

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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