Séparation: Separation

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Séparation

Les quatre catacombes jouent leur jeu
et vous me tirez dans chaque direction
pendant que le soleil se couche

Et je crie « Ce n’est pas juste! »
et « Il fait froid ici ! »
mais vous ne m’écoutez pas
vous ne m’écoutez plus

J’étais belle, tu sais
J’étais lisse
Rien ne pouvait m’arrêter même si les squelette
dansaient autour de nous
je n’avais jamais peur

La vie, ma chérie, le monde sont devant ma porte
Et nous étions belles, nous étions lisses,
mais nos visages sont toujours sauvages
Et ça, je le changerai, seule,
sans vous.

The four catacombs play their game
and you draw me in every direction
while the sun goes down

And I cry “It’s not fair!”
and “It’s cold out here!”
but you do not listen
you no longer listen

I was beautiful, you know
I was sleek
Nothing could stop me then
even the skeletons
dancing all around us
I knew no fear

Life, my darling, the world were at my open door
And we were beautiful we were sleek
but our faces were always wild
And that, I will change, I alone,
without you.