Mourir Avant 15 Ans

Nits

I was walking in a town
On the waterfront I saw a building
I went inside into the darkness
Into the coolness of the airconditioning
There were photographs of children
They were in a war and they killed them
I was feeling, feeling smaller, smaller than the coin in my han
d
Mourir avant 15 ans – To die before you're 15 years
I turned away to hide the tears
How could I understand
That a man can kill a man, can kill a child
I went outside into the sunlight
Children playing on the riverside
They were happy and it was peaceful
I went back to my hotel and I watched the seagulls fly
Mourir avant 15 ans – To die before you're 15 years
I turned away to hide the tears
How could I understand
That a man can kill a man, can kill a child
I was watching the seagulls fly
Down Saint Jean street
To the Saint Lawrence River
To the wide open spaces