

Come Back

Deafheaven

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

Songwriters

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