

Dust It Off

The Dø

Burning papers into ashes,
what a season, how they fly high from the ground up
there is yet another fountain, flowing over, as the night falls
,
keep dreaming away

If you hold on to that past, don't you lock yourself inside,
Nothing has been done before
It's the most virgin dress you could possibly wear
Mess it up, Time is up

Hold your memory for a moment with a blind hand
Write some stories for tomorrow
From the bottle of amnesia
Find instructions, to salvation, to oblivion, supreme

Don't be tempted to look back
It has all happen before

Someday miraculous spread will forgive every cowardly thing tha
t you've done

That I've done
Dust it off
(That you've done
That we've done)