

# Architects, when we were young

we're separated by a margin of a greater degree  
the same flesh and blood but in a different lane  
i read the remedy too but my words, they still sounded the same  
when we were young  
we thought we had the whole world figured out  
now all we do is speak in tongues  
we play a losing game  
only now we hear the shouts fading out  
we flew into the sun  
i'm dedicated to the shadow that's been following me  
it caught me counting the cards  
i guess the rules remain  
oh it was heavenly then  
but the devils were calling my name  
is there something in your eye?  
did you fall or were you just on a high?  
everybody's so afraid they could die  
but they never once said  
thank god we're alive