

# 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