

## **Bran Van 3000**

### **"Untitled 2"**

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She was just seventeen, pious and pretty with a deadly  
disease  
And the weight of the world on a prosthetic shoulder  
And by the summer of '96 her body was cracked like  
porcelain  
Just like some Precious Moments collectable  
In a hospital gown and a big bright golden halo

Chorus:

And so three cheers for my morose and grieving  
(creeping?) pals  
And now let's hear it for the tears that I've welled up  
We've come too far to have to give it all up now  
We lived lives that were rich and blessed  
And we'll burn for how we transgress

Now I've mastered the art  
Of the open casket prayer and the singing guitar  
I found the rewards weren't half what I hoped for  
And meanwhile, we all feigned hope and nerve  
As her parents went on and lied to her  
All about the success of the surgeries  
And how my ex-girlfriend was now sleeping with her  
fianc ©

Chorus

If there's any justice in heaven, then God won't let me  
in  
He'll lock the gates and take my weekend pass away  
With a sympathetic wave, they'll see me off, return my  
golden crown  
While I am cursed to walk the earth for a millennia  
I know I deserve worse but it terrifies me and I can't  
take it anymore

Chorus

