

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