

## Architects

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What if everything you know is just a made-up truth?  
Every word written in history are part of a big black lie  
We are not made from Adam's rib; There's no biblical god  
Nor mere descendants from the ape, might be something else

Premeditated cradle  
And so, we are descendants from the stars

Years of investigation can't find the words to explain  
Why we are so special? What is the human race?  
Designed in laboratories light years away from here  
Imperfect masterpiece of alien architects

So selfish to say that we're alone in the space immensity  
We're just an insignificant dot into the infinity  
Part of a bigger chain of life, massive masterplan  
Maybe we are not a coincidence  
And someone else put the seed on earth

Premeditated cradle  
And so, we are descendants from the stars

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Maybe wrong foundations of modern science  
The missing link is right before our eyes

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