

Your Prelude

Susanne Sundfør

She keeps us in her dirty drawers
Like little bits of treasures
You never know what to find
Among glossy leaves and pines

We are descended, waiting
Don't rescue us
Observe with awe and rectitude
'til it's your turn,
Your prelude

We are descended, waiting
Don't come and rescue us
Observe with awe and rectitude
'til it's your turn,
'til it's your turn,
'til it's your turn
Your prelude