

# All Love Is Lost

Architects

The workers all march to the beat of the drum.  
Their spirits are broken,  
They have nowhere to run.

They dream of courage and a loaded gun,  
But the slaves all know,  
They better bite their tongue.  
Track marks across the planet.  
Are there any veins left for them to infect?  
They would kill one another just to disconnect.

Three cheers for desperation.  
God bless the Godforsaken.  
We will arm them to the teeth,  
To fight, to fight the war on peace.

All love is lost, so carry the cross.  
'Cause there's no human in us left.  
We are music made for the deaf.  
They play a game that they know they'll never win.  
Sick and tired of the world they're living in.  
The messiah showed up high on heroin.  
On heroin.

The workers all march to the beat of the drum.  
They fell into the trap, taken one by one.  
The medicine is poison, but it makes them numb.  
'Cause all that they feel is pain and regret.  
Existence is just something they would rather forget.

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Is this freedom?  
Is this the life you chose?  
If this is living the dream, we've hit an all-time low.

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