

Ghosts Of Rome "Atlantis"

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The weight of the world is on my back,
It's killing me, telling me to hold on,
I can't make it, the masses will never get to read this no
one
Will ever know what this means to me, this never
happened,
Will this stay the same or will I get lost in the chaos,
I can't bring you back, this can't ever change.
I can't bring you back from the dead,
Speak through me tell them the way it was intended,
This is real, purity will prevail,
This will be worth it in the end,
The weight of the world is on my back,
It's killing me, telling me to hold on,
I can't make it, my nightmares are running through
these walls,
They are on my back making their way up my spine,
No one is leaving here the same,
I will reach down the throat of what will become of me,
And kill the years you have taken from me.

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