

Dream House

Deafheaven

Hindered by sober restlessness. Submitting to the amber crutch.
The theme in my aching prose. Fantasizing the sight of Manhattan; that pour of a bitter red being that escapes a thin frame.
The rebirth of mutual love. The slipping on gloves to lay tenderly.

"I'm dying."

- "Is it blissful?"

"It's like a dream."

- "I want to dream."