

Halfwayhome

"Four Months Until The Swarm"

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Fall in Flight, The View Could Kill
Just The Ground To Break Your Fall
Trading Places Only When
The Sound Of Your Wings Quiet The Night

So Haste The Day We Waste Away Like You
And Although The Pain Has Left Your Chest
It Seems It Was Transferred To The Rest Of Us Who
Stayed
(And Lived To See Another Day)
So Haste The Day We Waste Away Like You
So We Don't Remain The Only Ones
Left Broken Staring At The Sun
Is This The Day? (We're Given Wings To Fly Away
These Returns Are Worth The Risk
Punishment For The Terminal Cases
Glancing At An Empty Shell
The Swarming Of Your Absence Is Scarring

We Wrote Our Names Into The Pavement
And Made The Best Of What Was Dealt
We Bet It All And Came Up Empty
Perhaps We Never Tried Enough
But On The Way We Made A Killing
With All The Wealth We Could Not Count
I'll Scream To Both The Grandest Angels
Who Got Their Wings Four Months Apart

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