

# 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