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THE BOMB IN YOUR HEAD

La bomba in testa

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And I counted the teeth on the stamps
I said "Thank God" "Merry Christmas"
I felt normal and yet my thirty years of age
were little more than theirs
but it doesn't matter, now I'm going back to work.

They sang the disorder of dreams
those ungrateful for French well-being
and they didn't give the idea
of denouncing men from the balcony
of a single May, in a unique country.
And I, with face of good sense,
repeat: "We do not wish each other ill"
and I don't feel normal
and it still surprises me
to measure myself against them
but now it's late, now I'm going back to work.

They risked the road and for a man
it even takes sense to bear
so that he can bleed
and the sense mustn't be to risk
but perhaps not to want to bear anymore.

Who knows how it feels to liberate
the trust in one's own temptations,
to remove the intruders
from our emotions
remove them in time
and before finding yourself alone
with the fear of not going back to work.

Risking freedom street by street
forgetting the tracks that lead you home
I am worth it
in order to manage to meet people
without having to pretend to be innocent.

I push myself to repeat with them
and the more the idea goes beyond the glass
the more they leave me behind,
for the courage together
I don't know the rules of the game
without my fear I have little trust.

Now I'm late for my friends
for hatred I could do it on my own
enlightening the T.N.T.
which has a face and only shows the side that is
always pleasant, always more imprecise.

And the explosive splits, cuts and rummages
among the guests at a masked ball,
I invited myself
to take the fingerprints
behind every mask that jumps
and to have no mercy for my first time.



Le traduzioni di Mark Worden qui presenti sono la trasposizione letterale in lingua inglese dei testi delle canzoni contenute nell'album. È severamente vietata la riproduzione del testo in tutto o in parte.

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