

Play Dead

[Björk](#)

Darling, stop confusing me
With your wishful thinking
Hopeful embraces
Don't you understand? I have to go through this, I belong to here
Where no one cares and no one loves
No light, no air to live in
A place called Hate, The City of Fear I play dead, it stops the hurting
I play dead and the hurt stops It's sometimes just like sleeping
Curling up inside my private tortures
I nestle into pain
Hug suffering, caress every ache

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