Bjork, Pneumonia

Get over the sorrow, girl The world is always going to be made of this

You can trust in it Unless you breathe in Bravely

I adore how you simply surrender to high

And your lungs They're mourning Teepee-style

All the still-born love that could've happened All the moments you should have embraced All the moments you should have not locked up

Understand
So clearly
To shut yourself up
Is the hugest crime of them all
You're just crying after all
To not want them humans around
Anymore

Get over the sorrow, girl