

Black Lungs

Architects

Do you cross your heart when you hope to die?
Are you sleeping deep in the hurricane?
IVs in the arm, forgetting to feel
We're crawling on all fours
Will you fall on that sword at the second coming?
You're gonna taste the ash and dust
'Cause this world is dying in our arms

Now the wheels are turning
What would you do to stay alive if the planet was burning?

You wanna make your hell a reality?
Black lungs for the young if they dare to breathe
(If they dare to breathe, woah)
Sure sounds like heaven to me
You've gotta cut the roots to kill the weeds
No place to go if we don't believe
(If we don't believe, woah)
Good Lord, it's enough to plague a saint

Give us a Judas steer we can deify
Yeah, we all pretend we're the renegades
So wash us away, garroted by a halo
Take a bow, 'cause time's running out
There's no doubt that the end is coming
You're gonna taste the ash, you're gonna taste the dust
'Cause this world is dying in our arms

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Post love, post truth, justice lays bound
And black bagged ready for the guillotine
We can all plead guilty when they ask
"Where were you when the Gods clipped the wings of the Phoenix?"
They clipped the wings of the Phoenix
When will we wrestle the world from the fools and their gold, and their fuck
ing covenant?
We'll be waiting
Will enough be enough when we're holding on for dear life

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