

# The Bitter End

## Architects

If ever you should die I know I'd shave my head  
It's not a morbid thought, I mean it out of love  
Come back daddy  
Come back to the bitter end  
Come back daddy  
Hands, tooth, coats, and vitamins  
If ever the sea claims the cities on the coast  
Before the last bridge blows I know I will propose  
Come back baby  
Armed with paddles in your hands  
Come back baby  
Come back to the bitter end  
The soil on the spade will be my love in her  
  
The cellphone satellites will hurl to the earth  
To the earth  
But in the moon  
There is half of our shadow on  
From in the womb  
There are strange sounds on the water front  
And it takes a month  
To lose it all  
Come back baby  
Come back to the bitter end  
Come back everything that caught up in the plans  
Come back baby  
Come back to the bitter end  
Come back everything that puts salt in the sand

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