Secret Touch

Jenny Hval

As I write this I must pretend someone's holding my hand, probably someone dead.
Would be the only one to hold me now, ice cold.
I was waiting, forbidden. No one knew I was waiting, not even you
I was not speaking, you were travelling and you came to me as if someone just died.
Consolidation, but violently felt like kissing through the glass window,
passion separated by space legal, like money. Is a space of freedom
Free! Free!Consolidation when it's an excuse. As if someone had just died
Condolences, when silences rise in public places and any gathering becomes a cathedral.
For a short moment in time I let you wipe out my facial features, but flesh is the loneliest creature
And it's suddenly silenced by the most unlawful act of infinity, infidelity
When I on a whim followed her suddenly into that room and kissed like blood intinction to avoid thinking of death
Death! Death!
Exchanging one drive for another drive. There comes a certain point in our lives when we more or less desperately want to be bad. And we gladly exchange the good things just to for a short moment feel alive
I can tell you that I've never felt so alive as when you embraced me, you were travelling
and you came to me as if someone had just died. Consolidation of violence
As if already it did not, and later we regret it. Because we have no language to express that it was both ravishing, ravishing, destructive, and most of all, most of all: absolutely necessary
These things! To feel alive to die, to die! In whoever's innocent arms.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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