

These Colours Don't Run

Architects

These streets aren't paved with gold
Don't believe everything that you're told
Deception hides all in you see
Corruption hangs in the air that you breathe
and in the land of the free
you know nothing comes for free
Fourth drive in paradise
Vapid souls check the market price

Life time slave
Living in a sub urban grave
If there was a GOD?
was a GOD?
You would be the death of him

These colours don't run
Like colour from the face
Eyes roll back chemical despair
It's true what they say
LIFE isn't FAIR

So repeat this line
Everything! everything! is fine
So repeat this line
Everything! everything! is fine

These colours don't run
Like colour from the face
Eyes roll back chemical despair
It's true what they say
LIFE isn't FAIR

And in the land of the free
you know nothing comes for free

I'm struggling to find any poetry in this,
someone beat me to the line ignorance is bliss
So I guess I'll just,
say it how it is
You had it all
YOU FUCKING PIGS!!

These streets aren't paved with gold
Don't believe everything that you're told
Deception hides in all you see
Corruption hangs in the air!
you!
BREATHE!