

Weightless

Rökkurró

Giving empty promises,
we're walking on glass.
Sitting on the edge,
waiting for us to slip.

My hands
are too weak to hold you.
My hands,
they let you go.

Bitter taste of your skin
burns my tongue.
Feels like the final night
before I wake up alone.

This is how you love me
when all the love that you had is gone.