

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.