

Pneumonia

Björk

Get over the sorrow, girl
The world is always going to be made of this

You can trust in it
Unless you breathe in bravely

I adore how you simply surrender to high, high
And your lungs
They're mourning TB-style

All the still-born love that could've happened
All the moments you should have embraced
All the moments you should have not locked up

Understand so clearly
to shut yourself up
Would be the hugest crime of them all
hugest crime of them all
You're just crying after all
To not want them humans around anymore

Get over that sorrow, girl
Get over it