

Lost Year

Ghost Atlas

Winter's tune, constantly changing key
A crescent moon illuminates the ending
Never you mind, you see the weight of this dichotomy
The way that things ought to be between us
Some day soon, one of us is leaving

Is this really worth what we're fighting for?
Waking with your head on the floor
We trace the lines that have made this divide
These new pieces we can't quite align

Beating our hearts half to death
Look at what we had become
Pick up the pieces you left
Go back to where you started from

Winter's tune, stuck on repeat
Now it's June, our body's still freezing

Is this really worth what we're fighting for?
Waking with your head on the floor
We tell little lies to ourselves every night
These new pieces we can't

Beating our hearts half to death
Look at what we had become
Pick up the pieces you left
Go back to where you started from
Somehow, I
I'm alive to tell, I'm alive to tell
Pick up the pieces you left
Grow back to where you severed from

Beating our hearts half to death
Look at what we had become
Pick up the pieces you left
Go back to where you started from
Somehow, I
I'm alive to tell, I'm alive to tell
Pick up the pieces you left
Grow back to where you severed from