

A Torrent of Fears

Penumbra

As a sad face
Sailing and slides
In a bright ocean
Pursing a kind life
Under a flapping rain
Of steam of mist And in this bar
He fails and drinks
And in this burning
Alcohol he sinks down
Forgetting his misfortune,
His anxiety and his fear Il entre dans l'alle royale,
Dfie ses sujets,
prend la timbale d'or
Le sceptre et la couronne,
Il se sert, se bat et ordonne Flames are falling in his brain
Of enlightened madman. Et maintenant
il entre dans la danse des sicles,
Et d'un pouvoir immense,
il rgne sur tous ces esprits
Tremblants au regard si vide,
pauvre peuple oubli Dans sa folie de l'ordre
qui le mne la mort,
Telle une horde avanant,
gmissante,
Se heurtant et coups de poings,
s'entre-tuant. From a leftover smoke
from a candle put out
A torrent of fears shakes him
despite his laugh that rings
As an old bell out of tune
and empty in the whistling wind,
A light tune on the reef
and he sniggers like this reptile
Which is strutting in this marsh
where wise men get bogged
...Down

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