

Trojan Horses

[Agnes Obel](#)

These bare bones are made of glass
See-through to the marrow when they pass
Seek through the keyhole, a fate is cast
Deep in the mirror smiling back
In shapes like these, they run softly
Trojan horses, Trojan horses
Gardens grow in my eyes,
Oh why do they?
Gardens grow in my eyes
Oh why do they? Seek what I seek in a blinding flash
These bare bones are made of glass
In shapes like these, they run softly
Trojan horses with all the children
I tell myself I wanna hide
I tell myself I wanna be lied to
Silent reader of my mind, do you know what i will ask of you?
Tell me if you wanna hide,
Tell me if you wanna be lied to

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>