

# Untitled 4

## Brand New

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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