That Battle Is Over

Jenny Hval

What is it to take care of yourself? What are we take in care of?
A million bedrooms with hands softly lulling
our divine cocks and cunts, without telling anyone,
a million ships come alone out on the calmest seas
So are we loving ourselves now? Are we mothering ourselves?
Statistics and newspaper tell me I am unhappy and dying,
that I need man and child to fulfill me
that I'm more likely to get breast cancer
and it's biology, it's my own fault
it's divine punishment of the unruly
it's fearful out here on the calmest seas,
we who grew up singing. Merry christmas!
The war is over. Our mothers softly humming:
We're at the end of history
But I keep growing older, eight years since 25 now,
and all that ages now is the body, and I wonder why,
I think to myself one of this days everything I write
begins with the question What's wrong with me?
Yes! You say I'm free now, that battle is over
And feminism's over and socialism's over Yeah!
I say I can consume what I want now.
And this is what happens on the edge of history
the great eye turn to us.
We are the only thing that's aging,
but we don't know it yet, we cling onto heaven
Sleep tight forever, sleep tight forever

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