

## Our Sun Our Saviour

The Atlas Moth

We're losing feeling now  
All senses gone  
Of countless breathes I take unraveling

Reach up, we're going down  
Inhale the sand  
One sun, our Saviour

Our mission compromised  
Black clouds decaying  
Declining heartbeats slowing down

This is not over  
This swan song is far from done  
This city will be in ruins

I've been reduced to nothing  
Cut teeth upon the throne  
Burn the map it won't save us  
Satellites will carve the path

I see so clearly  
I see right through the foam