

Look in your hair young love.
I have left you a present you will not find unless you look.
I have left a part of me there.
Don't be surprised when I end up never leaving again.
Because of so many pieces of myself I have hidden on you when we say goodbye.
One day we won't say goodbye.

I know by the trail.
But I know now.
I know by the trail.
That I'll leave behind.
That I've left behind.

You don't know this but I walk around a grotesque mess when you're far.
Missing limbs hidden in your home but I pay no mind, I don't ever feel complete unless I'm where you are.

I know by the trail.
But I know now I know by the trail.
That I'll leave behind.
That I've left behind.

I can't lie.
I miss seeing your feelings for me leak through your eyes.
I'm a gross wreck and need my body.
And I know just where those pieces sleep.

I know by the trail.
But I know now.
I know by the trail.
That I'll leave behind.
That I've left behind.