

Broken Cross

Architects (UK)

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
God only knows why we were born to burn
God only knows why we were born to burn
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, outcast and reject
Father, father, how I've let
you down
A fucking tyrant in a hollow crown
Father, father, how I've let you down
A fucking tyrant in a hollow crown
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
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Songwriters

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