

Thunderbolt

Björk

Stirring at water's edge
Cold froth on my twig
My mind in whirls
Wanders around desire

May I? Can I? Or have I too often craving miracles?
May I? Can I? Or have I too often craving miracles? Craving miracles?

No one imagines
The light shock I need
And I'll never know
From whose hands deeply humbled
Dangerous gift
As such to mine come

May I? Should I? Or have I too often craving miracles?
May I? Can I? Or have I too often now, craving miracles? Craving miracles?

My romantic gene is dominant
And it hungers for union
Universal intimacy
All embracing

May I? Should I? Or have I too often craving miracles?
May I? Should I? Or have I too often craving miracles?

Craved

Waves irregularly striking
Wind stern in my face
Thunderstorm come
Scrape those barnacles
Off me

May I? May I? Or should I too often now crave miracles?
May I? Or should I? Or have I too often?

All my body parts are one
As lightning hits my spine
Sparkling

Prime runs through me

Revive my wish

I am inviolable

May I? Can I? Or have I too often?

May I? Can I? Should I? Or have I too often craving miracles?

Craving miracles

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