

Agnes Obel, Dorian

They won't know who we are
So we both can pretend
It's written on the mountains
A line that never ends

As the devil spoke we spilled out on the floor
And the pieces broke and the people wanted more
And the rugged wheel is turning another round

Dorian, carrion,
Will you come along to the end
Will you ever let us carry on

Swaying like the children,
Singled out for praise
The inside out on the open
With the straightest face

As the sad-eyed woman spoke we missed our chance,
The final dying joke caught in our hands
And the rugged wheel is turning another round

Dorian, carrion,
Will you come along to the end
Will you ever let us carry on

Dorian, carrion,
Will you come along to the end
Will you ever let us carry on
Dorian, will you follow us down