

# Halfwayhome, Four Months Until The Swarm

Fall in flight, the view could kill  
Just the ground to break your fall  
Trading places only when  
The sound of your wings quiet the night

Chorus:

So haste the day we waste away like you  
And although the pain has left your chest  
It seems it was transferred to the rest of us who stayed  
(and lived to see another day)  
So haste the day we waste away like you  
So we don't remain the only ones  
Left broken staring at the sun  
Is this the day?  
(we're given wings to fly away)

These returns are worth the risk  
Punishment for the terminal cases  
Glancing at an empty shell  
The swarming of your absence is scarring

Chorus

We wrote our names into the pavement  
And made the best of what was dealt  
We bet it all and came up empty  
Perhaps we never tried enough  
But on the way we made a killing  
With all the wealth we could not count  
I'll scream to both the grandest angels  
Who got their wings four months apart

Chorus