The Fourteenth of July

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!

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