

Halfwayhome, For Tomorrow We Die

The crossfire kept me out for days until finally silence
Here on in we go it alone
I remember not htat long ago before teh atrophy took hold
Not a penance to atone
And we'll buld these walls to watch them crumble
But until that day

I'll bend 'till you break
With the angels voices resonating down like snow
Feel my hands around your throat
(the compromise is broke)
Our hearts beat from the same device
There's no use in living this lie
(for tomorrow we die)

An orchestrated crossing of stars, mute and accelerated
Headlong, shattered, out on display like postcards from the frame
But until that day...