

You treat the world  
Like it's all in your hands  
Struggle to the very end  
Undo your chaotic control

Martyr of pleasing  
Different faces  
There is no light  
Behind that door  
Stop seeking someone  
To blame for

Atlas  
You carry the world  
On your hands

Atlas  
What's your meaning  
Of love?  
Cancer, deceit, turmoil

This prison you've built  
Within me  
These walls are unescapable  
There's only sound  
Around me

At least what I've  
Been hoping for

I hear the voices  
At least they make  
Me sleep at night  
But when I hear nothing  
I prepare to die

Atlas  
Back and forth  
And back and forth  
Thoughts are burden  
Hard as steel  
Back and forth  
And back and forth  
Thoughts are fragile

Atlas  
You brought me  
To the ground  
While you've carried  
The world  
On your hands

Atlas