

# 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 way 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?