

# You And I In Unison

La Dispute

What will I find?  
Some sacred thing to help me handle the tragedy?  
Or did I once—Did I have it and lose it?

No one should ever have to walk through the fire alone.  
No one should ever have to brave that storm. No,  
Everybody needs someone or something.

And when I sing, don't I sing your name out  
Right at the same time that I sing my own?

Some days I swear I can feel you splitting the light through the window frame.  
The shapes it makes are always warmer, always brighter than the rest of what comes through.

Some days I swear I can hear you sing to me or whisper my name in the slightest way.  
It's like the warmest light now laid across my bedroom floor is somehow actually you and  
Not just sunlight.

I have the memory climb down the balcony.  
I put a flower on the back of its dress.  
It's probably best to forget it.  
It's probably best to let go.  
I paint it the shade of where the skin and the lip meet,  
Only a moment after breaking the kiss. And  
I blur out everything else.  
That's how I choose to remember it.

Some nights are a lot like the days, I lay awake too late, I watch the shadows casted  
Trace your shape. Those silver slivers on the wall then on the bedsheets.  
I hear your song in the trees. I finally fall into rest.  
Often later when I'm sleeping you show up in my dreams.  
Just doing simple things, like buying groceries.  
And when I wake up I could swear you must've just left me  
Like you got up to make breakfast or maybe just to get dressed.

But the truth is, you were never there. You won't ever be.  
Sometimes I think I'm not either so what do I do  
When every day still seems to start and end with you?  
And you won't ever know, you won't ever see,  
How much your ghost since then has been defining me.

I leave the memory up atop the balcony.  
I tear this flower from the back of the dress.  
It's best this time, I bet, to just forget and let go.  
Paint it the shade of where the lip bleeds and blur it out.  
I blur out everything else, just blur out everything else.  
And let go, and let go, and let go.

Everybody has to let go someday  
Everybody has to let go.

I wonder when I will. I wonder.

But if I still hear you singing in every city I meet  
After I blur it all out, our every memory, if  
You never fade with the days, your shape still haunting me then,  
Should I not just sing along?  
Should I not just sing along?

I will sing sweetly hope that the notes change but  
I do not need it to happen. I'm not resigned to it. And  
If they never do I'll sing your name in every line.  
Just like I did throughout this. Just like I've always done.  
In every gun, the empty church, and every tortured son.  
In all those giving up. In all those giving in.  
Until I die I will sing our names in unison.

Until I die I will sing our names in unison.