

# Trustful Hands

The Dø

We are sentimental animals  
We are undercover criminals  
We were meant to make a thing or two  
Meant to break the laws of gravity too

Hold on, go slow  
Lights out, let go  
Stay put, at ease  
Breath out, then in  
Oh no, no, no, no  
There comes chaos  
Creatures like me  
Easily sucked in  
When I dance in disorder  
Do I want to  
Make sense at all  
No no no, not this time, it  
Comes and goes  
Comes and goes  
Chaos is my second home  
I don't mind  
Where I land  
As long as I'm in trustful hands

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Burn bridges, lose ground  
Bite the dust for a while  
Where's order when it's needed?  
Do I want to  
Make some at all  
No, no, no  
There comes chaos back

Oh no no no no  
Not this time, it  
Comes and goes  
Comes and goes  
Chaos is my second home  
I don't mind  
Where I land  
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