

Pagan Poetry

[Björk](#)

Pedaling through
The dark currents
I find
An accurate copy
A blueprint
Of the pleasure
In me A secret code carved, a secret code carved He offers
A handshake
Crooked
Five fingers
They form a pattern
Yet to be matched On the surface simplicity
But the darkest pit in me
It's pagan poetry
Pagan poetry Morse coding signals
They pulsate and wake me up
From my hibernating On the surface simplicity
But the darkest pit in me
It's pagan poetry
Pagan poetry I love him, I love him
I love him, I love him
I love him, I love him
I love him, I love him This time
I'm gonna keep it to myself This time
I'm gonna keep me all to myself
And he makes me want to hurt myself again And he makes me want to hurt myself again

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