

Björk

"Play Dead"

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darling stop confusing me
with your wishful thinking
hopeful embraces
don't you understand?
i have to go through this
i belong to here where
no-one cares and no-one loves
no light no air to live in
a place called hate
the city of fear

i play dead

it stops the hurting
i play dead
and hurting stops

it's sometimes just like sleeping
curling up inside my private tortures
i nestle into pain
hug suffering
caress every ache

i play dead
it stops the hurting

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