

# Scars On Land

## Kings of Convenience

We take what's dead  
And breathe life in  
And move like knives  
Through scars on land Still untouched  
No stain of hands  
Caramelized  
In a tilted light No chain stays unbroken  
All aims get forgotten The weight of lead  
On floors of sand  
The idea reduced again  
To outcome

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