

Lament for Wasps

Deafheaven

Frigid bedroom capture
In a spring without desire
Harvesting brightness despite
Drawn to the heat, not the light

I lay steady
Stare at the ceiling
Waking fears of nothing
You lament for wasps
You glow cobalt
In the home of the friendless

Another night spent fussing
Feasting like the lords
Laughing at the fronting
Singing to the chords of Hell imagined
To the chords of Hell imagined
Hell imagined
Hell imagined

In this perfect hour
Gasping in a sleepless kneel
Holding onto gleaming teal

I lay steady
Stare at the ceiling
Waking fears of nothing
You lament for wasps
You glow cobalt
In the home of the friendless

Another night spent fussing
Feasting like the lords
Laughing at the fronting
Singing to the chords of Hell imagined
To the chords of Hell imagined
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Hell imagined

Lament for wasps
Cobalt blue
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