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Bran Van 3000 ''Untitled 4''

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I, I am feeling like a veteran Uncompensated for the blood I've left to pool on foreign grounds And I sometimes reach to rub at aching legs But they've been dust for over a decade And you're the limb I've lost, but somehow I still feel

Until I wake, we just hope that you made it We hope that you're celebrating with people you've missed And burning like a beacon, guiding our ship around this hellish shoal I'm happy to admit that maybe I am a little depressed 'cause I'm missing you to death

And now there's only records of my memory It's a little thing you gave posthumously The details all dragged out To think of all the paintings we could be without If Van Gogh had gone and died face down from loss of blood the night he went and hacked his ear off

Until I wake, we just hope that you made it We hope that you're celebrating with people you've missed

And burning like a beacon, guiding our ship around this hellish shoal

I'm happy to admit that maybe I am a little depressed 'cause I'm missing you to death (x2)

Until I wake, we just hope that you made it We hope you're as decorated as the day that you left And burning like a beacon, guiding our ship around this hellish shoal I'm happy to admit that maybe I am a little depressed 'cause I'm missin' you to death

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