

Guovssagásak/The Northern Lights Song

(Lars Andreassen. English version, Bruce Morén)

In my childhood home there were many hidden rooms, people and stories that were locked up in their tombs.

But when the old ones dared to speak their tongue, caught a glimpse of a world that they knew when they were very young.

Otherwise, life was filled with silence and with shame over who we were or an uncle who often took a drink - with the pain.

"Guovsagasak boade vuolus, mielkejupsav gahpsatjit" (northern lights, come down and eat milksoup) is the only song that I know of the symphonies they created so long ago.

Even at home now there's been a little bit of change, some are resistant but others are open to exchange.

Many are worried that nearly forgotten wounds will bleed. Fear is a glacier in spring that refuses to recede.

They say they can't forget what was done to us back then,

OK, but it's strange just how fast they forget who they truly are - or have been.

Did you know there are northern lights when the sun is out, my friend?

If you want to see them, dare to close your eyes again.

"Guovsagasak boade vuolus, mielkejupsav gahpsatjit"

was the only song that I knew,

but it seems to me we should be writing songs ourselves...