

Machiavel

"Mr. Street Fair"

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mr. street fair by Machiavel
(Marc Ysaye - Albert Letecheur)

"Do you hear the drums of your end
Of the world ?"
For hundred of years he had been
Journeying around the cold planet
With his magical merry-round
He was very far in his trajectory
His little chimerical roundabout chislessly
Orbited the earth to entertain the citizens
"Do you hear the drums of your end ?"
"Do you hear your end of the world ?"

It was always the same cold reflectsong,
Coming across on the fourth ring
He wondered where that blue voice came from,
Always that voice !
The rainbows and the sunrise containers
Were attracted to another place
"Well after all it stayed
Just the ruins and blocs of steel,
The only survivors of the catastrophe !"
They had always listened to him,
Why should they stop ?
Why should they stop now ?
He did not really understand
Why he was the only one left
All other men had been disintegrated
By the light of the trip
So why he, he and his merry-go-round ?

And yet, one day, all would cease
No one came to see him, no more
No one to listen to his song
had his roundabout broken down ?
And why did the rings stretch away
On another side ?
"Do you hear the drums
Of your end of the world ?"
All around him nothing, nothing left,

Only emptiness...
He perceived from afar streets
Playing ball just like before
He saw the children of the Return
Building tall museums
Where they went to hear
Rock And Roll music
The music that came
From the nights of Time

He was going to meet
The end of his world !
As he went, he caught a glimps
Of a huge brazier
Which was belching out strange death machin
Their favourite daintiness
With his merry-go-round
Firmly fixed in his mind,
Sitting on a wooden horse, off he went...
But, he knew that he'd come back one day
After the next great killing was done !
For the last time, they could hear...

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