

Bad Veins, Found

Back my feet against the wall
take what time it takes
'cause i wont be around to hear the call
and i wont be around when you wake
Silence breaks without the sound
a guide to guiding light
as the rain falls softly to the ground
you will march
marching all through the night
When you're scared
and you're calling out
but i can't be found
well hold on, just hold on
I'm a war prop shell of my former self
Well the wind wont always blow you home
and it wont always be at your back

When you're scared
and you're calling out
but i can't be found
well hold on, just hold on
I'm a war prop shell of my former self
and I will not complain
about these days so blue
but you don't even know why you feel the pain
what you came and you gave
what you came and you gave to
When you're scared
and you're calling out
but i can't be found
well hold on, just hold on
I'm a war prop shell of my former self