

# Broken Cross

## Architects (UK)

God only knows why we were born to burnIf 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 burnGod only knows why we were born to burnA 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 misunderstoodThe 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 usHe doesn't fucking love usHate must weigh on you like a  
broken cross

Hate; the dividing line we'll never step acrossOutcast and reject, outcast and rejectFather, 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 crownThe 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 usHe doesn't fucking love us

Songwriters

ALEX ANTHONY DEAN, DANIEL JOSEPH SEARLE, SAMUEL DAVID CARTER, THOMAS DUNCAN

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