

Bj?rk**"Sonnets/unrealities xi"**Visit "[Sonnets/unrealities xi](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

it may not always be so;
and i say
that if your lips,
which i have loved,
should touch
another's,
and your dear strong fingers clutch
his heart,
as mine in time not far away;
if on another's face your sweet hair lay
in such a silence as i know,
or such
great writhing words as,
uttering overmuch,
stand helplessly before the spirit at bay;

if this should be,
i say if this should be
you of my heart,
send me a little word;
that i may go unto her,
and take her hands,
saying,
Accept all happiness from me.
Then shall i turn my face,
and hear one bird
sing terribly afar in the lost lands.

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