

# Parallel Lines (Daniele Di Martino Edit)

## Kings of Convenience

What's the immaterial substance  
That envelopes two,  
That one perceives as hunger  
And the other as food.  
I wake in tangeled covers,  
To a sash of snow,  
You dream in a cartoon garden,  
I could never know.  
Innocent imitation, you are cast in gold,  
Your image a compensation for me to hold. Parallel lines, move so fast,  
Toward the same point,  
Infinity is as near as it is far

Songwriters

BOE, EIRIK GLAMBEK / OEYE, ERLEND OTRE Published by

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