

Frostbite

Oh Land

I'm bored of quality
I'm tired of keeping diciplined
I'm sweltering
The heat is too much for me
Producing this shit
Is pure vanity

I got a frostbite in my frontal lobe
I got no empathy
No sensitivity
Please won't you unwrap me from this cotton wool -
I won't be bullet proof
When you just smile

When you
You're bored of quality
You're tired of
Keeping diciplined
I'm not sweltering (I'm sweltering)
The heat is perfect for me (It's too much for me)
Making this song is not vanity (it is vanity)

You got a frostbite in your frontal lobe
But I got too much empathy
So much sensitivity
Please please wrap me up in some cotton wool -
I'm not bullet proof
When you just smile

Smile
When you smile