

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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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.
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