

Gang

"Don't Turn Your Back"

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Because I can see nothing
but the shattered
glass of hope
blackened by the fires
of the decisive night
caribbean music
relive in a dream
the myth in the street
with torn up pavements
where the blood of the hot heads hides
Dub sound at twelve
waiting for poems
to be sung like riot hymns
in the worker's tongues
Mentes que van como locomotores
como los recuerdos de un poeta
aclamados en una estacion de metro
Vioces bellow in prison
pictures in museum square
long-legend hisses
beat out the time in the time
a skank shouted repeated
"october" was more than
an obstacole it was an event
the sound system of the roots
runs along the tracks
to the throne of the west empire
Dub sound at twelve
waiting for poems
to be sung like riot hymns
in the worker's tongues
Sangre vibrante de R 'n 'R
pepenadores de suenos
hey man, no pierdas el ultimo
tren del deseo
'77 ojos llÃ©nos dÃ© futuro
ojos inquietos
durenos solo de su propio
destino social
ojos de amor desde los muros
ojos rebeldes

silenciosos y olvidados
que dejan miradas
profundas en la historia
ojos para no olvidar
In the east of the empire
a stone and steel silence
drowns the rebels ideas
and mummifies the idol accomplice
october seventeen
yellowed postcards from the front
nothing else!
Now the time of the law
kills love songs
written by the soul
but the gangs in the suburbs
among the staves screwed
by the swing of blues
keep on shouting
don't turn your back of history
Tiempo infame de dinero
tiempo de trabajo sucio
tiempo rico de sorpresas

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