

Medeia "The Architect"

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The sheep are all alone, like disciples
Waiting to be led into a shallow grave
United in tragedy
Their mouths gasp the pollution
Inhaling the concept of a new tyrant
Masses fan her campaign into flames
Hell is not around the corner
It's already here in me
She paints the cicatrice beige
To conceal her wretched design
Flesh decides
Imparting closure to all
She paints
The cicatrice beige
Words won't fail as her elusive speech
Reaches yet another pair of deaf ears
Sentences bear no relevance
But the mortal eyes witness a sight
Too exquisite to watch as she speaks
The Architect
Inhaling the concept of a new tyrant
Masses fan her campaign into flames
Hell is not around the corner
It's already here
She paints
The cicatrice beige

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