

## Half Life

Wendy Rule

It's It's not like I want it back again  
It's not like I want the sky to open  
And rain down in visions of black again  
But now that the sun has finally broken through  
There's not a lot I can do  
There's not a lot I can do  
The Sky is perfectly blue

The wind comes, whips the trees bare again  
The wind comes, invoking secrets of the form  
And part of me wants to be there again  
Restless, naked, howling for the dawn  
I'm not invoking a storm  
I'm not invoking a storm  
The air is perfectly warm

It's not like I want it back again  
Chaos can find another lover  
It's not like I'm wearing all black again  
The days come sweet, but are they cutting through?  
There's not a lot I can do  
There's not a lot I can do  
The sky is perfectly blue

If it's not Love  
Then make it Pain  
Not some sort of half life  
I can't explain  
And if it's peace  
Then make it real  
Not this sort of numbness  
That I cannot feel  
Take all my love but leave me my fears  
This sort of half life bores me to tears  
So bring me rapture  
And bring me bliss  
Or take it all away  
But don't leave me this

It's not like I want it back again  
It's not like I want my heart ripped open  
In some sort of vicious attack again  
But now that the sun has finally broken through  
There's not a lot I can do  
There's not a lot I can do  
The sky is perfectly blue

The sky is perfectly blue