

## Atlas Eyes

Emma Louise

Slim faced child  
The memories slide  
Against my mind  
And laying on my bedroom floor, young  
With your arms crossed to the ceilings  
When the aliens came  
Oh and I thought we were safe

But you saw ghosts  
In the hallways of our home  
And you ran with your hands on your eyes  
Wake me up after midnight  
With your atlas eyes  
Your atlas eyes

And father cried  
Hands tight on the wheel  
Even heroes break  
And walking with your backpack on  
Into a white room where smoke filled your eyes

And the monsters came  
Oh and I thought you were safe

But you thought you saw grandma  
At the table  
Well did she speak as well?  
And I thought god would save us  
Did we drink in hell?

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