

Deafheaven, Great Mass of Color

Quiet as a cradle
I laid in a middle night left
Spinning
Hissed at the moon
Conjured up the flowers
To fix my impression of the gloom

I feel the all
Great mass of color
Flooded in my bed
I feel the all
Great mass of color
Flooded in my bed
Dissolving into red

Half away holding my ghost in the morning
Sunlight coming down the bend
Maroon skin on the sand
My great former terror
When trees gave doves the leaves
And I was grim drunk death
A stranger to myself

I feel the all
Great mass of color
Flooded in my bed
I feel the all
Great mass of color
Flooded in my bed
Dissolving into red

can I accept, I am a real?