

Tunng, Magpie Bites

The voice in your head have borrowed songs out from the night
The bullets in your head have lodged discretely out of sight
The broken sticks have found there way into your covered eye
The rabbits throat is open underneath the swollen sky

The semi drunks of bitter men have turned into the wind
The great machines are on there way the ships are rolling in
The raven stands together deep and torn the station hand
A million tiny points of light surround you in the sinking sand

Such a lot were weary and begin to dream aloud
Dark machines see clearly for the first time up to now
It just a few magpie bites we collect a little bit of each
And head towards the place that's always slightly out of reach

Perilous soft and keen
...Softest fight
Oh don't you mind?
(why?, why?)
You're breathless
You're breathless
You're breath is to tell
All soft is fine
You're breath is fine
All soft and just..
All skies slip into eternity

Such a lot were weary and begin to dream aloud
Dark machines see clearly for the first time up to now
It just a few magpies bites we collect a little bit of each
And head towards the place that's always slightly out of reach