

Libertine Dissolves

Deafheaven

I married into the fly trap
I sunk into suburban sand
Victimized by restlessness
Blacking out in the lion's mouth.
I laughed at the cigarette stain;
inhaling black on the blinds
And cried at the digital bulb blasts on the frames of my memory
I am transparent.
Denied, segregate from the obvious.
Drunk and despairing--sick.
"I loved a girl I'll never speak to again. I spoke to a girl I
never stopped loving".