

Thunderbolt

Björk

Stirring at waters 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 now
Craving miracles
Craving miracles

No one imagines the light shock I need
And I'll never know
From whose hands deeply humble
Dangerous gifts 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
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
Craved miracles
May I, can I or have I too often
Craved miracles
Crave

Waves irregularly striking
Wind stern in my face
Thunderstorm come
Scrape these barnacles off me !

May I, may I or should I too often
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
Inviolable

May I, can I or have I too often
Craving miracles
May I, can I, should I or have I too often
Craving miracles