

# Silje Nergaard, Dance Me Love

Your weak afterglow  
Can't warm a heart in sorrow  
The spark that is left behind  
Can't light a troubled mind

Your fire I know  
Can warm those bleak tomorrows  
The dark must not enter in  
So let the dance begin

Dance me, love  
Dance me through the dark  
Dance me, love  
Dance me through the dark

We move to and fro  
We beg or steal or borrow  
A love that can fan the spark  
And help us face the dark

Dance me, love  
Dance me through the dark  
Dance, my love  
Dance me through the dark

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Dance me through the dark  
Dance, my love  
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