

## Play Dead

Pain

[Björk cover]

Darling stop confusing me  
With your wishful thinking  
Hopeful embraces  
Don't you understand?  
I have to go through this  
I belong to here, where  
No one cares and no one loves  
No light no air to live in  
A place called hate  
The city of fear

I play dead  
It stops the hurting  
I play dead  
And hurting stops

It's sometimes just like sleeping  
Curling up inside my private tortures  
I nestle into pain  
Hug suffering  
Caress ever ache

I play dead  
It stops the hurting