

# Gravedigger

## Architects

An iron fist in a velvet glove.  
Another vulture posing as a dove.  
Do you have no shame? Look at what you've become.  
You are the reason we are bitter and then some.  
Bitter and then some. They sing of saviors, we sing of sorrow.  
But we're still holding on for dear life. You sold us all down the river.  
I hope you choke on the vows that you failed to deliver.  
You said you'd change the world, but death still flies east.  
The blind lead the blind, so we bomb for peace. Gravedigger (gravedigger) there's blood on your hands.  
You built this empire on salt and sand.  
Not all is fair in love and war.  
History repeats, we've seen this all before.  
We've given the vampires the keys to the blood bank. They say the more things change, the more they stay the same.  
While the liars leech, the crooked preach.  
So lie through your teeth, lie like you mean it.  
It beggars belief, do you really think that we still fucking believe it?  
You fucking parasite.  
There's no room in here for an honest man,  
Only callous and cold hearts. Gravedigger (gravedigger), there's blood on your hands.  
You built this empire on salt and sand.  
Not all is fair in love and war.  
History repeats, we've seen it all before. Oppressor, you built this empire on salt and sand.  
Oppressor, you built this empire on salt and sand. An iron fist in a velvet glove.  
Another vulture posing as a dove.  
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You are the reason we are bitter and then some.  
Bitter and then some. They sing of saviors, we sing of sorrow.  
But we're still holding on for dear life.

Songwriters

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