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City walls are caving in.
Once buildings stood so tall.
Just metal scraps beneath our feet.
This feeling's unsettling.
We're caught in a freefall just waiting for an end.
The weight of the world it presses down on me.
I feel my bones begin to crack and break.
The weight of your words they're pressing down on me.
I feel my insides opening.
This year won't be the last one.
(Return this desert to a sea.)
This year wont be the last one.
(Tonight let's disengage)
This year won't be the last one.
(Return this desert to a sea.)
This year won't be the last one.
(Let's disengage)
We're kept sheltered from our own devices, sheltered from the c
old.
Doors and windows boarded tight resistant to the world.
Sheltered from our own devices, from the cold.
Soon we'll return this desert to a sea.
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