Kings of Convenience "Renegade"

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I'm letting go
To see if you'll hold on to me
I'm in doubt
Of what is thought and what is real

In our room
Between the shapes I thought I knew
A guillotine
A pillow with feathers like snow

I've come To a listening post beyond your lines I'm all ears To gather clues and look for signs

But I can't hear The song you sing while you try to soothe Why are you whispering While the bombs are falling?

Go easy on me
I can't help what I'm doing
Go easy on me
Oh, I can't help what I'm doing
Hello again
I buried you, where have you been?
My renegade
You came back from the labyrinth

Unlike me You've looked for things that could be found And the thread That guides through black times

Go easy on me I can't help what I'm doing Go easy on me Oh, I can't help what I'm doing

When thoughts Had outnumbered spoken words In the early hours We failed to establish Who was hurt Most

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