

Rafo Ruez, La Inocencia Primaria Del Diablo

Los chicos, las chicas, el sbado,
antes que se acabara su plazo
el an mantenido joven sali´.

siempre se haba sentido feo
paraba un tanto recluso
y ahora quera vivirlo todo

y ah estaba, una discoteca new wave en el centro
lleg´ en micro, en ropa en la que se senta extrao

aunque extrao l siempre se sinti´;
esto era ya una exageraci´;n
sinti´; gusto al causar desagrado

buscaba el peligro dentro 'el temor
ir ms lejos de los videos del rock
ir ms lejos de la masturbaci´;n

""1er. CORO:""

Y bail´;, y bail´;, como nunca jams
y cant´; al bailar, como nunca grit´;
era un manicomio, donde no haba noci´;n
ni haba mal (bis)

Con luces oscuras y humo vulgar
en grupo conoci´; la soledad
y supo que bailando era hermoso

su cabeza era una olla de presi´;n
su cuerpo un poema a la frustraci´;n
l, un manifiesto de afirmaci´;n

conoci´; cun falso es el video rock
y sobre el origen del pecado
la inocencia primaria del diablo

pele´; en peleas que no busc´;
bes´; a mujeres que no gust´;
y a l el absurdo tambn lo hart´;

""2do. CORO:""

Una noche dej´; tras un beso el hoyo,
sereno agradeci´; lo que ah encontr´;
en el manicomio, el teatro de la ultrasoledad (bis)
</lyrics>

== Translation ==

</lyrics>

The guys, the girls, the saturday
before his allowed free time was over
the yet-mantained-by-his-parents young man went out

He had always felt ugly
he used to stay always reclused
and now he wanted to live it all

And there he was, a "new wave" discotheque at downtown
he arrived on a minibuss, wearing clothes that made him feel awkward

He always felt awkward
but this was way too excessive
he felt pleased by causing displeasure

He looked for the danger within the fear
to go beyond the rock videos
to go beyond masturbation

And he danced, and he danced, as never before
and he sang while he danced, he screamed as never before
it was a madhouse, where there was no notion
nor evil

Under dark lights and vulgar smoke
along the group met loneliness
and he got to know it was beautiful if you danced

His head was a pressure cooker
his body a poem to frustration
himself, a manifest of assertiveness

He got to know how false the rock video is
and about the origin of sin
the innocence of the devil in the beginning

He fought fights he didn't look for
He kissed women who didn't like him
and he got fed up of absurd as well

One night he left that hole after one kiss
quietly he thanked what there he had found
in the madhouse, the theatre of the ultraloneliness