Teitur "Theif About To Break In"

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Feel like a thief about to break in Standing outside a broken window My breath is warm, the air is cold Hear noises of insects in the green wet grass

I'm not gonna sell what I have stolen It's something that belongs to me

The floor simmers, I am nervous Place my hand on the entrance wall There are shrieking whispers in the closets Layers of dust on every surface

Please wash my head in a bucket of water Rinse every corner of my body

Feel like a thief about to break in Watching people pass on the street I wish to own the glow in their eye Because they are so beautiful

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