

Depuis le temps que c'est promis
 nous irons tous au paradis-
 c'est un appel sourd une promesse
 aveuglante qui noie la conscience;
 ce paradis me pèse, son poids
 incommensurable abruti;
 ancrée dans des strates profondes,
 une pulsion des plus aliénantes;
 telle une fausse libération,
 un état de pure dépendance;
 le paradis est derrière moi
 dans le ventre de ma maman-
 unchallenged myths, they lie heavy,
 l'imaginaire is our worst enemy,
 the paradise, what an idea!
 a guardian still on duty.

Olv 26

Since the time that it's been promised
 we would all be in paradise
 it's a muted appeal, a blinding promise
 that drowns conscience
 this paradise weighs me down, its weight
 immeasurably idiotic;
 anchored in these deep layers,
 the most alienating of urges,
 such a false liberation,
 a state of pure dependence;
 the paradise is behind me
 in my mum's belly-
 unchallenged myths, they lie heavy,
 the imaginary is our worst enemy,
 the paradise, what an idea!
 a guardian still on duty.