

Flight Without Feathers

Architects

There's a rose that blooms
Through the cracks in the concrete
Staining the prison floor
There's a pilgrimage waiting
Sat at the doorstep
Rotting beneath the sun

When there's nowhere left to hide, we'll be searching for a shortcut
Ire and denial are as thick as thieves
Soon there'll be nothing left of me, nothing left of me
Don't forget to breathe, don't forget to breathe, don't forget to breathe
Tell me how to coexist when a fraction only wants war
Hopelessly in love with our gritted teeth
Soon there'll be nothing left of me, nothing left of me
Don't forget to breathe, I forgot to breathe
And look who's on the throne now

I'm a dead heretic
With no storm left to weather
Afraid to admit
It won't sustain the spirit
A new counterfeit
Like flight without feathers
Ready to submit
It won't sustain the spirit

It won't sustain the spirit

So we fall to our knees
And beg for reprieve
But it's almost time for the curtain call
The apostles will sing
And lead us from sin
But they hold all of our bones in their hands

We all swim against the tide until it puts us on the back foot
Nothing's ever taste half as good as grief
Soon there'll be nothing left of me, nothing left of me
Don't forget to breathe, don't forget to breathe, don't forget to breathe
'Cause I'm staring at a fist and it's asking if I want more
Clarity will visit but it's only brief
Soon there'll be nothing left of me, nothing left of me
Don't forget to breathe, don't forget to breathe
Don't forget to breathe

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