Half of What

...And You Will Know Us By the Trail of Dead

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
It's 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 knowBack on my own, it took me this long
To scale to the top of this 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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