

Parallel Lines

Kings of Convenience

What's the immaterial substance that envelopes two
One perceives as hunger and the other as food
I wake in tangled covers to a sash of snow
You dream in a cartoon garden, I could never know
Innocent imitation of how it could be
If when the music ended, you did not retreat
In my imagination, you are cast in gold
Your image a compensation for me to hold
Parallel lines, move so fast toward the same point
Infinity is near as it is far
Parallel lines, move so fast toward the same point
Infinity is near as it is far

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