

# 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