

## Live Long

### Kings of Convenience

Summerchild that sits by the water,  
weaving sunlight threads in his hands.  
The golden river that day a shelter,  
a stream where he could make pebbles dance.  
You looked around you,  
nobody had taken,  
any notice of what you saw...  
Against the evening sky a formation,  
a million black birds looking like one.

Live long, save ten years to remember,  
live long, hold it in front of your eyes once more.  
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