

Bran Van 3000

"Good To Know That If I Ever Need Attention All I Have To Do Is Die"

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Am I correct to defend the fist that holds this pen?
It's ink that lies,
The pen, the page, the paper.
I live, I learn.
You will always take what i have earned.
And so aid my end while I believe I'm winning.

Our friends speak out in our defense.
Pay ten deaf ears for two months rent.
We burn their gallows they erect,
And cut the nooses they tie for our necks.

You constantly make it impossible to make
conversation.
Keep us comatose but audible.
And I like it the farther i get out.
We pass it off but it's all on us.
Only common conversation,
It took everything i got.
And I like it the farther i get out.

Once said, always said.
I will hold the past over your head.
I'll speak my mind whenever i feel slighted.
I am hellbent on extracting all of my revenge.
Take heart, sweetheart, or I will take it from you.

We slip concealed back to the keep.
Concede to do the work for free.
We prey as wolves among the sheep and slit the necks
of soldiers while they sleep

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