

# Nothing's Wrong

## Architecture In Helsinki

A wicked decision  
We can agree  
A wicked decision  
Nothing's wrong with you and me  
A week in the forest  
A week in the fog  
You'll be sad to hear that  
I-I-I-I was robbed  
And we're gonna own it  
A feast to the voice  
And we found the means to cry  
As you drown the choice?  
And decapitation  
For failing to see  
Nothing in this whole wide world  
(Nothing can)  
Saves us from this situation  
(Save us)  
Don't stop talking to me please  
Baby, cut me all to pieces  
If you really want hell, hell  
Throw your heart to the crows  
Not the vultures  
No one in this failing earth  
Can talk us through this situation

Speak in the garden  
You burn down the trees  
I'll leave out the teasing  
While you are down on one knee  
Never is heavy  
And heavy is fine  
But only in the street, man  
You ate your words raw this time  
It's wicked where you tread  
Shot an arrow in your head  
Since the apple wasn't there, yeah  
Ripped apart by the crows  
And the vultures

Ignore me in the parking lot  
I'm petrified by conversation  
And it's wicked where you tread  
They shot an arrow at your head  
Since the apple wasn't there, yeah  
We're ripped apart by the crows  
And the vultures  
Ignore me in the parking lot  
I'm petrified by conversation

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