

Claire Pichet, La rupture

Windows, doors, walls and carpets, chairs, tables and flowers, bread, wine,
butter and jam, fries, meat, beans and all spices.

I've lost the taste of these things for two weeks now.

I'm just waiting for a cup of dirty snow.

Airports, railroad stations, highways, streets and foggy lines.

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traffic, lights, cars and planes, boats, bicycles and walkers.

Now I'm wondering, blind, in the city.

I'm surrounded by towers, made of dirty snow.

Faces, ears and bellies, backsides, legs, fingers and feet.

Sweat, tears, dripping bodies, parties, someone is fucked up.

Now I'm quiet in this snow, snowy country.

I'm hanging on until I am old, just older than now.