

Ice Machine

Susanne Sundfør

Running through my head secretly
The shouts of the boys in the factory
I ring you on the telephone silently
Like blood, like the wine in the darkroom scene
The darkroom scene, oh darkroom scene

A letter
Once composed
Seven years long and as tall as tree
Reading
On the wall
Emissions, efficiency
Efficiency, oh efficiency

Resurrect
As a feeling
On my window
Of the past reunion

Resurrect
As a feeling
On my window
Of the past reunion
Vision of the picture
Like the city
And the air we breathe
The air we breathe, oh air we breathe

She stood beside me once again
I knew her face
We met before in the street
Recalling all the children dancing at our feet
The dancing feet, oh dancing feet

Oh, ha