

Deafheaven, Come Back

Scrawled into the pavement, again and again
Written on the red stalls in smokey tin

On the smokey tin, it melts again and again
On the booths of the round table, again and again

Drug onto the street and onto the soaking steps, again and again
Endless debris sifting through static lungs
Lingering into every pore
Laced with a bitter face near the dawning of the high
And madness of the undertow

We audience who saved our roses
We audience who scoffed at the tears
Ugliness stretching toward the chandelier
Pale with pain

I imagined the overcome and fell to my knees
Before the endless truth of instability and futility

Now I know