

Dorian

Agnes Obel

They won't know who we are
So we both can pretend
It's written on the mountains
A line that never ends As the devil spoke we spilled out on the floor
And the pieces broke and the people wanted more
And the rugged wheel is turning another round Dorian, carry on,
Will you come along to the end
Will you ever let us carry on Swaying like the children,
Singled out for praise
The inside out on the open,
With the straightest face As the sad-eyed woman spoke we missed our chance,
The final dying joke caught in our hands
And the rugged wheel is turning another round Dorian, carry on,
Will you come along to the end
Will you ever let us carry on
Dorian will you follow us down

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