

## Come Back

Deafheaven

Scrawled into the pavement, again and again  
Written on the red stalls in smokey tin

On the smokey tin, it melts again and again  
On the booths of the round table, again and again

Drug onto the street and onto the soaking steps, again and again  
n  
Endless debris sifting through static lungs  
Lingering into every pore

Laced with a bitter face near the dawning of the high  
And madness of the undertow

We audience who saved our roses  
We audience who scoffed at the tears  
Ugliness stretching toward the chandelier  
Pale with pain

I imagined the overcome and fell to my knees  
Before the endless truth of instability and futility

Now I know