

# 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

Lyrics provided by  
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