

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

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