

# Discover America, The Halves That Make Us Wh

When I was a kid I held on so tight.  
I held on so tight when I was a kid.  
Then life opened up like a little rose.  
So I stopped right there and opened up my nose.  
And there was some hope that fate would come and reveal its magic in everyone.  
That love alone would break the spell and retire that metaphor of hell.  
These are the halves that make us whole.  
Despite all reason, no control.  
We're hesitating at the light.  
We're stepping blind into the night