

Family

Björk

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
Lay my flowers
Light the candles

So where do I go to make offering
To mourn our miraculous triangle;
Father, mother, child?
Father, mother, child?

How will I sing us out of this sorrow
Build a safe bridge for the child out of this 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 from the pain
It will make us a part of
This universe of solutions
This place of salvations
This location of solutions