

I got a tripod to hold up my atlas
Got many missions with a map on my door
If you could find a way to pick a path you'd be at this
You'd never need me to search anymore

I got a reason to hold up my fists
I got a planet on the top of my shoulders
Always a season for taking a risk
Don't let your world get too much colder

When we were young, time stood still
Upon its hill
Play as they may, angels lay and still they will
Getting their fill

Will we be the same again
When this all ends
Can you take a step back
And see when time begins

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