Language Games

Deafheaven

We're still laughing over lore.
Still talking about a stream of smoke in the head of a shelter tank, swimmingly bored.
Swimming in monotony. Swimming in ponds where our knees scrape the bottom.
And still, we swallow the surface.We brought our boredom to the lights.
Spoiled the city. Blind to the ocean. Deaf to the heavens.
Carving a shut in symphony with memory's masturbation.I've talked it out.
Doomed to be a spoiled child.
A pupil in the eyes of forever.
I knit the fire. I stared into the mirror.
A prisoner to the past. A ghost to the present.Put down your glass. Don't raise a toast to your slaving bloodline now.
Come to life. Walk the roads to Judah, tonight.

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