

Elin Sigvardsson

"Contradictory Cut"

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Your tired mouth is closed
As close as the city lights
As clear as the daze before my eyes

Here everything is quiet
Except from this tapping rain
that makes its way fast through the night

And could cut us, or cut us loose
It could cut us, or cut us loose

We're hanging by a thread
as thin as a tingling spark
but strong enough to move this car
No words are needed
we're headed out, we are symmetric like the road-
marks

That could cut us, or cut us loose
That could cut us, or cut us loose

We're keeping pace with each other
there ain't no other
keep your eyes on the way, pull us further
we're inches from fiction
and this intuition's a mix of coincidence and
contradiction

That could cut us, or cut us loose
That could cut us, or cut us loose

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