Untitled 4

T.E.F.

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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