

The First Half Of Yesterday

Shaolin Death Squad

Remembering back when...
...when it seemed that hours past felt like weeks.
Shake and quiver due to weakness in the knees.
You seemed to disappear...
...vanish in thin air or perhaps
under thick dirt at the bottom of a grave.

Facing the faithless, hoping that they would change.
Faith in the faceless...what is real and what is a dream?

The broken glass on the ground makes amends with the scars on the bottom of your feet,
as they open their doors to reintroduce the germs to the underside of your skin again.

Facing the faithless, hoping that they would change.
Faith in the faceless...what is real and what is a dream?

What went wrong?
You went away the first half of yesterday.

The second half of tomorrow...less or more to look forward to.
Blindness.
But you may not ever forget the first half of yesterday.

Facing the faithless.
Faith in the faceless...what is real and what is a dream?

Tonight the grave's inside the fallen.

What went wrong?
You went away the first half of yesterday.
The birds have all flown away.