

The Architect

Medeia

The sheep are all alone like disciples
Waiting to be led into a shallow grave
United in tragedy
Their mouths gasp the pollution Inhaling the concept of a new tyrant
Masses fan her campaign into flames
Hell is not around the corner
It's already here
In me She paints the cicatrice beige to conceal her wretched design
Flesh decides
Imparting closure to all
She paints the cicatrice beige Words won't fail as her elusive speech
Reaches yet another pair of dead ears
Sentences bear no relevance but the mortal eyes
Witness a sight too exquisite to watch
As she speaks The Architect Inhaling the concept of a new tyrant
Masses fan her campaign into flames
Hell is not around the corner
It's already here She paints the cicatrice beige

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