

# Transit, Atlas

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 won't 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 cold.  
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.