

Parallel Lines

Kings of Convenience

What's the immaterial substance
That envelopes two,
That one perceives as hunger
And the other as food.
I wake in tangeled covers,
To a sash of snow,
You dream in a cartoon garden,
I could never know.
Innocent imitation, you are cast in gold,
Your image a compensation for me to hold.Parallel lines, move so fast,
Toward the same point,
Infinity is as near as it is far

Songwriters

BOE, EIRIK GLAMBEK / OEYE, ERLEND OTREPublished by

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