

Sound Of Guns "Architects"

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Time drowns like a machine
Caught between the tides
Its twisted anchors drift below
Pressed like the pins in a map
Dressed in single file
Mark the places you won't go

With your hands
Built with your hands slowly
Through your hands we won't slip

We are the architects
We are the architects

Sunk in the sulphur and sand
While they dream away
But watch this desert take them whole
Eyes cast down like a spell
Struck by new design
So what's the view like from your cage

With your hands
Built with your hands slowly
Through your hands we wont slip

We are the architects
We are the architects
We hold down

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