

The Architect

Fit for a King

I sat here watching it all unfold, and it kills me to have seen us lose control. Turn the clocks back. (Am I the only one that changed?) I know we've got it in ourselves to take control. Turn the clocks back. I know that we can change. I know we must change. I will return and I will rebuild. I've been sent away to find myself in the darkness, to tell me that I can wait. We must find ourselves tonight. I will rebuild this faith from the ground up, mark my words, I will rebuild. Turn the clocks back (Am I the only one that changed?) I know we've got it in ourselves to turn this around. Turn the clocks back, return to the beginning and start again. All I leave in my path is destruction. Hell has opened its gates for me. Crooked is the path that I lead. Telling myself I can make it and that I'm not in over my head. The fire has come to consume me (rebuild). Created in beauty and molded by corruption, I am pathetic. I've been sent away to find myself in the darkness, to tell me that I can wait. We must find ourselves tonight.