

Alizee

"Têmpete - Engelsk Verision!"

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TempÃ@te

Mist, the day breaks

Shadow and storm...

It gets irritated.

It, St. Helen that knows its fever,

Says to it,

Dream of another dream, of an Elbe island

Your friend...

It's your vigor, rush towards those

Who are loyal to you and then forget you!

In love

Count the battles that have hurt you...

No more love

All the crews have dispersed.

Poor love

I gather the pride that has hurt you...

Oh! Love

Must your widow suffer for years.

To love me

Eagle, the day rises

That celebrates you

It is so.

It, St. Helen rejoins the earth with the

"Damned"

"The ogre" lies beneath the surface, but in its pocket

a...

Heavy secret

It is him, the man who mixes

With rains of ash, who I liked.

In love

Count the battles that have hurt you...

No more love

All the crews have dispersed.

Poor love

I gather the pride that has hurt you...

Oh! Love

Must your widow suffer for years.

To love me

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