

The Architects

At the Gates

Ornaments in silent darkness
The image of man
Now torn from its structureThe smell of need
The dwarfed soul of man
Attuned only to flesh
Suffering from frustrationAlien to our own spirits
We're naked even in death
The dawn is yet to come
To fill us with knowledgePulsating waves of color
Bleeding off into the black
A whisper of red screams through the night
The architects and the flesh

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