

# The Architects

It Dies Today

Condemned ones void of any signs of life  
Retribution of words to decide  
Our hands with recklessness at our throats  
Now...

Affording disregard of these vessels encountered  
Take pity on the precious hope and what we construct  
With vigorous intent

We are the architects of suffering  
Everything in a trail of desecration  
Everything we have fought for thus far

Blueprint and design of our future, held in our hands  
Still on a path of self-destruction

Mark our words...  
There will be nothing left of this fabricated shell  
Dismantled brick by brick  
Consummate just one more fix

Another day withered away without justification  
Falling apart anticipating to reconcile  
Pacify and divert the bane of our existence

It seems the only way to abandon and deprive of reason  
We can't spare ourselves the strain we bestow  
Our bearing firm, self deprecation  
Can we afford to defend our reality today?

Everything with a path of degradation  
Everything we have paid for thus far

We are the architects of suffering  
We are the architects of criminal desire  
We are the architects of suffering  
We are the architects of such imperfection  
We are the architects of suffering  
We are the architects of such imperfection