

Bjork, Dull Flame Of Desire

I love your eyes, my dear
Their splendid sparkling fire

When suddenly you raise them so
To cast a swift embracing glance

Like lightning flashing in the sky
But there's a charm that is greater still

When my love's eyes are lowered
When all is fired by passion's kiss

And through the downcast lashes
I see the dull flame of desire [X2]