

Brought to the Water

Deafheaven

Where has my passion gone?
Has it been carried off by some lonely driver
in a line of florescent light?

Has it been blurred together
In ribboned patterns on the night?

Along the stretch of some unnamed plane
We began again

I saw in your face that
We're the same when we began again

A multiverse of fuchsia
And violet surrenders to blackness now

My world closes its eyes to
Sex and laughter