

# The Architect

## Strung Out

Father tell me, what am I to do  
I watched everything I love forsaken you  
Gunpowder burns the temple, exit wound to paint the sky  
Wash my sins in the river, this American lie

Now it comes in waves of blue  
Straight from the heart of you

I can see, I can feel, I can reason  
I can exorcise the demon  
I am the architect of your design  
I can bleed, I can pay for my treason  
Time out of mind and season  
Down from the mountains  
We are ghosts of your design

Mother, love me like you used to do  
It took a generation to kill the god in you  
Black elevators carry you beyond the sky  
Make me wonder where the chaos ends behind your eyes

Now you dream in ocean blues  
From your church's empty pews

I can grow, I can turn with the season  
I can die without a reason  
I'm the apocalypse of your design  
I can die in the peace I've been living  
I can live in the war you've given  
My rage is crystallized in your... design

[?]

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Time out of mind and season  
Down from the mountains  
We are ghosts of your design  
Design