

Parallel Lines

Kings of Convenience

What's the immaterial substance
That envelopes two
That one percieves 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 of how it would be
If one the music entered, you did not retreat
In my imagination, 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
Parallel lines, move so fast
Toward the same point
Infinity is as near as it is far