Vertigo

Deafheaven

Destined as the servant to the night where
your moon dreams of the dirt and the
sharp tongue of your zealous will is only
congruent with the salt in your mouth and
the approaching eulogy of the world. Lost
in the patterns of youth and the ghost of
your aches comes back to haunt you. And
the forging of change makes no difference.
Memories fly through the mask of your life
shielding you from time. The years that
birthed the shell that you gained. Hunched
over in apathetic grief with a disregard for
steps except the one taken back. Perched
up on a rope crafted in smoke / a sword
wielding death that buried your hope.
Focusing on light through the blinds. A
slave to reality under a monarch in the sky.
Lost in the patterns of youth where the
windows shine brightly back at you.

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - šetříme na pojištění!