

# Ocean

## Dirty Projectors, BJÄRK

I am the West wind  
I am the sea gull  
I dance on the waves  
As they break on the shore line  
The moon is my sorrow  
The moon is my lantern  
I search for you so long  
These dark lonely beaches  
Oh, where can you be?  
This restless sea  
These empty nights  
Have swallowed me  
Look for something  
Softer illusions  
Soothe these vicious schemes  
There is the old one  
The wise one, the gold one

I am the hunger  
The ache of the fiction  
And nestles in bones  
That he left for the vultures  
Death is my secret  
A child, my illusion  
And life is the suffering  
That brings men to know me and  
Oh, where can you be?  
This raging age  
This rotting life is misery  
Lost in your body  
Cave of you screaming  
Longing to be free  
Then you have broken  
The spine of your madness  
Come over here to me