

Bury Your Flames

La Dispute

Oh, we could blame it on our hands
They lifted the drink to our mouths so we drank it
Or we could blame it on our bodies
They say, we like the way we feel when we get touched
You've got your fingers snared in my veins
I think it's time you pulled them out
And I don't care about the flesh it'll tear
It isn't flesh that I'm worried about

We held a match to keep our sight on the path
But the flame gave up and we lost it
And I've knelt for the last three years
Trying to find it back with the blackened matchstick
Today I'm not afraid of failure
The past is a flower
The future, the snow
I wasn't ever close to perfect
But I never let you go

You let your doubt lead you like a river on and on
And you will never get back to save what you had
Hear me promise
I will bury your problems in me
So sleep soundly
I held your heart in my fingers
Now it's gone, it's gone, it's gone and you will never admit
That you bid the wind blow the flames out
And buried the coals in the sea
You tricked me

You came back and you brought floods
Wearing a necklace made of hearts that you'd dragged through the mud
And I guess I wasn't quite sure what to say to you
But then I saw mine, almost reached out to grab it
Said, darling, you're the only one on earth I want to have it
But now I'm not so sure that was true
After the hell you put it through
But there was no sharp pain this time
Just the ghost of your presence compressing my chest like a vine
An unshakable absence
Like most of my insides crawled out of my mouth and went west
But that's fine
We cast our hearts in plaster
We imagined our bodies were fashioned of stone
But they chipped at the brick and mortar
We found out that we're only layers of skin hiding bones
And our bones are like chains, old and rusted in the rain
They're going to snap when the weight shifts

You moved like a fire through the forest
Your hands were as red as the skin on your lips
You'd been flirting with distance, princess
I tasted its spit in your kiss
Oh mistress, know
Today I will bury the flames of your failure
The past is a liar
The future, a whore

I'll lay your bones into the earth and you will haunt my head no more
Oh, we could blame it on our hands
Oh, we could blame it on our hands
But it was our mouths that opened up to swallow
(Oh, we could blame it on our hands)
And our heads that commanded us drink
But as I buried your flames in the dirt
I watched the smoke pull your ghost from the grave
And I fear they'll only lay in wait
Until we are face to face again
Just when I said, I'm moving, I'm moving on
I felt them come to life again and again and again and again

There are fires
That tear through valleys and make dust from grass
There are fires
There are wires
Bound in blue light, they pull us to the past
There are wires
We are tired
We should have known from the start that this wouldn't last
We are tired