantastic Piece Of Architecture"

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A man on the hill,
Gazing down the hillside,
His look of lost and lonely feeling.
He waits for the wind,
To catch the grass behind him,
His look is oh so revealing,
Such a fantastic piece of architecture,
Fantastic piece of architecture.

People came from miles,
Captured by it's beauty,
They said - "The work of a master",
Where have they gone?
The people of the county,
They know that time is moving faster,
For such a fantastic piece of architecture,
Fantastic piece of architecture.

They've taken away the dreams of yesterday.
They've taken away the dreams of yesterday.

Sixty years have gone,
And gone is it's beauty,
They know they must go inside,
Birds live on the eaves,
And paint peels from the ceiling,
The smell of death is inside,
Such a fantastic piece of architecture,
Fantastic piece of architecture.

That man on the hill,
He's walking down quite slowly,
He knows he must go inside,
Through huge open doors,
He feels that breathless feeling,
He lays on the floor and he dies,
In his fantastic piece of architecture,
Fantastic piece of architecture.

He dies.

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