

# Les isles noires

Rome

The wars are moving north  
to our isles of green  
through countries washed out  
by storms of steel  
but they shall not pass - we shall not yield  
for freedom is a love not proved  
in the letting go

for all they ever allow us to be  
is an alibi, a breath mint for greed  
thus we live gravely, thus we die slowly  
thus we hide in self-control

we who came out here  
to give an empire to this loneliness  
that surrounds and enslaves  
defines and degrades us  
say we're mad with hope, say it's all but smoke  
say we're all gonna perish in the snows

take this vow with me  
to stay close, to be near  
to be oh so sincere  
take this vow with me  
for you must know  
there's nothing left around here

and so you toss a coin at every turn  
to know what bridge to cross  
white bridge to burn  
along the towers, on the riverbanks of france  
with spain still in our hearts

while we're wondering why we are all  
so quick to separate  
sex and love but not church and state  
and why they have made  
all of us slaves to god and to debt  
to fears and regrets

take this vow with me  
to stay close, to be near  
to be oh so sincere  
take this vow with me  
for you of all must know  
there's nothing left around here

for we were not born to live their lie  
in houses built to keep the tv dry  
so to make you see, to make us heard  
we'll have to rebuild our islands word by word

take this vow with me  
to stay close, to be near  
to be oh so sincere  
take this vow with me  
for you of all people must know

there's nothing left around here