Architects

Sound of Guns

Time drowns like a machine
Caught between the tides
Its twisted anchors drift below
Pressed like the pins in a map
Dressed in single file
Mark the places you won't goWith your hands
Built with your hands slowly
Through your hands we won't slipWe are the architects
We are the architectsSunk in the sulphur and sand
While they dream away
But watch this desert take them whole
Eyes cast down like a spell
Struck by new design
So what's the view like from your cageWith your hands
Built with your hands slowly
Through your hands we wont slipWe are the architects
We are the architects
We hold down

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