

Bjork, Family

Is there a place
Where I can pay respects
For the death of my family
Show some respect
Between the three of us
There is the mother and the child
Then there is the father and the child
But no man and a woman
No triangle of love

So where do I go
To make an offering
I fall on my knees
And lay my flowers
Burn incense
Light the candles

So where do I go
To make an offering
To mourn our miraculous
Triangle
Father, mother, child

How will it sing us
Out of this sorrow
Build a safe bridge
For the child
Out of this danger
Danger

I raise a monument of love
There is a swarm of sound
Around our heads
And we can hear it
And we can get healed by it
It will relieve us from the pain
It will make us a part of
This universe of solutions
This place of solutions
This location of solutions