

## Peter Moren

### "Le Petit Cœur"

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It doesn't walk in the caravans  
or sleep inside the stables  
No they sneak around at nighttime  
with just their own eyes to guide them  
So if you lead them on astray  
or if you bear false witness  
it might just be the end of them  
it might eventually kill them

Ma cÅ“ur fidÃ“le, se malade  
je t'embrasse, je t'embrasse  
Le petit cÅ“ur, dormir bien  
Please awake, please awake  
Le petit cÅ“ur awake

My tribe wants to be part of  
what your tribe is busy planning  
Sitting down at your tables  
eating dinner with your neighbours  
But you wouldn't dare invite us  
'cause we smell of foreign burdens  
that you don't want to weigh down on you  
but it's attractive from a distance

We gain when we lose in life  
We gain it in wisdom  
But the price of falling out  
is the chance of falling in again  
So if you lock me out again  
I might not come back to seek you  
Even though it's against my wish  
It's not against my better knowledge

So rest in peace  
Sleep until you've regained  
confidence, reference  
Ma cÅ“ur fidÃ“le, shall move on  
'til it's root has forgotten  
that it's still somehow broken

