

The Fourteenth of July

Gazebo

For this day the King entered one word in his diary : RIEN!!

Hey mother
The sun is high up
With his load today
Like thunder
The cry of all the nation
Will explode
Today
Again
Like a trip with no return
The King
The Crown
Will burn!

The Fourteenth of July
We'll gather in the light
We'll dance our dreams away
The Fourteenth of July
A smile is in our eyes
The future's here to stay

Today the light
Like a blindfold ricochet
Will bright our lies, our fights

For this day the King entered one word in his diary: Rien!
Which meant that he had not gone hunting
and killed a stag.
That nothing was worth noting
Nothing

Nothing!