

Utopia

Björk

Bird species never seen or heard before
The first flute carved from the first fauna

Utopia
It's not elsewhere
Let's purify

You assigned me to protect our lantern
To be intentional about the light

Utopia
It isn't elsewhere
It's here

My instinct has been shouting at me for years
Saying, "Let's get out of here!"
Huge toxic tumour bulging underneath the ground here
Purify, purify, purify, purify toxicity