

## Missing You

Brand New

I, I am feeling like a veteran  
Uncompensated for the blood I've left to pool on foreign ground  
s  
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 it

Until I awake, we just hope that you made it  
We hope that you're celebrating  
With people you miss  
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 it's only records of my memory  
Some little thing you gave posthumously  
The details all dragged out  
To think of all the paintings we would be without  
If Van Gogh had gone and died face down from loss of blood  
The night he went and hacked his ear off

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I'm happy to admit that maybe I am a little depressed  
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