

Sterelab

"Percolator"

Visit "[Percolator](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Depuis le temps que c'est promis
nous irons tous au paradis-
c'est un appel sourd une promesse
aveuglante qui noie la conscience;
ce paradis me pse, son poids
incommensurable abruti;
ancré dans des strates profondes,
une pulsion des plus alinantes;
telle une fausse libération,
un tat de pure dépendance;
le paradis est derrière moi
dans le ventre de ma maman-
unchallenged myths, they lie heavy,
l'imaginaire is our worse enemy,
the paradise, what an idea !
a guardian still on duty.

Olv 26

Before the promised times
we were always in paradise
it's a name given to one promise
(.....)who kills conscience
the paradise I think of, its weight
incomprehensibly abrupt
(....) in these profound layers
(....) a false liberation
a state of pure dependence
the paradise is behind me
in the center of my mother-
unchallenged myths, they lie heavy,
l'imaginaire is our worse enemy,
the paradise, what an idea !
a guardian still on duty.

Visit [Sterelab](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.