

RODÍN Ⓢ PANTAIS CLUS

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[AMB MAX ROUQUETTE]
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1 PICHÒTA FLOR

l'herba es totjorn
mai verda autra part
pichòta flor

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

mimòsa pudica embé ieu
esconduda dei vistás e dei dires
quites ara l'ombrum de l'aubre vielh
quites ara l'ombrum que t'estofa
per de prats embellits onto 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
aimí mai lo gost just de l'amor UN
gost que mòrra 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 porrià èsser silenci
s'avaliscar e laissar l'astre
èstre aici, mon pomastre quand descansi
pichòta flor mai
l'ombra e lei còdols que fugisses
t'an gardada dei becs deisaucèus de maganha
e dau secat amor que n'es pas
que te cuelh un ser per te laissar tombar
tre que l'odor doça se'n va

e sovent lei floretas
que se sòmian flirtadas
acaban en boquet
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 smothers 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
vers la dralha reiala
e tu tanben n'agantes un
trepidissa cambada
en sobre dei rodans
ai estrassat ma ropa
ai bartassadas
e ponhut de sang viu
tot un lòng pergamin

(Jòrgi Reboul)

dirai un mòt vengut de ren

siàu 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
siàs regina de lutz
siàu 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 apartat 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

siàu lo rei de la luna sobeiran decauput
ancian saberut que saup pus comptar leis estèlas
èri dei gigants qu'an pas paur dau lendeman
ara siàu 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 torts
e ara dins mon còr i a pus gaire d'uman
vieu fugir lei gents
e dins meis uelhs passa lo temps
e siàu pus rei de ren ansin s'acaba mon cant

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

repic

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 maletes
podem partir ensembs èstre inchalhents
ò polida siguem lèstes
fau que pus ren nos arreste
dins un chale nupcian la calor de Caïenne
e la lutz egipciana quand èri minòt
coma per oblidar dins un sòmi 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 ensembs
e sensa perdre de temps viure simpatic
porriam se fisar mai en pratica
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'Ithaca
siáu l'òme dei mila torns
aimi lo temps passat embé tu
siás regina de l'íscla
ai popas liscas siás ma Calipso
per lei mars passèri tant d'anciás
per tornar veire teis uélhs
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 nega 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 quaquei mòts
sus leis alas dau temps
leis armas son tant
escuras de còps*

*me faguèri minòt
sus lo vent dau desert
dau temps dau despert
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*

I'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 trop
s'ai paur es de dire "te'n fagues pas"
I'a de gents sens saber tant
coma d'argent sens sabor
se siam ensemes 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
saupràs cu siáu e ligats coma siam
l'aurà pus de tempèsta en ton sen
restà ben coma siás
fau qu'aguessiam fisança coma nauteira 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
venguèsse dins ton esperit
e qu'espelisse lo cant de ton còr ferit
en mila flors
per veire ton sorrire coma leis amics fan
passar ma man sus ta gauta fresqueta
coma lei gens de l'amor fan
siam tu e ieu ensemes
lei gents d'una legenda dau Corasan

repic

*Veguèt de fuòcs s'alucar dins lo grand gorg de l'èr, o
tremolar coma de ciris de penitents o de romieu
caminant dins l'escr cap a quaquei nadal celestiel.
Era aquí sol davant la nuôch 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 meu dets
plagas de veritat
puèi que sabi lei móts que dies pas
toei lei móts
de ton jardin secret
lei paraulas pregondas
de ton cor
vieu tei penas dien toei que
(en barrant leis uelhs)
fariàu mielhs de te laissar
perqué siáu l'emperor de ton cor
ai d'imatges sus meu dets
plagas de veritat
puèi que sabi lei móts que dies pas e

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

ai d'imatges sus meu dets
passi lo temps d'una cariatida
siáu gaire aquí
plagas de veritat baga demeritada
manja pèra sos lei cades
espèra de tant de decades
esperit pena fenida
passi lo temps sensa gaire aguer
ton aire a tu
ai d'arena sos meu pès
vòli ta gracia felina
caïnada ferida de luenh
ange calma delicada
espira lei terras decanas
espèri la plena polida
baumas Toledo
vòli veire sensa vista
vòli viure a la risca
seguir lo volar de la fista
repira la terra de canas
partirai luenh de meu tebaïdas
se n'ai l'alén
préga Santa Rita avis van dedicar
vòli passar lei colonas
Eraclès aï 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 Thebuids
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 cançón*

ai d'arena dins lo pitre
 mon còr ne'n beguèt de litres
 es carema dins mon astre
 monarca devengut pastre
 Paris pas vist
 faguèri de tu mon Elena
 passèri la mar en cadenes
 laissèri totei mei penas
 canti lei mòts de silènci
 mòts naissuts de l'ancia
 de seda distancià
 fau de veus de
 teis paraulas perdudas
 voliàu de palais e d'òrts
 'mbé de pavons
 pas d'espaventaus
 es pas mentau
 ma paur 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 ombrà pacienta
 fa venir lo calamant
 siáu lèst a combatatre, ma lenga polida
 despareisse talament
 monarca devengut tigre
 dins l'arena volí viure
 monaca devenguèt liura
 voliàu 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 estrechil l'espaci
de Tupac a Trencavêu
ai l'arma faramina dins lo còr ai famina
canti lei mòts de familia
la lenga dei rières camina
creissi talament*

*siáu aquí per ganhar l'acarament
fau de feutas apartament
crèson que siáu novici lo vici l'an
fan la farça faussa / facilitat
me'n garci ésser mestre / dificile
fau que m'en vagui suau
tornar coma un Caravaggi
vaguèji 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 rosa richa laissa jaire
lei traïdors son bidòrs
vòli despassar lo mau
ésser 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 doble
e l'amor sens ombra
s'americitan la rota
siguesse lònga
per anar querre au fons de la dotz
la gota doços que dedins se viam
totei dos*

*mas ieu enfant pichonet
vòli viure
vòli estar drech*

(Mauris, texte 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 بصرى
في مليون نفس
بعنة عونى
عم تشكي من سواد التور
في حلم مطهور
ومخطبة وزوار
عم يرقصوا ماضى الأيام الحاية.
بصري يا عين بصرى

tu, me rejonharàs benlèu aqueste ser
trobarèi lo sòm e tas pèrlas jol coissin
tu, encara fajorn, ieu t'espèri aici'
que los sòmis arriben, qu'aparesca ton sen
ieu, vendrài agachar dins tos uèlhs, un miralh
un rebat, mon retrach, ton èime corporal
tombarèi de contunh dins ta granda espirala
te vendrài 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'unes amics oblidats
ansin sarem un jorn acampats
respirarem
liberats de l'aura dei temps passats

siam sus una dralha polida
tu mon amiga precisa lega
vivem la vida au bord de l'iga
où! passa li la man mon còr a d'encisias
cachaire d'amàr encara descisa
me'n vau en vòu
ton arma m'atira
visqueriam pas en van
lo monde nos mira
l'abonde me calma
estranya lei
ne'n perdi mon ira
ai que de remembres de doça via
aqueila vida un jorn s'arresta
estranya lei
ange dei temps de vaga somiada
ai ges de tencha
l'onda escafà mei piadas
fem de fuec sens fin
d'enfants se'n van
vivon 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 ensembs exista 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 deçàuput
de centenau de centaures mòrts
que m'aurián defendut
siáu paraula d'aur
parli pareis qu'es d'art
testard descendant dau parlar mut
estent qu'es 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'es 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'esser fòrt pas tus
e sempre es detràs la mòrt
que dins mon còr i a tu

*quand partirai
vos va dieu ara
me vieu coma un aucéu
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 geinada
e lo gibre estaca mei labras
e mon pitre s'abrà 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 leu
onte me'n vau degun li va
detràs lei vaus que lo vent d'ivern
s'i lèva e se lava ma paraula lorda
me siáu negat dins una dorga seca sens ges de gota
un ange me toca e aluencha 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 corré fau rire
capiti pus
despassar la manca e mon còr se tanca tant

*quand serai mort m'enterrarètz
al pus fons de la cava AEIOU*

vòli volar sus lo serre
luenh de la terra
vòli dançar sus lo monde endormit
corma un fiu de seda banhada
pous de l'arteri es lo potz de l'art
èra lo postulat de l'apòstol
éri la poussa podra a la boca
lenga mòrta estre brut
letra muta laissar brutlar l'us alucat
l'á 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
quitil lo monde endormit
e quitil tot a mieja lutz
caprici tu de mon nis
quitar de sorrire capiti pus
de passar la man
e mon còr s'estaca tant

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

repic

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
ma febre partirem devers l'adrech d'un lamp
qu'es aquí coma aquò que se fau enanar

(Jòrgi Reboul)

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

me vau jitar d'amont e sautar dins lo ren
veire la baucà e lei baumas leis avencs
auçar mitat leis uelhs au luenh
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 perduto
sarà vengut lo temps dei Luiatans
e dei demons dau mitan dau monde
onte me'n vau degun li va
siáu la 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 càrrec s'affondra enfin
sarah 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.