

Coral y Ratas

Todo lo que sé
flota todavía
y ésta balsa es mía y de mi mujer...
Son veloces
Van subiendo
Solamente el viento las empujará
y si las ves navegar
van repletas de coral, oro, rabia y ratas
si pudiste escuchar solo cantan la verdad
te invitan, te llaman, te abrazan... así

are you awake?
take your phone
call those people
We're going
wake up!

can you love?
we are not far
you can sail with us

take
what you can
we are not thieves
hear the music

« They are coming
in small rafts
they are everywhere
tied up on every harbour
they ask for stages and sing for free
and they're still talking about love »

« I don't have the resources to stop them
I order you to send backup
from here to ten years this country will be infested with melodies
and words of encouragement
we can not allow this to happen »

« Every step they take must be monitored
we have to control them
I do not give a fuck about the community
I want them out
and that their whores rafts burst through the air, ok? »

« We have to silence them
and if you will not help me I swear that ...
What's that noise?
Go out and look at the sky,
it's covered in fire,
they're singing louder,
more and more,
and those little rafts keep coming »