

The Lost Ones

From Atlantis

There's no need to bear my cross, but bear in mind
I've been restless for days, and there's no signs of slowing down

You're doing such a damn good job
Of keeping me awake at night
I cross my heart and hope to survive

I've been trying to accept myself
But the weight of the world keeps me restless at night
I keep praying that things turn around for me
I'm praying I don't lose myself

This bottle keeps me alive until I meet my end
This bottle keeps me alive until I meet my end
My knees are growing weak, yet our feet keep moving,
Pick up the pace now
Our hearts will beat as one but will we ever really come to our senses

I'll let it drag me down
So be it
I'll let it drag me to hell

I'm haunted by the thoughts of what I could have been

I've been trying to accept myself
But the weight of the world keeps me restless at night
I keep praying that things turn around for me
I'm praying I don't lose myself

My body's withering, my bones have turned to dust
With sunken eyes like ships we are the lost ones