

Kings Of Convenience, Parallel Lines

What's the immaterial substance
That envelopes two
That one perceives as hunger
And the other as food
I awake in tangled covers
To a sash of snow
You dream in a cartoon garden
I could never know

Innocent imitation of how it would be
If one the music entered, 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
Parallel lines, move so fast
Toward the same point
Infinity is as near as it is far