

Architects

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What if everything you know is just a made-up truth?
Every word written in history are part of a big black lie
We are not made from Adam's rib; There's no biblical god
Nor mere descendants from the ape, might be something else

Premeditated cradle
And so, we are descendants from the stars

Years of investigation can't find the words to explain
Why we are so special? What is the human race?
Designed in laboratories light years away from here
Imperfect masterpiece of alien architects

So selfish to say that we're alone in the space immensity
We're just an insignificant dot into the infinity
Part of a bigger chain of life, massive masterplan
Maybe we are not a coincidence
And someone else put the seed on earth

Premeditated cradle
And so, we are descendants from the stars

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Why we are so special? What is the human race?
Designed in laboratories light years away from here
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Maybe wrong foundations of modern science
The missing link is right before our eyes

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