Iceland

Tiny Hairs

Last night I dreamed of icy cliffs
Standing on the precipice
I leaned to see just where the edge would take me
The wind came up, I closed my eyes
I heard a shout and to my surprise
A hand reached out and pulled me back to safety
What's a hand, what's a dream
Who can say what it means
When everything that you know
Can disappear
Don't look back, the spirits cry
Just be glad to be alive
Everything that you love is right here
Everything that you love:
Life feels smaller than this stone
Worn smooth inside my palm
I keep it like a charm inside my pocket
I keep thinking I'll flame out

Leave no one with a doubt
That I was meant to fire like a rocket
What's a stone, what's a flame
There's always someone else to blame
When everything that you know disappears
Don't look back the spirits cry
Just be glad to be alive
Everything that you need is right here
Everything that you need:.
When I'm left here on the shore
The ancient basalt moor
Will beckon me to sleep among its heather
Who's not tempted to fold in
So that sleep may come again
Where the fire and the ice hide their treasure
Everything that you love
Everything that you need

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