

Gone with the Wind

Architects

The weight of the world is resting on thin ice.
When the surface breaks will I find paradise?
As I freeze to death, left to reflect,
what a waste of time I was, in retrospect.

I'd take a leap of faith, but I'd lose my nerve.
In the end, I'll get the hell that I deserve.

I'm always gone with the wind.
Crawling in and out of my mind.
God knows, I lost all my faith.

A sickness with no remedy,
except the ones inside of me.
You ever wonder how deep you can sink into
nothing at all?
Disintegrate.
Annihilate me.

Do you remember when you said to me,
"My friend, hope is a prison."?

Of all the patterns that I could create,
I built a labyrinth with no escape.
To keep my 'self' under lock and key.
I am my own worst enemy.

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In the end, I'll get the hell that I deserve.

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If I could silence all the doubt in me,
accept that what is meant to be.
You ever wonder how deep you can sink into
nothing at all?
Disintegrate.
Annihilate me.

Do you remember when you said to me,
"My friend, hope is a prison."?