

Kings Of Convenience

"Parallel Lines"

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What's the immaterial substance
that envelopes two,
that one perceives as hunger
and the other as food.

I wake in tangled covers,
to a sash of snow,
you dream in a cartoon garden,
I could never know.

Innocent imitation,
of how it could be,
if when the music ended,
you did not retreat.

In my imagination,
you are cast in gold,
your image a compensation for me to hold.

Parallel lines, move so fast,
toward the same point,
infinity is as near as it is far.

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toward the same point,
infinity is as near as it is far.

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