

Olafur Arnalds

"A Stutter"

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The sun is old on water
Yearling flakes keep whirling by
"Carry me awry"

Collapsing breaths discover
Turning hope, new-boarded highs
Receding howls dew the skies

Closing eyes recover

Amber light in wintry bed
"Can you pull me under the cold, charred sea?"

Whispered words of summer
Fallen ode, a bawling bless,
Serenades the water and carries me anew.

In softest air, a stutter
steers the heart away from the bane,
leaves the lasting sorrow and carries me anew.

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