

Play Dead

Pain

[Björk cover]

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 hurting stops

It's sometimes just like sleeping
Curling up inside my private tortures
I nestle into pain
Hug suffering
Caress ever ache

I play dead
It stops the hurting