

# From the Wilderness

## Architects

There is no end game, so whisper the truth and pass on the blame.  
Just put us out of our misery.  
This defeat is a victory.  
We're burning out, we're fading away.  
A failed evolution.  
Is the problem the solution that they've been searching for?

We're waiting for the world to save itself.  
'Cause nothing is built to last.  
We're writing our epitaph.  
So reset and start again.  
'Cause we all know how this ends,  
Before long we'll be dead and gone.

A thorn in the side of the earth.  
Where do you draw the line?  
A flaw in the design.  
The rest is history.  
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"We live in an infinite growth paradigm. Nothing grows forever, it's not possible. As a great, uh psychologist James Hillman wrote, 'The only thing that grows in the human body after a certain age is Cancer' and I think that, that's clearly what we're seeing at the end of human industrial civilization with the population approaching seven billion."

We're all guilty as sin.  
I feel it, I feel it under my skin.  
Always up in arms, without lifting a finger.  
Lifting a finger.

We may be infinite, but this world is not.  
Something that we once knew, that we long forgot.

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