

Behind the Throne

Architects

Sowing the seeds.
Roots dig deep, whilst we sleep.
Snakes in veins, valves decay.
All of the meaningless words we say.
Cast the first stone, from behind the throne.
Crown of thorns, now overgrown.
All our wants and needs, bring us to our knees.
Can't turn back now the seeds are sown.
Seven billion, one of a kind.
Collide together, intertwined.
National lines used to define,
where we draw the enemy lines.
Weapons aren't used in this war.
Wait for the fallout from this absence of thought.
All the things we can't afford to ignore.
The sun doesn't shine anymore.