

Meridians

Farewell From The Gallows

This is the man I was made to be. These bridges that are so easily broken are rebuilding themselves.

Will you meet me in the middle so I can find myself? Chorus:

Now you've drawn this imaginary line
cutting me off from you

(So what am I supposed to do?)

So what am I supposed to do?

I would give up everything to reach the heart inside of you
(To reach the heart inside of you) I can honestly say it was never meant to end,
drawing these black lines;
plotting your jaded meridians.

Was it everything you wanted?

Was it everything you thought it'd be? I am the one broken, who will piece me together? (Chorus)

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