

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
No chain stays unbroken
All aims get forgotten

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