

Machiavel

"The Fifth Season"

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the fifth season by Machiavel
(Albert Letecheur - Marc Ysaye - Roland de Greef - Jean Paul Devaux)

The snow pearled the sky and slowly it melted drop by drop
A rainbow of eight colours was hanging in the sky
Offered by the gods for the new season
Under a cleaned sky, as far as its blue bark
The mural notches bustled up like bursting scales
The hollow of the valleys swallowed the shade of burning winds
A lemon clearness shouted out the reunion of the moon and the sun
Breaking idols of the fading stars
The tree had no birds, no dead leaves, just flowers and fruits !
There was no day, no night, just a lemon clearness
fareaway, the horizon was slowly wearing
Separated by the sea, a rock and a tree were tearing up
another horizon
It was the beginning of the fifth season

Seated on the stairs of the church a man was left in the lurch
His barrel organ played "Jester", a tune of the seventies
A little boy wasn't laughing he just stayed there and said nothing
With his little merry-go-round that he made turn on the ground

He really knew it was not a dream
And while tasting a blu ice cream

Without having a good grouse
With his other mouth he cried
"Mother I want another" It 's strange but the boy was me
When the seasons where only four !

The moon and the sun were shining in the sky
Offered by the gods for the fifth season

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