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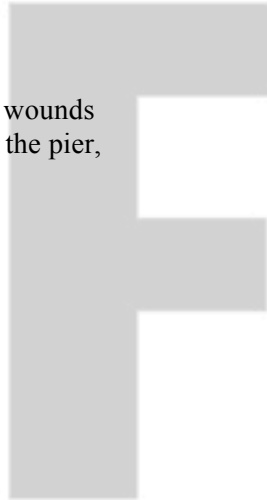
SIDÚN

F. De André | M. Pagani

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My child, mine, mine
fat lips in the sun
of honey, of honey
sweet benign tumour
of your mom
squeezed out in the humid heat
of the summer, of the summer.
And now blood clot ears
and milk teeth
and soldiers' eyes raging dogs
foaming at the mouth,
lamb hunters
pursuing humans like game
until wild blood
extinguishes their thirst
and after iron in throats, iron of the prison
and the poisonous seed of deportation in the wounds
so that nothing from us, from these plains to the pier,
neither tree nor spike nor baby shall grow.

Goodbye my son, the legacy
is hidden in this city
that's burning, burning
in the impending night
and in this great ball of fire
for your small death.



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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