

From the Kettle Onto the Coil

Deafheaven

Stagnant strangers romance on crowded pathways
Below admiring the stage's glistening coat
Her reflection on the sill
Giving the cheekbones their due

Praising the worth of porcelain skin

My shades of blonde dancing in the high sun [2x]
I gave labor to the grief

To the squinting spectator
Who drank in the despair

As i tiptoed off the plane of existence and drifted listlessly
Through the velvet blackness of oblivion

I am what I always was - Gleaming and empty [3x]
I am what I always was