

Dance me love

[Silje Nergaard](#)

Your weak afterglow
Can't warm a heart in sorrow
The spark that is left behind
Can't light a troubled mind Your fire I know
Can warm those bleak tomorrows
The dark must not enter in
So let the dance begin Dance me, love
Dance me through the dark
Dance me, love
Dance me through the dark We move to and fro
We beg or steal or borrow
A love that can fan the spark
And help us face the dark Dance me, love
Dance me through the dark
Dance, my love
Dance me through the dark Dance me, love
Dance me through the dark
Dance, my love
Dance me through the dark Dance me, love
Dance me through the dark
Dance, my love
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