

Spirit Cold

Tall Heights

How do I wake my spirit cold?
We always say when our history's told
If only we knew the things we know
There's a question ages old Let me down easy, let me down slow
If all good things ever come and go
Let me back down in a place I know
Hold the nail for the hammer stroke Oh this my trash, this my tome
Oh this my blood, this my bone
How do I learn my dreams to mold,
To lay them bare in the morning cold?
If they're still out there then the chasm grows
For all you know, for all you've known Let me down easy, let me down slow
If all good things ever come and go
Let me back down in a place I know
Hold that nail for the hammer stroke Oh this my weapon, this my loam
Oh this my blood, this my bone How do I wake my spirit cold?
Most people die but others just go
She's still out there and the chasm grows
Steady are the feet in the morning glow
Oh this my trash, this my tome
Oh this my weapon, this my loam
Oh this my mountain, this is my home How do I wake my spirit cold?
There's a question ages old

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