

## La rose et la hache

Rome

there are very few women  
who sing of this yoke's golden sting  
and tie my heart to the string of weeping  
there are very few men  
who cry for wine of blood and rye  
and cut out my heart  
for the wild love of weeping

oh, sister fine, fine, fine, easy  
i know it's been hell not to touch  
oh, sister, mine, mine, mine, easy  
i never wanted you that much

oh, sister mine, oh  
how natural it all seemed then  
and how remote and impossible now  
oh, sister mine, oh  
how beautiful it all seemed then  
and how sick and detestable now

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oh, sister mine, mine, mine, easy  
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there are very few seas left to sail  
for someone like me who by theft and jail  
was made to bleed and left so frail  
there are very few seas left to sail  
for the likes of me who though apt to sail  
were made to conceal and had to fail

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oh, sister mine, mine, mine, easy  
i never wanted you that much  
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et puis on est la  
parmi les vautours  
qui portent leurs guerres dans les villes  
qui ne cessent de verser le sang des autres  
mais l'homme, il faut bien l'aimer  
surtout dans la beaute  
de la revolte - il faut l'aimer  
meme quand il t'accuse

meme quand il se refuse  
quand il s'invente des faux amis  
des vrais ennemis  
ou comme nous - des pays caches  
l'amour d'ou qu'il vienne  
c'est toujours l'amour