

Halfwayhome "Ascension To Clarity"

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Tonight The Stars Die
The Needles Dance Like Fireflies
With Static Comes The Landslide
Melodic And Sincere
Choke Up The Remedy
That Kept Us From Infinity
This Anthem Of Our Misery
That's Burnt Into Our Ears

Somehow Things Get Lost In The Translation From
Silence To Sound
The Beauty And Frustration In Keeping You Down
Things Could Be Not So Better Off
Things Could Be Not So Real
Like Bullet Holes And Breaking Hearts
Do You Have Your Memories Of All The Nights That We
Were Here
All Of Mine Have Disappeared
In This Slow Decay Of Time
And So The Guilt Parade Is Planned
With Empty Eyes And Heavy Hands
Endeavoring For Reprimand That's Passed Us By

I Am Ascended To Clarity
All The World Laid Out In Front Of Me
This Frozen Soil Has Thawed Enough
To Swallow Me Whole

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