

Bjork, Pagan Poetry

Pedalling through
The dark currents
I find
An accurate copy
A blueprint
Of the pleasure
In me

Swirling black lilies totally ripe
A secret code carved
Swirling black lilies totally ripe
A secret code carved

He offers
A handshake
Crooked
Five fingers
They form a pattern
Yet to be matched

On the surface simplicity
But the darkest pit in me
It's pagan poetry
Pagan poetry

Morsecoding signals (signals)
They pulsate (wake me up) and wake me up
(pulsate) from my hibernating

On the surface simplicity
Swirling black lilies totally ripe
But the darkest pit in me
It's pagan poetry
Swirling black lilies totally ripe
Pagan poetry

Swirling black lilies totally ripe

I love him, I love him
I love him, I love him
I love him, I love him
I love him, I love him
She loves him, she loves him

This time
She loves him, she loves him
I'm gonna keep it to myself
She loves him, she loves him
She loves him, she loves him
This time
I'm gonna keep me all to myself
She loves him, she loves him
And he makes me want to hurt myself again
She loves him, she loves him
She loves him, she loves him
And he makes my want to hand myself over