

City walls are caving in.  
Once buildings stood so tall.  
Just metal scraps beneath our feet.  
This feeling's unsettling.  
We're caught in a freefall just waiting for an end.  
The weight of the world it presses down on me.  
I feel my bones begin to crack and break.  
The weight of your words they're pressing down on me.  
I feel my insides opening.  
This year won't be the last one.  
(Return this desert to a sea.)  
This year wont be the last one.  
(Tonight let's disengage)  
This year won't be the last one.  
(Return this desert to a sea.)  
This year won't be the last one.  
(Let's disengage)  
We're kept sheltered from our own devices, sheltered from the c  
old.  
Doors and windows boarded tight resistant to the world.  
Sheltered from our own devices, from the cold.  
Soon we'll return this desert to a sea.