

...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead, H

The shape of your head is a twist of the truth,
The skulls on these walls, are they connected to you?
The stars are like eyes climbing out of a mist,
The temperatures rise like an easter morning sun,
Its not something you learn its just something you do,
And sometimes I wonder whether my other half is you.

Cause I am only half, of what I am,
And half of that is what, I can do,
Where the rest is, I don't know,
And I'm not sure if I really wanna know.

Back on my own, it took me this long,
To scale to the top of this (grassy/misty) mountain side you're on,
But now I can see where its all been leading to,
The skulls on these walls, how they're connected to you,
Walking with you down a slippery slope, and you said,
"If I was the sun, you'd be the world I'd shine onto."