

## 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