

## **Björk**

# **"Pagan Poetry"**

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Pedaling 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  
A secret code carved  
(Swirling black lilies totally ripe)

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

On the surface simplicity  
(Swirling black lilies totally ripe)  
But the darkest pit in me  
Is pagan poetry  
(Swirling black lilies totally ripe)  
Pagan poetry

Morse coded signals  
They pulsate  
They wake me up  
From my hibernate

On the surface simplicity  
(Swirling black lilies totally ripe)  
But the darkest pit in me  
Is pagan poetry  
(Swirling black lilies totally ripe)  
Pagan poetry

[Incomprehensible]  
[Incomprehensible]  
(Swirling black lilies totally ripe)  
[Incomprehensible]  
[Incomprehensible]  
(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)  
She loves him, she loves him  
(I'm gonna keep it 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 me want to hurt myself again)

She loves him, she loves him  
She loves him, she loves him  
She loves him, she loves him  
She loves him, she loves him

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