

Kings Of Convenience, Surprise Ice

When past sometimes takes you with soft hands
Forceless it pulls you to your chair
Hides you away from these half days
Sunless, at the end of the year

The air is like a knife cutting through you
A room in the house is always warm
Stretched down on the bathroom floor thinking
Of fair days your future may hold

Love comes like surprise ice on the water
Love comes like surprise ice at dawn
Love comes at dawn

Deprived all the light of colours
The world ends at your window tree
Darkness creates these illusions
That pale days can teach you to see

Rain falls but no life is given
Weeks pass, no progress is made
Past sometimes takes you with soft hands
And all that surrounds you will fade