

And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead "Half Of What"

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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 it's 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 it's 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."

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