

Angels and Anaemia

Jenny Hval

Self-doubt, it's what I do.

This music, this sound, this voice and these words.

All that carry "me", it's not writing nor music, fuck,
it's certainly not "art."

When the boundaries seem unclear

we don't have a language

That day you fainted, your eyes

looked right through me, from nowhere in particular, dislocated, light, monotonous

And when I touched you

I turned you into a girl,

only for a moment,

soon you'll come back to me,

but when I touched you

I could turn you into a girl,

and I could love you wildly, girly, boundlessly.

Lyrics provided by

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