The Pecan Tree

Deafheaven

Drooling red from my eyes to meet the bitter sun that shines past into light.
Setting fire to curtains in hope that you're dreaming.Destroying the tomb of memories from your life.
In the room full of family, but couldn't find one.
In the hallways lit up brightly, but couldn't find myself.
I laid drunk on the concrete on the day of your birth in celebration of all you were worth.I am my father's son.
I am no one.
I cannot love.
It's in my blood.

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