

## To Withstand The Force Of Storms

La Dispute

Oh, you've a pretty mouth,  
leave your lips to linger on my skin and  
kiss me one last time  
I will roll off your tongue like a whisper in the winter  
sleeping in the sutures of the city's skin  
make yourself remember me in cold and concrete.

when will you realize this city/your demons make(s) you real

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kiss me one last time  
i will roll off your tongue like a whisper in the winter  
sleeping in the sutures of the city's skin  
make yourself remember me in cold and concrete.  
it's the way my hands felt lying still beneath your dress

(I am transparent,  
I am a greenhouse filled with ghosts.)

oh god, oh dear god

whisper secrets, speak in a hushed voice  
the first thing that you learn is that you never let them hear  
you  
in a soundproof room, in a windowless world  
keep your voice down or dull your words.  
then,  
put on your bedroom face for him,  
all pursed lips and half-closed eyes with pink-stained skin  
screaming for sleeping hands on downed dresses,  
screaming  
for dead legs come alive, for dead legs come alive.

oh dear god, there is no excuse for me