

Half sleeper

Chelsea Wolfe

All the parts of me that lived inside
I'm drowning in the sea of waking life
They don't know their colours don't belong on the outside
They don't know their colours don't belong

Til they're spread across the open road
Til they're spread across the asphalt on the open road
Til they're streaming in the wind like cassette tape or jellyfish
Long dark veins and records playing memories

All the things we yell don't mean a thing
When we're spinning out of darkened meadow wind
When we're flying like we're Mary's angels through the shattered glass
When we find that tall dark shadow waiting there with outstretched hands
He has given me a dress of red and you a skin of gray
We'll be twisting here for hours 'til the light will bring us day

And we're spread across the open road
And we're spread across the asphalt on the open road
And we're streaming in the wind like cassette tape or jellyfish
Long dark veins and records playing memories