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
As long as I'm in trustful hands

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