

# Teitur, Thief About To Break In

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