

The Architects (demo)

At the Gates

Ornaments in silent darkness,
The image of man now torn from its structure
The smell of need,
The dwarfed soul of manAttuned only to flesh
Suffering from frustration
Alien to our own spirits
We're naked even in deathThe dawn is yet to come
To fill us with knowledge
Pulsating waves of colour,
Bleeding off into the blackA whisper of red screams through the night
Alien to our own spirits
We're naked even in death
The dawn is yet to comeTo fill us with knowledge]
The architects and the flesh
We're going down..eehharghhh.. ?
The architects and the fleshOrnaments in silent darkness,
The image of man now torn from its structure

Songwriters

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