Quicksand

<u>Björk</u>

Define her abyss, show it respect Then a celestial nest will grow aboveWhen I'm broken, I am whole And when I'm whole, I'm brokenOur mother's philosophy It feels like quicksand And if she sinks I'm going down with itLocate her plateau from the space To form a cloak for her faithfulness When she's broken, she is whole And when she's whole, she's brokenOur mother's philosophy It feels like quicksand And if she sinks I'm going down with itUp glow this darkness Up to the light We'll go we'll grab oxygen In boyous thin airWhen we're broken we are whole And when we're whole we're brokenWe are real siblings of the sun Let's stand into this beam Every time you give up You take away our future And my continuity and my torture

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And her doors