

Dionysos, Giant Jack

Jack comes home

Giant Jack was dead
Giant Jack is maybe dead
Giant Jack looks dead
Giant Jack is not dead!

He's carrying his shadow
Through the grave city grave
Skeleton tree growing
On his own grave
He's trembling cold
With a frozen wind blowing
Blowing through his teeth
Blowing through his mouth
Battle on his big blinked eyes
Jack is on my back now...

I was trembling like a bird with no feather on the skin
I had gasoline all over my wings
He looked like a storm with a solid body
He looked like a storm...
He took off his shadow and put it on mine
I said :
It's too large for a little me
He said : You need this big black shadow
To fight against the night
It's a good shadow A bit encumbering
And cold like ice...
But it will protect you well
He said
He wore a strange coat with a hundred pockets full of books
He said : I give you books cos' books are really good to fight against the night
Giant Jack shakes my hand
Giant Jack and little me
Giant Jack is on my back!
Giant Jack is on my back!!