

# Body Memory

Björk

First snow of winter  
I'm walking hills and valleys  
Adore this mystical fog  
This fucking mist  
These cliffs are just showing off  
Then the body memory kicks in  
I mime my home mountains  
The moss that I'm made of  
I redeem myself

I've been wrestling my fate  
Do I accept this ending?  
Will I accept my death  
Or struggle claustrophobic?  
Fought like a wolverine  
With my destiny  
Refuse to accept what was meant to be  
Then the body memory kicks in  
And I trust the unknown  
Unfathomable imagination  
Surrender to future

Oh how to capture all this love  
And find a pathway for it  
Like threading an ocean through a needle  
River through a keyhole  
Can't fathom the grasp  
I can't grasp the fathom  
Then my body memory kicks in

My limbs and tongue take over  
Like the ancestors before me  
Show me the flow

My sexual DNA  
X-rays of my Kama Sutras  
Summons different bodies  
Compares spines and buttocks  
And back of necks

Then my body memory kicks in  
It simply takes over  
Bestiality  
I redeem my body

I wasn't born urban  
Toxic doesn't agree with me  
Love lured me here into a stagnant state  
My myths, my customs, ridiculed  
Vacuum packed molecules  
Then my body memory kicks in  
On this Brooklyn dance floor  
Sweating with these rhythms  
Rotate this matrix

All trapped in legal harness  
Kafkaesque

Farce like patriarchy  
Avoided to confront it  
Then the body memory kicks in  
My warrior awakens  
My turn to defend  
Urban didn't tame me

Then my body memory kicks in  
All bosoms and embraces  
Oral, anal entrances  
Enjoy the satisfaction  
If the other is growing