

Bjork **"Deus"**

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Deus does not exist.
But if he does,
He lives in the sky above me,
In the fattest largest cloud up there.
He is whiter than white and cleaner than clean.
He wants to reach me.
Deus does not exist.
But if he does I always notice him.
Getting ready in his airy room.
He is picking his gloves so gently off.
He wants to touch me.
I'm walking humbly down a tiny street.
Pulling my collar it gets bigger.
I once met him.
It really surprised me.
He put me in a bath tub.
Made me squeaky clean.
Really clean.
To create a universe you must taste the forbidden fruit.
He said hi. I said hi.
I was still clean.
Deus does not exist.

But if he does he'd want to get down from that cloud.
First marzipan fingers than marble hands.
More silent than silence and slower than slow.
Diving towards me.
My collar is huge room for two hands,
They start at the chest and move slowly down.
I thought I had seen everything.
He wasn't white and fluffy.
He just had sideburns.
He just had sideburns. and a quiff.
He said hi. I said hi.
I was still clean.
I was squeaky clean.
I was surprised.
Just as you would be.
Deus deus.
He does not exist.
Deus deus.

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