

We The Living, Barometers

Mercury rising,
What's to blame?
The atmosphere, the things I trust
Columns kilometers high
Pressing down upon our trust
Northern front is moving fast
Pressing down the earth and us
The air it seemed was feather light
And slight of hand its blinding us
Columns kilometers high
Pressing down upon our trust

Would you stay or would you go
Barometers, Barometers
And now's the time, to gather stones
Barometers, Barometers
I didn't mean the words I sowed
Barometers, Barometers

Forecast weather
Situations
None in front is moving fast
Heavy columns miles deep
High and low marked on a map
Magnified by several stations
in locations marked on a map
Who is there,
my time of need?
just several stations marked on a map

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Now's the time to gather stones
Barometers, Barometers
I didn't mean the words I sowed
Barometers, Barometers

Pressure systems, north and south
We are the front, and no one else
We are a vacuum, you and I
We are collapsing on ourselves
Pressure systems, north and south
We are the front, and no one else
We're a vacuum, you and I
We are collapsing on...

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