Architects

Myra

Are there no fighters left here anymore?
Are we the generation we've been waiting for?
Are we patiently burning, waiting to be saved?
Our heroes are icons that mellow with age
Following rules that they once disobeyed
They're now being lead when they used to lead the way
Do you still believe in all the things
That you stood by before?
Are you up and on the front lines
Or at home keeping score?
And do you care to be the layer
Of the bricks that seal your fate?
Or would you rather be the architect
Of what we might create? Go
They laid out the blueprints, they poured down a base
Concrete solutions to slow our decay
But when they are gone
Who the fuck's gonna take their place?
Yeah, will it be the cynic, the critics galore
You say how pathetic, passed out on the floor
This trustee complacent
Who collectively ignored
Do you still believe in all the things
That you stood by before?
Are you up and on the front lines
Or at home keeping score?
Do you care to be the layer
Of the bricks that seal your fate?
Or would you rather be the architect
Of what we might create?
Don't you remember when you were young
And you wanted to set the world on fire?
Somewhere deep down I know you do
And don't you remember when we were young
And we wanted to set the world on fire?
'Cause I still am and I still do
Make no mistake, we are not afraid
To bear the burden of repeating what they're thinking anyway
Let's raise the stakes on the bet we made

Let's decide to be the architects, the masters of our fate
Yeah, we still believe in all the things
That we stood by before
And now to everything we've seen
And maybe even more
I know we're not the only ones
And we were not the first
And unapologetically
We stand behind these words

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