

RODÍN PANTAIS CLUS

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[AMB MAX ROUQUETTE]
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1 PICHÒTA FLOR

l'erba es totjorn
mai verda outra part
pichòta flor

*dins de garigas exóticas
d'ísclas de ton enfança
vò lei montanhas de seuva
d'un volcan aluenchat
dins lei prats sens estaca
d'un parlaire passent
dins lei promessas dau vent
e l'ídea qu'es mai doç
dins la debuta deis autrei
que dins lei braç dau pacient*

mimòsa pudica embé ieu
esconduda dei vistas e dei díres
quites ara l'ombrum de l'aubre vielh
quites ara l'ombrum que t'estofa
per de prats embelits onte lo soleu tusta
autra part es totjorn mai chucós
autra part es totjorn mai doç
que lei pèiras rufas de la vida cada jorn

pichòta flor

pichòta flor creissuda dau betum
veirem Belém belèu e sei doçors de pastel
pichòta flor dei barris de castèu
naissuda un jorn dins meis uèlhs de castanha
ai pas tant l'amarum dei morèlas
aimi mai lo gost just de l'amor UN
gost que mòrre a l'ombrum moderne
siáu l'òme demorat dei morre-porcins
pichòta flor de saladèla
au calabrun te venon caçar ma bèla
aquelei barjacaires au bèu parlar
dei prats mai verds
mai siáu lo ralh de la luna
siás regina de la feruna de luenh
son caçaires de mantunas
demòri ieu sens geina lo rei de tu, l'una

pichòta flor

se l'ancia èra lassa porriá èsser silenci
s'avaliscar e deixar l'astre
èstre aici, mon pomastre quand descansi
pichòta flor mai
l'ombra e lei còdols que fugisses
t'an gardada dei becs deis aucèus de maganha
e dau secat amor que n'es pas
que te cuehl un ser per te deixar tombar
tre que l'odor doça se'n va

*e sovent lei floretas
que se sòmian flirtadas
acaban en bouquet
embé d'autrei flors secas
qu'an quitat seis amors
per una erba mai verda
dins un prat inventat*

1 LITTLE FLOWER

grass is always
greener elsewhere
little flower

*in exotic scrublands
islands of your childhood
or the wooded mountains
from a distant volcano
in unattached meadows
of a passing talker
in the promises of the wind
and the idea that it's softer
in the beginning of others
than in the arms of the patient one*

mimosa modest with me
hidden from sight and statements
you leave the shadow of the old tree
you leave the shadow that smotherers you
for embellished meadows where the sun beats down
elsewhere is always juicier
elsewhere is always sweeter than
the hard stones of life every day

little flower

little flower born from the concrete
we may see Belém and its pastel sweets
little flower from castle walls
born in my brown eyes
I don't have so much the bitterness of nightshades
I prefer the taste of love ONE
taste that dies in the modern shadow
I am the man left to the dandelions
little saladella flower
at dusk they come to chase you my dear
these smooth talkers
of greener meadows
but I am the moonbeam
you're queen of wildlife from afar
they are hunters of many
I do remain shamelessly the king of you, the one

little flower

if anguish was tired it could be silence
disappear and leave the star
be here, my wild apple tree when I rest
small flower but
the shadow and the pebble you shun
have protected you from the beaks of the birds of ill omen
and from the dry love that is not love
who will pick you up one evening to let you down
as soon as the sweet smell goes away

*and often the little flowers
who dream of being flirted
end up in a bouquet
with other dry flowers
who left their loves
for a greener grass
in an invented pasture*

2 REI DE LA LUNA

ai enregat lo carrairon
 que me disián menar
 vèrs la dralha reiala
 e tu tanben n'agantes un
 trepadissa cambada
 en subre dei rodans
 ai estrassat ma ropa
 ai bartassadas
 e ponhut de sang viu
 tot un lòng pergamin

(Jörgi Reboul)

dirai un mòt vengut de ren

*siáu lo rei de la luna
 siás reina de la feruna
 siam leis armas de l'amarum
 leis aigas de la paluna
 leis anges deseparats
 de ce que pareis sens masca
 siam leis èssers parats
 dei plagas de sa majestat dei moscas
 siás regina de luz
 siáu rei de gaire pus
 siam enfants de mon taisum
 enfin l'aire de tu
 lei reires e sei parents
 d'aquestei paraulas foscas
 son leis inseparats:
 lo sèns aparat dei mòts
 que naissan dins ma boca*

tèxte a cordurar de seda terra veusa tèsta seca
 lèst per madurar la lenga dins la seuva pas de deca
 ma man coma la leca de lei
 e dins mon còr pausi cada mòt
 dins un parlar d'eleit
 siáu lo rei de la luna sobeiran deçauput
 ancian saberut que saup pus comptar leis estèlas
 èri dei gigants qu'an pas paur dau lendeman
 ara siáu un enfant batèu sens vèla
 e sabi pas coma far sens èla
 es coma per s'envolar sens alas
 e sabi pas coma far sens èla
 es coma per s'envolar sens alas
 es coma perdre la vista
 perdèri ma fortuna sus de camins tòrts
 e ara dins mon còr i a pus gaire d'uman
 vieu fugir lei gents
 e dins meis uelhs passa lo temps
 e siáu pus rei de ren ansin s'acaba mon cant

repic

2 KING OF THE MOON


I followed the narrow path
 which should lead, they say
 to the royal ways
 you too have taken one
 you stride
 above the rut
 the thorny bushes
 have torn my coat
 and I stained a whole long parchment
 with bright blood

I shall say a word that came from nothing

*I am the king of the moon
 you are queen of the wildlife
 we are the souls of bitterness
 the waters of the swamp
 the angels separated
 from what seems unmasked
 we are the beings adorned
 with the wounds of the lord of the flies
 you are queen of light
 I am king of little more
 we are children of my silence
 finally the air from your breath
 the forefathers and their parents
 from these vague words
 are the unseparated ones:
 the preserved meaning of the words
 that are born in my mouth*

text to be sewn with silk widowed earth dry head
 ready to ripen the language in the forest no default
 my hand like the stone of law
 and in my heart I lay every word
 in an elitist speech
 I am the king of the moon disappointed sovereign
 former scholar who doesn't know how to count the stars
 I was of the giants who are not afraid of tomorrow
 now I am a child boat without a sail
 and I don't know how to do without her
 it's like flying without wings
 it's like losing one's sight
 it's like flying without wings
 it's like losing one's sight
 I lost my chance on tortuous paths
 and now in my heart there's hardly any human
 I see people running away
 and in my eyes time passes by
 and I'm no longer king of anything so ends my song

chorus



parli dau mau de ma lenga
de tu que t'aluenches
dei fremas valentas
e dei mòts de l'amor que va luenh
ò nineta faguem lei maletas
podem partir ensens èstre inchalhents
ò polida siguem lèstes
fau que pus ren nos arreste
dins un chale nupciau la calor de Caiena
e la lutz egipciana quand èri minòt
coma per oblidar dins un sòmri calent
que siam eliminats dins un chaple viciós
e pas televisat siam lei reis de l'arena
transformats en betum
porriam partir e sens patir ensens
e sensa perdre de temps viure simpatic
porriam se fisar mai en practica
parlam dau mau que nos tanca
de ieu que m'estaqui de tu que t'escapes
de se remembrar lo temps qu'èri rei d'I'taca
siáu l'òme dei mila torns
aimi lo temps passat embé tu
siás regina de l'iscla
ai popas liscas siás ma Calípso
per lei mars passèri tant d'anciás
per tornar veire tei s uèlhs
aguèri tant fe, faguèri tant cants
l'amor de luenh dei temps ancians
e siáu pus ren de tot
vist que siáu pus rei de tu

repic

*auriáu aimat de te donar la man
quand ton cèu se fai bas, mon amic
quand lo freg monta e te nèga lo còr
e t'escana la vòtz e lo crid
(Miquèla)*

I talk about my language's ache
about you who are moving away
about valiant women
and words of love that goes far
oh baby, let's pack
we can leave together be carefree
oh my beautiful one, let's be ready
nothing must stop us
in a nuptial delight the heat of Cayenne
and the light of Egypt when I was a kid
as to forget in a warm dream
that we are eliminated in a vicious massacre
and not broadcast we're the kings of the sand
transformed into concrete
we could leave and without suffering together
and without wasting any time live friendly
we could have confidence but in practice
we speak of the evil that is closing us
and of me who attach myself you who escape
of remembering the time when I was king of Ithaca
I am the man with a thousand tricks
I like the time spent with you
you are queen of the island
smooth-breasted you are my Calypso
by the seas I spent so many anguishes
to see your eyes again
I've had so much faith, I made so many songs
love from afar from the ancient times
and I'm nothing anymore
since I'm no longer king of you

chorus

*I would have liked to give you a hand
when your sky is getting low, my friend
when the cold rises and drowns your heart
and strangles your voice and the cry*

3 LEIS ALAS DAU TEMPS

*ai escrich quauquei mòts
sus leis alas dau temps
leis armas son tant
escuras de còps*

*me faguèri minòt
sus lo vent dau desert
dau temps dau despart
venguèri pitòt*

*me'n anèri tant luenh
sens comptar lei sasons
e coma un resson
tornèri mai bòn*

*faguèri de vòts
'mbé lei mans e leis uèlhs
lisqueta anuech
sarà uèi lo moment*

l'a de gents que sabon coma lo temps passa
e ieu va sabi pas coma lei tempèstas
passan sus la vida e ieu va sabi tròp
s'ai paur es de dire "te'n fagues pas"
l'a de gents sens saber tant
coma d'argent sens sabor
se siam ensems es que l'a de sèns encara
que siam d'aquelei gents essenciaus.
fau que m'en vagui suau
per tornar coma un magician
qu'ansin en sèt signes de ieu
sauràs cu siáu e ligats coma siam
l'aurà pus de tempèsta en ton sen
rèsta ben coma siàs
fau qu'aguessiam fisança coma nautreï fem
per tres cents ans aurem, nos,
bèla doça filha luenh
la vida simpla de quand eriam enfants
dins lo temps dei jorns d'avans
plegaviam d'aucèus de papier
sus leis alas dau temps
t'espèri tant coma que la calma
venguesse dins ton esperit
e qu'espelisse lo cant de ton còr ferit
en mila flors
per veire ton sorrìre coma leis amics fan
passar ma man sus ta gauta fresqueta
coma lei gens de l'amor fan
siam tu e ieu ensems
lei gents d'una legenda dau Corasan

repïc

*Veguèt de fuòcs s'alucar dins lo grand gorg de l'èr, o
tremolar coma de ciris de penitents o de romieus
caminant dins l'escur cap a quauque nadal celestial.
Era aqui sol davant la nuòch corna Dieu quand l'aguet
facha. Sol e sens mans pèr lo distraire de son eternitat.*

(Max Rouquette)

3 THE WINGS OF TIME

*I wrote a few words
upon the wings of time
souls are so
obscure sometimes*

*I became a child
on the desert wind
and at the time of departure
I became a seaman*

*I went so far
without counting the seasons
and like an echo
I came back a better man*

*I made wishes
with my hands and my eyes
my beauty tonight
will be the moment*

some people know how time passes
but I don't, like storms
pass upon my life and I know it too much.
if I'm afraid, it's only to say "don't worry"
there are people without knowledge
like money without taste
if we're together there still is some sense
and we are of these essential people.
I have to leave quietly
to come back like a magician
so that upon seven signs I'll make
you'll know who I am and linked as we are
there won't be any storm left in you.
please stay as you are,
we need to be confident as we are
for three hundred years we'll have
beautiful sweet girl from afar,
the simple life of when we were children
in the time of days gone by
we used to fold paper birds
on the wings of time
I'm waiting for you as much as I want calm
to come to your mind
and your wounded heart's song to blossom
into a thousand flowers.
to see your smile as friends do
pass my hand on your fresh cheek
like love people do
we are you and me together
people from a Khorasan legend

chorus

*He saw fires light up in the great chasm of night, he
saw them tremble like the candles of penitents or pilgrims
on their way to some heavenly Christmas. He
was there, alone before the night like God when he
had made it. Alone, but deprived of hands to distract
him from his eternity.*

4 PENSARAI EN TU

ai d'imatges sus mei dets
 plagas de veritat
 puèi que sabi lei mòts que dies pas
 toei lei mòts
 de ton jardin secret
 lei paraulas pregondas
 de ton còr
 viei tei penas dièh toei que
 (en barrant leis uelhs)
 fariáu mielhs de te deixar
 perquè siáu l'emperor de ton còr
 ai d'imatges sus mei dets
 plagas de veritat
 puèi que sabi lei mòts que dies pas e

*me'h anirai comptar lei sasons sens tu
 embé lo monde davans leis uelhs
 pensarai en tu
 t'esperarai detràs lei mars e lei rius
 caminarai avans e puei
 pensarai en tu*

ai d'imatges sus mei dets
 passi lo temps d'una cariatida
 siáu gaire aquí
 plagas de veritat baga demeritada
 manja pèra sos lei cades
 espèra de tant de decadas
 esperit pena fenida
 passi lo temps sensa gaire aguer
 ton aire a tu
 ai d'arena sos mei pès
 vòli ta gracia felina
 caïnada ferida de luenh
 ange calma delicada
 espia lei terras decanas
 espèri la plena polida
 baumas Toleda
 vòli veire sensa vista
 vòli viure a la risca
 seguir lo volar de la fista
 repira la terra de canas
 partira luenh de mei tebaidas
 se n'ai l'alèn
 prèga Santa Rita avís van dedicar
 vòli passar lei colonas
 Eraclès ai la corona
 siáu l'Endumion de la quista

repic

*a como é bom a gente amar
 quando tem jeito pra dá
 um amor firme a você*

*a tua face mimosa
 os teus lábios cor de rosa
 teu olhar me seduziu*

4 I'LL THINK ABOUT YOU

I have images on my fingers
 wounds of truth
 because I know the words you don't say
 all the words
 of your secret garden
 the deep words
 of your heart
 I see your sorrows they all say
 (closing your eyes)
 I had better leave you
 because I am the emperor of your heart
 I have images on my fingers
 wounds of truth
 since I know the words you don't say and

*I shall go and count the seasons without you
 with the world right before my eyes
 I'll think about you
 I'll long for you beyond the seas and the streams
 I'll go on my way and
 I'll think about you*

I have images on my fingers
 I pass the time of a caryatide
 I am hardly here
 wounds of truth unworthy ring
 eat pear under the juniper trees
 wait for so many days
 ending pain spirit
 I pass the time hardly breathing
 your air
 I have sand under my feet
 I want your feline grace
 tormented wounded from afar
 angel calm delicate
 spie the senior lands
 I wait for the pretty tide
 caves of Toledo
 I want to live without a view
 I want to live at the risk
 follow the flight of the tawny pipit
 breathe the land of the reeds
 I shall go away from my Thebais
 if I have enough breath
 pray Saint Rita the ancient ones are going to dedicate
 I want to pass the columns
 Heracles I have the crown
 I am the Endymion of the quest

chorus

*how good it feels to love
 when one walks the way to give
 a true love to you*

*your face is like a mimosa
 your lips the colour of the rose
 your eyes seduced me*

5 MA CANÇON

*ai jamai pogut dire
ma cançon*

ai d'arena dins lo pitre
mon còr ne'n beguet de litres
es carema dins mon astre
monarca devengut pastre
Paris pas vist
faguèri de tu mon Elena
passèri la mar en cadenas
laissèri totei mei penas
canti lei mòts de silènci
mòts naissuts de l'ancia
de seda distancia
fau de veus de
teis paraulas perdudas
voliaú de palais e d'òrts
'mbé de pavons
pas d'espaventaus
es pas mentau
ma paura es pacienta
l'espaci entier es d'aur
aimi pas leis espaimes
e lei laissi pas m'amudir
l'espèr en ieu es tòrt
liure
dei remembres dins ma tèsta
lo soleu sus lei piramidas
te prenguèri tu per mon amira
ères pas lèsta tu mon amiga
ton odor m'aclapa ton ombra pacienta
fa venir lo calament
siaú lèst a combatre, ma lenga polida
despareisse talament
monarca devengut tigre
dins l'arena vòli viure
monaca devenguèt liura
voliaú de palais e d'òrts
'mbé de pavons
pas d'èsser pas ben tant
sentimentau

repic

5 MY SONG

*I never could say
my song*

I have sand in my chest
my heart drank liters of it
it's the Lent of my luck
monarch become shepherd
Paris unseen
I made you my Helena
I crossed the sea in chains
I left all my troubles
I sing the words of silence
words born from anxiety
of silk distance
I make veils of
your lost words
I wanted palaces and gardens
with peacocks
not scarecrows
it's not mental
my fear is patient
the entire space is gold
I don't like spasms
and I won't let them mute me
hope in me is crooked
rid
of memories in my head
the sun on the pyramids
I took you as a landmark
you were not ready, my friend
your perfume overwhelms me your patient shadow
brings the lull
I am ready to fight, my beautiful language
disappears so much
monarch become a tiger
in the sand I want to live
doll became free
I wanted palaces and gardens
with peacocks
not to be in such a bad way
sentimental

chorus

ai pas de temps per la crenta
regacha quand montí la penda
es ara que l'abandon tempta
ma lenga perduda es encenta
ai mai de mila ans de mestreja
dei mòts e dei sons dins lo calamèu
siáu en equilibri estrechi l'espaci
de Tupac a Trencavèu
ai l'arma faramina dins lo còr ai famina
canti lei mòts de familha
la lenga dei rèires camina
creissi talament
siáu aquí per ganhar l'acarament
fau de fautas aparentament
crèson que siáu novici lo vici l'an
fan la farça faussa / facilitat
m'en garci èsser mèstre / dificile
fau que m'en vagui suau
tornar coma un Caravaggi
vaguejì trobar clus lo bagatge
cantariáu en aramèu
tastar ton gost caramèla
ta boca chucosa de mèu
vòli me negar en èla
ton retrach me regala
mon pitre la plaga la bala
Icare se cramèt leis alas
vòli me regar en èla
i a mai de mila ans de destucis
de tot ce que siam fa encara mau
siam lei reis d'ours de la pròsa dicha
bòrd que fugissem son idor
polida ròsa richa laissa jaire
lei traïdors son bidòrs
vòli despassar lo mau
èsser pas vos
pareissi pas antau
siáu tormentau

passarai lo destrech que nos liga
que d'èsser tres estiga ma tristessa e siáu las
e aici s'escriu ce que lo mai compta
es que la cresença sens docte
e l'amor sens ombra
s'ameritan la rota
siguesse l'onga
per anar quere au fons de la dotz
la gota doças que dedins se viam
totei dos

mas ieu enfant pichonet
vòli viure
vòli estar drech

(Mauris, tèxte d'Alan Pelhon)

I have no time for fear
watch as I climb the slope
it's now that abandonment is tempting
my lost language is pregnant
I have more than a thousand years of mastery of words
and sounds in my pipe
I'm in balance I shrink the distance
between Tupac and Trencavel
my soul is fierce famine is in my heart
I sing family words
the language of the ancestors walks
I grow so much
I am here to win the confrontation
I make mistakes apparently
they believe that I'm a novice the vice they have it
they make the farce wrong / easy
I don't care, being the master / difficult
I have to go slowly
come back as a Caravaggio
I wander trobar clus the baggage
I would sing in Aramaic
enjoy your caramel taste
your luscious mouth of honey
I want to drown in her
your look treats me
my chest the wound the bullet
Icarus burned his wings
I want to plant myself in her
there are more than a thousand years of destroyers
of all that we are it's still hurting
we are the golden kings of spoken prose
since we were fleeing their ugliness
beautiful rich rose drop it
the traitors are twisted
I want to go beyond evil
to be unlike you
I don't seem like that
I am impetuous

I will cross the strait that binds us
because being three stirs up my sadness and I'm tired
and here is written what counts the most
it's that belief without doubt
and love without shadow
deserve the road
however long
to go and seek at the bottom of the well
the sweet drop in which
we can both see each other

but me, little child
I want to live
I want to be right

6 TEMPS DEI SÒMIS

بصري يا عين بصري
في مليون نفس
بعظمة عيوني
عم تشكي من سواد النور
في حلم مطمور
و مصطبة و زوار
عم يرصدوا ماضي الأيام الجاية.
بصري يا عين بصري

tu, me rejonharàs benlèu aqueste ser
trobarèi lo sòm e tas pèrlas jol coissin
tu, encara fa jorn, ieu t'espèri aici
que los sòmis arriben, qu'aparesca ton sen
ieu, vendrèi agachar dins tos uèlhs, un miralh
un rebat, mon retrach, ton èime corporal
tombarèi de contunh dins ta granda espirala
te vendrèi agachar dins un darrèr badalh
ton iris me farà dintrar dins ton astrada
ton estelum entièr vendrà la davalada

*vaquí lo temps dei sòmis a passat
espèri ren
que la patz sota d'aubres enaurats
aquí veirem lei retrachs daurats
s'espelirem
dins lei braç d'uneis amics oblidats
ansin sarem un jorn acampats
respirarem
liberats de l'aura dei temps passats*

siam sus una dralha polida
tu mon amíga precisa lega
vivem la vida au bòrd de l'íga
où! passa li la man mon còr a d'encisas
cachaïre d'amar encara descisa
me'n vau en vòu
ton arma m'atira
visqueriam pas en van
lo monde nos mira
l'abonde me calma
estranja lei
ne'n perdi mon ira
ai que de remembres de doça via
aquela vida un jorn s'arresta
estranja lei
ange dei temps de vaga somiada
ai ges de tencha
l'onda escafa mei piadas
fem de fuec sens fin
d'enfants se'n van
vixon sens vam es brut
son pichons, de sants bessai pas
son decents se'n van sens bruch
mon dessenh ditz ren
sens ges d'encens brutla
te vòli tu
monde ensem existia pas enfin eisiti pus

6 DREAM TIME

can you see O my eyes
this million of beings
in the night of my gaze
complaining about too black a light?
can you see this buried dream,
these visitors on the belvedere,
sounding out the past of the days to come?
can you see O my eyes?

you shall join me perhaps tonight
I shall find sleep and your pearls under the cushion
you, it's still daylight, I wait for you here
let the dreams come, let your bosom appear
I shall come and look into your eyes, a mirror
a reflection, my gaze, your corporal spirit
I shall fall endlessly into your great spiral
I shall come and look at you in a last breath
your Iris shall make me enter your destiny
all of your stars shall become my fall

*the time for dreaming has passed
I'm not waiting for anything
but for peace under big trees
here we shall see the golden looks
we will blossom
in the arms of forgotten friends
so we'll be gathered together one day
we will breathe
released from the wind from the past*

we are on a beautiful path
you my friend precise desire
we live on the edge of the gulch
Oh! run your hand on it my heart has wounds
crusher of bitterness I go down again
I'm leaving flying
your soul attracts me
we haven't lived in vain
the world is watching us
exuberance calms me
strange law
I lose my anger
I only have memories of a sweet way
this life one day ends
strange law
angel of times of dreamt wandering
I have no more ink
the wave erases my footprints
we make infinite fires
children leave
they live half-heartedly it's dirty
they're small, saints maybe not
they're decent they go away without a noise
my drawing doesn't say anything
without incense it burns
I want you
world together doesn't exist finally I don't hesitate

ai de sau dins mei saumes
de sang de faune deçauput
de centenau de centaures mòrts
que m'aurián defendut
siáu paraula d'aur
parli pareis qu'és d'art
testard descendent dau parlar mut
estent qu'és tard parlam d'art madur
pas d'armadura parli l'arma pura
ma lenga dura
tant viva t'a convençut
es consensus
lenga fusta creses qu'és lo parlar gus
fas just lo faus es fosc en fach es fòu
esfraiam mai que çò que pensi
qu'aviam cresegut
fem de fuecs sens fè enfin es van
fau far lo verbe lutz
fau de fuelhas foscas de rimas just
per pas perdre l'us
es l'espèr que m'a permes dins l'ermàs
d'èsser fòrt pas tus
e sempre es detràs la mòrt
que dins mon còr i a tu

*quand partirai
vos va dieu ara
me viu com a un aucèu
leugier*

*que montarà
tant e encara totjorn
mai lèu
totjorn mai aut sens sociar
onte son viatge
s'acabarà*

I have salt in my psalms
disappointed faun blood
hundreds of dead centaurs
who would have defended me
I'm golden speech
I speak it would seem that it's some
stubborn art descended from the mute speech
as it's late we speak of mature art
not of armor I speak with pure soul
my language lasts
so lively it convinced you
it's a consensus
hackneyed phrases you think it's poor
you're just a fake it's blurry actually it's crazy
we're more frightening than I think
we had thought
we make fires without faith finally it's pointless
we have to make the verb light
I make dark leaves of rhymes just
not to lose the use
hope allowed me in the desert
to be strong not mawkish
and it's always beyond death
that in my heart there's you

*when I will leave
I'm telling you now
I see myself as a bird
lightweight*

*that will rise
all the time
faster
higher and higher without worrying about
where his journey
will end*

7 MEN VAU

ai l'arma gelada e la man geïnada
e lo gibre estaca mei labras
e mon pitre s'abra sota lei cades
mei bregas liuras gotas de vida
que degun lei gusta
siáu ieu l'òdia e la faula
e la fauta que brutla
e la fam sens fin
l'enfant sens filha per li dire « tant »
siáu lo temps las que passa lèu
onte me'n vau degun li va
detràs lei vaus que lo vent d'ivern
s'í lèva e se lava ma paraula lorda
me siáu negat dins una dorga seca sens ges de gota
un ange me toca e aluëncha la fosca
mon bof s'amorça escota
ma lenga s'engana de rota
siáu la frucha poirida la lucha perduda
d'aquesta epòca
lo voide lo gost de la luna
aluca lo potz e tusta
siáu la justa lutz escota
capiti pus de dormir
e piti pus ai pietat pus
capissi pus de morir
de còrre fau rire
capiti pus
despassar la manca e mon còr se tanca tant

*quand serai mòrt m'enterrètz
al pus fons de la cava AEIOU*

*vòli volar sus lo serre
luenh de la terra
vòli dançar sus lo monde endormit
coma un fiu de seda banhada
pous de l'artèri es lo potz de l'art
èra lo postulat de l'apòstol
èri la poussa podra a la boca
lenga mòrta estre brut
letra muta laisser brutlar l'us alucat
l'a ges de doçor dins mon còr sorn
siáu sadol me'n vau
coma l'esmaut romput m'esmauguèt
cu saup ce que vòu
aqueu monde sens color?
perdi l'espèr qu'ai
perqué non sai
es per estre oneste l'espèr tu l'as
ieu l'aspre l'ai pres
quiti lo monde endormit
e quiti tot a mieja lutz
caprici tu de mon nis
quitar de sorrirre capiti pus
de passar la man
e mon còr s'estaca tant*

repic

7 I'M LEAVING

my soul is frozen and my hand is embarrassed
and frost ties my lips
and my chest burns under the junipers
my free lips drops of life
that nobody tastes
I am the hatred and the tale
and the fault that burns
and the endless hunger
the girlless child who says "maybe"
I am the weary time that passes quickly
I go where no one goes
beyond valleys where the winter wind
gets up and where my dirty words wash
I drowned in a dry jar without a drop
an angel touches me and keeps the darkness away
my breath blows out, listen
my language is getting lost
I am the rotten fruit the lost fight
of this time
the void and the taste of the moon
light the well and strike
I am the light just listen
I can't sleep anymore
and I don't believe anything anymore I pity no more
I don't understand death anymore
nor the race, you have to laugh
I cannot make it anymore
to overcome the lack and my heart is closing so much

*when I'm dead you'll bury me
deep in the cellar AEIOU*

*I want to fly on the tops
far from the land
I want to dance on the sleeping world
like a wet silk thread
pulse of the artery is the source of the art
it was the apostle's postulate
I was dust, powder in mouth
dead language, raw being
mute letter let burn the luminous use
there is no sweetness in my dark heart
I'm sated I'm leaving
like cracked enamel moved me
who knows what
this world without color wants?
I'm losing hope
I don't know why
it's to be honest hope you have it
I took the sour
I'm leaving the sleeping world
and I leave everything in the shadow
you caprice of my nest
to stop smiling I can't
step down anymore
and my heart ties itself so much*

chorus

*e vaicí s'auborant dau pivèu de la nuech
l'assèti fresc
per leis oras cremadas
e la ròsa d'estiu que va tombar
mà febre partirem devers l'adrech d'un lamp
qu'es aquí coma aquò que se fau enanar*

(Jörgi Reboul)

me'n vau onte degun li vau
sens ges de camin
me'n vau ...
quand sarai mòrt
enterratz me
luenhe deus uelhs dau monde brut
solet
toei meis amics prendràn de flors passidas
per lei metre sus ma tomba
ontè vau demorar
tot solet
v'en faguètz pas
me'n vau per mielhs tornar
emai cramar dins lo cèu
fugir lo monde crudèu
sarai coma un açuèu
me'n vau

me vau jitar d'amont e sautar dins lo ren
veire la bauca e lei baumas leis avencs
augar mitat leis uelhs au luenhe
avans de m'amorçar
veirai Canaan uèi e Sanaa deman
i aurà de fuec dau ponent au levant
se levarà l'aura finala e sarà l'auba
d'un monde perdut
sarà vengut lo temps dei Liuatans
e dei demons dau mitan dau monde
ontè me'n vau degun li va
siáu lo gelosia emai l'amor la mòrt
e l'ambrosia
la racina d'artemisa e la fuelha d'anis
siáu lo solèu de maganha
que se'n garça de toei vòstei jutjaments
que son càrcer s'afondra enfin
sarai ben lèu mai liure qu'un libre sens tencha
mai viu qu'un pantais clus que pus ren
empacha en fach
ma paraula es ma vida
e la vida es una lucha sens relàmbi
es ansin.

*one still can find in the middle of the night
the ever cool bench
for the hours of great heat
and the summer rose ready to strip
my fever we shall go right south
with the speed of lightning
it is there and one must go there this way*

I'm going where no one goes
without any path
I'm leaving...
when I'm dead
bury me
away from the eyes of the dirty world
alone
all my friends will take faded flowers
to put them on my grave
where I shall remain
alone...
don't worry
I'm leaving to come back better
and burn in the sky
to escape the cruel world
I'll be like a bird
I'm leaving

I will throw myself from above and jump into nothingness
to see the cliffs, the caves and the chasms
looking up half far away
before I pass out
I'll see Canaan today and Sanaa tomorrow
there will be fire from east to west
the final wind will rise and it will be dawn
from a lost world
leviathan's time will come
and demons from the middle of the world
where I go nobody goes
I am jealousy and love, death
and ambrosia
the absinthe root and the anise leaf
I am the dark sun
who doesn't care about your judgments
because his prison finally collapses
I will soon be freer than a book without ink
more alive than a closed dream that nothing
prevents in fact
my word is my life
and life is a relentless struggle
that's how it is.