

It Dies Today "The Architects"

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Condemned ones void of any signs of life
Retribution of words to decide
Our hands with recklessness at our throats
Now...

Affording disregard of these vessels encountered
Take pity on the precious hope and what we construct
With vigorous intent

We are the architects of suffering
Everything in a trail of desecration
Everything we have fought for thus far

Blueprint and design of our future, held in our hands
Still on a path of self-destruction

Mark our words...
There will be nothing left of this fabricated shell
Dismantled brick by brick
Consummate just one more fix

Another day withered away without justification
Falling apart anticipating to reconcile
Pacify and divert the bane of our existence

It seems the only way to abandon and deprive of
reason
We can't spare ourselves the strain we bestow
Our bearing firm, self deprecation
Can we afford to defend our reality today?

Everything with a path of degradation
Everything we have paid for thus far

We are the architects of suffering
We are the architects of criminal desire
We are the architects of suffering
We are the architects of such imperfection
We are the architects of suffering
We are the architects of such imperfection

