

Tall Heights - Spirit Cold

Tom: A

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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

Oooooh this my trash, this my tome
 Oooooh 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 the nail for the hammer stroke

Oooooh this my weapon, this my loam
 Oooooh 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

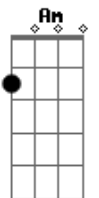
Oooooh this my trash, this my tome
 Oooooh this my weapon, this my loam
 Oooooh this my mountain, this is my home

How do I wake my spirit cold?
 There's a question ages old

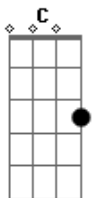
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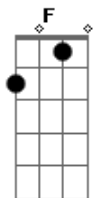
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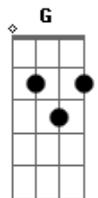
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