

# Snowblind

Ásgeir

Whipping hail on the highway  
Worn out wheels skating on the ground  
I know this road like the back of my hand  
Breathless engine don't fail me now

We're driving higher and higher, further up the hill in blinding snow  
Higher, higher, static white noise on the radio  
I don't know who or what, if anyone, is really in control  
Higher, higher, white lights guide me on the icy road

Clouds are crawling down the mountain  
Can't see where one ends and the other begins  
From afar, I see headlights  
Burn through the storm and everything within

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