

Unrequited

Deafheaven

Bowing to a monolith of grief. Obsessing over discord.
Daydreaming of nights that led my staggering steps to nowhere.
Bathing in the Summer night's cold and in the black of night, I
feel so old.

I feel so worn, quartered, and torn. Hung from the post where m
y brothers once sung.
Cut from the tie where my sanity binds. Stuck in Winter's Hell,
with just you in mind.
Waiting in the cold, where we hide behind.

I can't move on, because I can't shed the weight of myself.
There is no such thing as the past, present, or future.
There just is, and it never goes away.

I thought about you for the rest of the day.
Catching my head turning to find you again.
I hated myself for it.