

# Discourse Is Dead

Architects

Oh, it just won't calculate  
A prophecy with a twist  
Do you really think Christ was a capitalist?  
Every man for himself  
Let thy neighbour drown  
Amen

So sing us a sad song  
So sing us to sleep  
'Cause we all dance around the carousel  
Chewing through our tongues  
Now discourse is dead

Stood at the tip of the wing  
You've gotta watch where you tread

Round up the ambivalent  
You mustn't sit in the shade  
'Cause it's blasphemous  
For one to abstain from hate  
We're all sisters and brothers  
But if you're one of the others  
Then fuck you

So sing us a sad song  
So sing us to sleep  
'Cause we all dance around the carousel  
Chewing through our tongues

So save me the sermon  
You all sound the same  
'Cause we all dance around the carousel  
Chewing through our tongues

No common sense left in these empty heads  
Swimming towards the storm  
Two beating hearts  
Two poles apart

No common sense left in these empty heads  
Swimming towards the storm  
Two beating hearts  
Two poles apart

So sing us a sad song  
So sing us to sleep  
'Cause we all dance around the carousel  
Chewing through our tongues

So save me the sermon  
You all sound the same  
'Cause we all dance around the carousel  
Chewing through our tongues  
Now discourse is dead

Stood at the tip of the wing  
You've gotta watch where you tread

Don't look down  
Let thy neighbour drown  
Now discourse is dead