## Pagan Poetry - Björk

Pedalling through

The dark currents

I find an accurate copy

A blueprint of the pleasure in me

A secret code carved

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

Is pagan poetry

Pagan poetry

Morse coding signals

They pulsate (They wake me up)

They wake me up (Pulsate)

From my hibernating

On the surface simplicity

But the darkest pit in me

And it's pagan poetry

Pagan poetry

I love him, I love him

I love him, I love him

I love him, I love him

I love him, I love him, I

She loves him, she loves him

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





Słowa: brak danych Muzyka: brak danych