

# Dream House

## Deafheaven

Hindered by sober restlessness.  
Submitting to the amber crutch.  
The theme in my aching prose.  
Fantasizing the sight of Manhattan;  
That pour of a bitter red being that escapes a thin frame.  
The rebirth of mutual love.  
The slipping on gloves to lay tenderly. "I'm dying."  
- "Is it blissful?"  
"It's like a dream."  
- "I want to dream."

Lyrics provided by  
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