

Olafur Arnalds

"Old Skin"

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Where the woods would wear the wafting sounds of
sea
Roves an oath, in search for something more to be
"Still hard for me"

Treading lightly, tightly shedding its old skin
Leaving trails of night for light to bring chagrin
While air grows thin

Wailing winds, alarm, in feathers it have dressed
Surrounding what's left inside its chest
We too shall rest

Roaring lungs, as oath becomes through flight past
trees
Only the rhythm of love escapes the harmonies
Leaving us a beat

In these hands I'll hide, in these hands I'll hide
While this world collides, this world collides
It's not enough for me, it's not enough for me
[x2]

In these hands I'll hide, in these hands I'll hide
(Where the woods would wear the wafting sounds of
sea)
While this world collides, this world collides
(Where the woods would wear the wafting sounds of
sea)
It's not enough for me, it's not enough for me

In these hands I'll hide, in these hands I'll hide
While this world collides, this world collides
It's not enough for me, it's not enough for me

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