

## **Björk**

### **"Pagan Poetry"**

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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 hand myself over  
She loves him, she loves him  
She loves him, she loves him  
And he makes me want to hand myself over

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