

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 the 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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