

# Unison

Pinegrove

I was warned about you  
But then, I was worn  
Through  
Then  
But then I let the sound in  
Of torches along the path's edge  
Rustling in my eyes and ears  
Our eyes and ears  
Hours would pass and nothing...

All contorted in row  
These antlers don't  
Cut  
Through  
Nor do they tessellate with  
Anything along where we're walking  
Cutting out  
And in  
And out and out and in  
Again  
Hours would pass and nothing...

I know you  
You know our bodies move in unison  
The answer's within that  
I could be burning houses but I'm not  
I knew you  
I thought our bodies moved in unison  
Lucile, I rescind that  
I could be burning houses but I'm not  
I'm not  
I'm not  
I'm not  
I'm not