

The Sea Of Atlas

Sleeping at Last

Through wires and waves, our voices carry.
Such careful words that we can barely speak out loud.
We found an ocean when we needed land.
We drowned in words when we needed a hand.
So we plead for night, and the sun keeps on spilling light.

There's a fine line, a fine line in between
Our progress and our instability.
We can't help ourselves but hunt for more.
A design flaw? or the olive branch that proves the shore-
The catalyst we've waited for.

We live and die under the thumb of fear,
As though the finish line will merely disappear
If we take one less step, even to catch our breath.

We once felt safe, like no cure was needed.
Our vocabularies had no room for "defeated,"
But we grew up quick and became connoisseurs of it.

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