

# Penumbra, A Torrent Of Fears

As a sad face  
Sailing and slides  
In a bright ocean  
Pursing a kind life  
Under a flapping rain  
Of steam of mist

And in this bar  
He fails and drinks  
And in this burning  
Alcohol he sinks down  
Forgetting his misfortune,  
His anxiety and his fear

Il entre dans l'alle royale,  
Dfie ses sujets,  
prend la timbale d'or  
Le sceptre et la couronne,  
Il se sert, se bat et ordonne

Flames are falling in his brain  
Of enlightened madman

Et maintenant  
il entre dans la danse des sicles  
Et d'un pouvoir immense,  
il rgne sur tous ces esprits  
Tremblants au regard si vide,  
pauvre peuple oubli

Dans sa folie de l'ordre  
qui le mne la mort,  
Telle une horde avanant,  
gmissante,  
Se heurtant et coups de poings,  
s'entretuant.

From a leftover smoke  
from a candle put out  
A torrent of fears shakes him  
despite his laugh that rings  
As an old bell out of tune  
and empty in the whistling wind,

A light tune on the reef  
and he sniggers like this reptile  
Which is strutting in this marsh  
where wise men get bogged  
...Down