

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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