

# 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

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