

Luna

Deafheaven

Tricked into some fodder about this oasis.
This conversation of new beginning.
Having enlightening talks over common interests.
Chained together (forever) to push onto the celebrated platform.
I've boarded myself inside. I've refused to exit.
There is no ocean for me. There is no glamour.
Only the mirage of water ascending from the asphalt.
I gaze at it from the oven of my home.
Confined to a house that never remains clean.
To a bed where the ill never get well.
I cough ceaselessly into the night.
The remainder of my humanity is drifting spit through the cold.
Sitting quietly in scorching reimagined suburbia

Songwriters

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