

Baby Blue

Deafheaven

I woke in a sweat from a desirous fever in the pocket of yesteryear
Where faults have fallen to some.
I begged not to carry the corpse.
To not be a queer fish in unforgiving hearts.
To not be buried in native clay and preserved for cynicism.
I wish to be a pauper in kind eyes. To feel the gravel beneath my knees.
To wake in a home.
God had sent my calamity into a deep space from which not even in dreams,
Could I ever imagine my escape

Songwriters

GEORGE LESAGE IV CLARKE, KERRY DYLAN MCCOYPublished by
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