

Renegade

Kings of Convenience

I'm letting go
To see if you'll hold on to me
I'm in doubt
Of what is thought and what is real

In our room
Between the shapes I thought I knew
A guillotine
A pillow with feathers like snow

I've come
To a listening post beyond your lines
I'm all ears
To gather clues and look for signs

But I can't hear
The song you sing while you try to soothe
Why are you whispering
While the bombs are falling?

Go easy on me
I can't help what I'm doing
Go easy on me
Oh, I can't help what I'm doing

Hello again
I buried you, where have you been?
My renegade
You came back from the labyrinth

Unlike me
You've looked for things that could be found
And the thread
That guides through black times

Go easy on me
I can't help what I'm doing
Go easy on me
Oh, I can't help what I'm doing

When thoughts
Had outnumbered spoken words
In the early hours
We failed to establish
Who was hurt
Most