

Love Is No Big Truth

Kings of Convenience

All I do is sleep all day,
and think of you.
A memory of the cushion life
I'm clinging to.
The image of a mutual one, our haven.
The sombre chords of our song,
the fading.

Love is no big truth,
driven by our genes,
we are simple selfish beings.
A symphony that's you,
joyously awaking the ignorant and sleeping.

Passion and its brother hate,
they come and go.
Could easily be made
to stay for longer though.
Many people play this game
so willingly,
do I have to be like them,
or be lonely?

Love is no big truth,
driven by our genes,
we are simple selfish beings.
A symphony that's you,
joyously awaking the ignorant and sleeping.

Another view of what there is to it,
getting me through it.

I'll never need it again.
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