

When I Was Done Dying

Dan Deacon

When I was done dying, my conscience regain
So I became a struggle, a nothingness strange
I'm a flash made of time, I knew form blasted out
And it scarred on me so, and I burst out a shout out
Which my legs ran frantic like birds from a nest
And I ran until drained, leaving no choice but rest
So I feel asleep softly at the edge of a cave
But I should've gone deeper, but I'm not so brave
And like that I was torn out and thrown in the sky
And I said all my prayers because surely I'd die
As I crashed out and smashed into earth into dirt
How my skin did explode, leaving only my shirt
But from shirt grew a tree and that tree grew up root
And I became the seed and my teeth was uproot
And I watered the ground with my roots and my leaves
And I tore up the shirt and ate up the sleeves
And when I (?) and said what is your plan
And the question was more I did not understand And it swallowed me down each time I head
south
I woke up to see them, these two mighty steeds
As they stood there above me, flanked on each side
So I reached up to touch
yet their mouth still remained
And I looked up in awe at that beautiful sight

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