

## 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)