

Maimed Liberty

The Misanthrope

They don't understand why
Why this blood stream down in me

Why my tears torn my body
They don't understand why
De l'Argilière genes burst my arteries
Transform my personality
In a presumed dead
In a presumed dead

Recluse I am left alone
From their aberrant criticism

I do not fit in their world
From those exaggerations, my heart is bleeding
What a nice piece of deceit
To the nocturnal animals
My heart is bleeding,
My heart is bleeding

Liberty, always in the name of liberty
Never, I will never be calm
Always somewhere to roar in anger

They don't understand why
God abandonned us here
Tired of those meanders of lies
Maimed, false and suspicious

My belief in a rebel insurrection
Against the quiet city
Universal misanthropic horseman
Immortal hypochondrium forces

They don't understand why
My heart is bleeding
They don't understand why
My heart is bleeding

Through the centuries and citadels
I have been a mutineer exiled on earth

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Divert your glance from your kneeled down life
Captivate under the trident slice of paradise
My idle madness of sleepless dreams
I will never live to stand up among their fear

So to all of you I must say goodbye
Sure to meet you in the other side
See you there... en enfer

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"Mistress Death do not cry!
It's just freedom and joy who took them away"