

Sun In My Mouth

[Björk](#)

I will wade out
Till my thighs
Are steeped
In burning flowers I will take the sun
In my mouth
And leap into
The ripe air
Alive with closed eyes To dash
Against darkness In the sleeping curves
Of my body I shall enter
Fingers
Of smooth mastery With chasteness
Of sea-girls
Will I complete
The mystery
Of my flesh
Will I
Complete
The mystery
Of my flesh
My flesh

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