

Killing Time

Rökkurró

This place was never my home,
I was one of the statues.

The grey was filling senses,
killing time, waiting for time's turn.

We're never growing old,
we are collecting lines.
We're never growing old,
we are making moments.
We're never growing old,
we are losing things.
We're never growing old,
we're just made of dust.

The stairs are just as long as twenty years ago.
Each step hurts,
is this how it goes?

The thought of one more hand
lifting off the weight.
It breaks me.

These scars,
these pictures,
these broken bones.
They are life,
they are life as it goes.

We're never growing old,
we are collecting lines.
We're never growing old,
we are making moments.
We're never growing old,
we are forgetting things.
We're never growing old,
we're just made of dust.