

And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead, Half

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Miscellaneous
Half Of What

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."