

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 Sutas
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