Unrest

Atlas Losing Grip

I walked this streets a thousand times,
Still this world never seemed colder.
Compromised a thousand times
To the will of vicious minds.
Reality never hit so fucking hard.
Crushed by endless desperation, endless surrender.
Retrace the steps, retrace the steps.
Is this what I've become?
Retrace the steps, retrace the steps.
What the fuck have I become?
Security, illusion for the weak.
Refuge, sought in routine.

Another gear in the fucking machine.
See, you can win the rat race
But you're still
Nothing but a fucking rat.
So seek that crown, because in this kingdom of fools
True ignorance reigns supreme.
I see this city for what it is,
Retrace the steps, retrace the steps
Ooooh, a monument
To the depths of human misery.
Retrace the steps, retrace the steps [x3]
What have we become?

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