

# Stretch Your Eyes

[Agnes Obel](#)

The darkness and the ghost  
They dance so sweet and slow  
Dug-out from below there  
To damn the gods A grip that will hold  
So tight and close  
Around my throat with  
The weight of all our lives You can give to my heart  
Thousand words or more  
You can give to my heart  
Thousand words or more The drum you stroke  
Damn that beat so old  
In the ground it grows there  
To damn the sun (oh what will come to life) Gates of gold  
In your head you hold  
A kingdom molten  
May the gods be on your side You can give to my heart  
Thousand words or more  
You can give to my heart  
Thousand words or more

Songwriters

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