

Lions Lions

"The Atlas"

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We will find home

These maps read like lines on our hands,
A path a destination,
We've all been so led astray til this,
The realization of home,
We're all casualties in a world unseen,
In a war unseen,
We reflect what it is we've been searching for,
This compass is failing us.

Somewhere between where we feel,
And where we hide,
We are the atlas.
Each page, a history.
Be calm and close your eyes,
This won't take long,
I know it's hard but it's time to let this go.

We fight for familiarity,
If only I knew then what I know now,
We'll find home in a
Familiar place.
We will find home.

Somewhere between where we feel,
And where we hide,
We are the atlas.
Each page, a history.
Be calm and close your eyes,
This won't take long,
I know it's hard. I know it.

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