

# These Colours Don't Run

Architects

These streets aren't paved with gold  
Don't believe everything that you're told  
Deception hides all in you see  
Corruption hangs in the air that you breathe  
and in the land of the free  
you know nothing comes for free  
Fourth drive in paradise  
Vapid souls check the market price

Life time slave  
Living in a sub urban grave  
If there was a GOD?  
was a GOD?  
You would be the death of him

These colours don't run  
Like colour from the face  
Eyes roll back chemical despair  
It's true what they say  
LIFE isn't FAIR

So repeat this line  
Everything! everything! is fine  
So repeat this line  
Everything! everything! is fine

These colours don't run  
Like colour from the face  
Eyes roll back chemical despair  
It's true what they say  
LIFE isn't FAIR

And in the land of the free  
you know nothing comes for free

I'm struggling to find any poetry in this,  
someone beat me to the line ignorance is bliss  
So I guess I'll just,  
say it how it is  
You had it all  
YOU FUCKING PIGS!!

These streets aren't paved with gold  
Don't believe everything that you're told  
Deception hides in all you see  
Corruption hangs in the air!  
you!  
BREATHE!