

You treat the world
Like it's all in your hands
Struggle to the very end
Undo your chaotic control

Martyr of pleasing
Different faces
There is no light
Behind that door
Stop seeking someone
To blame for

Atlas
You carry the world
On your hands

Atlas
What's your meaning
Of love?
Cancer, deceit, turmoil

This prison you've built
Within me
These walls are unescapable
There's only sound
Around me

At least what I've
Been hoping for

I hear the voices
At least they make
Me sleep at night
But when I hear nothing
I prepare to die

Atlas
Back and forth
And back and forth
Thoughts are burden
Hard as steel
Back and forth
And back and forth
Thoughts are fragile

Atlas
You brought me
To the ground
While you've carried
The world
On your hands

Atlas