

Fossora

Björk

Her nerves spread like wings
At mycelium speed
Into the atmosphere
There's spores everywhere

Fossora
Fossora
Fossora

For millions of years
We've been ejecting our spores
Seedlings and sprouts
Are shot into the ground

Fossora
Fossora
Fossora

Her fossorial claw
Digs downwards
Dissolves old pain, dug down to rot
Decomposes debris
Degrades
Sorrows, hair and hooves

Fossora
Fossora
Fossora

At last
We stayed
In one place long enough (Fossora)
To shoot down deep hyphae roots (Fossora, fossora)
(Fossora)
(Fossora)
That penetrate concrete and plastic (Fossora, fossora)
(Fossora)
(Fossora)
Even though the ground is burnt (Fossora)
Underneath monumental growth
Fossora (Fossora, fossora)