Thief About To Break In

Teitur

Feel like a thief about to break in
Standing outside a broken window
My breath is warm, the air is cold
Hear noises of insects in the green, wet grass

I'm not gonna sell what I have stolen
It's something that belongs to me

The floor simmers, I am nervous
Place my hand on the entrance wall
There are shrieking whispers in the closets
Layers of dust on every surface

Please wash my head in a bucket of water
Rinse every corner of my body

Feel like a thief about to break in
Watching people pass on the street
I wish to own the glow in their eye
Because they are so beautiful

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