

## Broken Cross

Architects

God only knows why we were born to burn

If God is my witness, he'll see that all is not well  
Christ, what a sight for sore eyes  
Looking down on us, all the children that you despise

God only knows why we were born to burn  
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A bullet in the neck doesn't feel much like love  
A message of rejection sent from above  
No flags, no holy books  
I'll be in hell with the misunderstood

The sons and daughters that you wished to forget  
A desperate picture of god's regret  
Are we perfect mistakes? Or almighty fuck ups?  
One thing's for sure, he doesn't fucking love us

He doesn't fucking love us

Hate must weigh on you like a broken cross  
Hate; the dividing line we'll never step across

Outcast and reject  
Outcast and reject

Father, father, how I've let you down  
A fucking tyrant in a hollow crown  
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