

The Ocean, Une Saison En Enfer

Sick of the sun
Corroded by the rain
Stolen laurels in felted hair
Worn faces that have traveled a long way
Wet rags sticking to her body
Bruised skin and sleepless eyes
Grinning and cursing malevolent skies
Strolling through hells
Whipped through heaven
Flirting with venomous snakes
Raping angels
Strolling through hells
Whipped through heaven
Dancing on desolate streets
When the skies rip open
Forgot his youth, but never her love
Forgot all his plans with life
Forgot the roof, but not the sky above
Mending their clothes
Licking their wounds
Scratches from the corals on their backs
Love bites from the kisses of shark attacks
Strolling through hells
Whipped through heaven
Flirting with venomous snakes
Raping angels
Strolling through hells
Whipped through heaven
Dancing on desolate streets
When the skies rip open
You that were banned from heaven and hell
Murderers that have suffered great pains
Searching in oceans of absinthe
The land where it is better to live
Black clouds pour their acid load on spiteful unbowed heads
And they are spitting it back