

In the Avenue

The Family Crest

Here in the morning she shakes the sunlight from her brow
Places her feet to the floor and slowly stretches out
Her legs take shape and reveal an orange silhouette
Silent she lifts up her hands to light her cigarette
Down right here the silence fades
She moves into the crowd, she evaporates
Down right here the streets all look the same
She moves along, she evaporates
A sea of motion the cars, they flicker in her eyes
Forming odd shapes with the bodies of the passersby
Flowers and curtains, they move so softly in the breeze
How now the wind whispers slow atop her tiny feet
Down right here the silence fades
She moves into the crowd, she evaporates
Down right here the streets all look the same
She moves along, she evaporates
Here in the market the old men smile and sell their goods
These bakers, butchers, and buyers smile as old friends would
She lifts her head and the sun, it flares in orange hues
How now she's moving along against the avenue
Down right here the silence fades
She moves into the crowd, she evaporates
Down right here the streets all look the same
She moves along, she evaporates
Down right here her heart, it quakes
She moves into the crowd, she evaporates
Down right here the streets all look the same
She moves along, she evaporates
Le noir est dtruit par le soleil
Son dos est caress par ses rayons
Elle se promne avec, dans l'avenue
L'tincelle qui a bris la nuit(English:
The darkness is destroyed by the sun
And her back is caressed by it's rays
She strolls with them in the avenue
She is the spark which shattered the night)

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