

# EUPHOSTASIA

Par

# ARRIN

CD

17 titres, dont 7 chansons, dont 1 en français et 3 en 'franglais' (pas toujours faciles à déchiffrer!)  
Une sorte de 'chiac' à l'envers, mais depuis le 'brexit,' nous nous efforçons de nous adapter à notre nouvelle identité. Veuillez donc, accepter nos excuses pour cette aventure linguistique ! Voici nos

# Paroles

Like Rain on the Gardens of Babylon (Heaney)

With nothing left but misery, the world was dark and cold;  
And my heart beat so slowly like it was dying;  
And everyone was merry and didn't have a care;  
It seemed there must be someone out there trying to curse me.  
But then I saw you, think of it, right there in my shadow;  
As if I'd been blind, never opened my eyes.  
My spirit, like a bird fluttering, she took to the sky  
And soared over those mountains above the clouds;  
And there was serendipity and gladness rising,  
For suddenly the sun started shining again.

In the secret places of my phrenity, the bells were ringing;  
Only a change of moon before love's heaven, then cupid fired  
His arrow at our destiny's insanity and love fell  
Like an April shower on the gardens of Babylon.

Descended into calumny the company is ill;  
No bright lights illuminate the night;  
Shrill sirens of police cars and thunder claps of guns,  
Which fall like drops of hemlock from Socrates tear ducts.  
My right to pursue life, liberty and happiness, under  
The harbour statue, looking fondly at me;  
By turning to a bird, fluttering, she lifted me higher,  
When looking down I saw you, as if through mist;  
A beacon or an epiphany, your beauty shining  
Out over all the Earth, so that strife was no more.

In the secret places....

## A Trojan Destiny (Heaney)

Give me grace to bear it, decisions we can only regret;  
The things we do for love which tie us to our treadmills.  
Soul of flesh or country? So many die to save a flag,  
While others leave their tribe for sweet love of their children.

How in the world can strangers find a way,  
When nothing in all of this makes for peace of mind?  
You're going to say that brotherhood is all,  
But brothers can go to war in the name of sisters.  
There's no telling the future from here, it's just that  
All of Hell underneath us makes us fear in vain.  
Then we lose it, the treasure we shared  
And glory fades away, leaving us helpless,  
Outside in the rain.

See you out on Mars before the new year  
And if you can't make it by then, well you'd better make it by Easter.  
Just to let you know that I love you so  
And if it's light years you coming, well it's I'll still be there to greet you.

Life could be so easy, if only there was empathy,  
Instead of forcing blindly, square pegs into round holes.  
Light the fire of Eros and we could see how Menelas cried;  
The one who only seemed, but turned out to be faithful.  
Young and naïve, the world seems like a place where  
Outcomes are rational and predictable  
And I'm inclined to rise up to a bait,  
But Pisces should always flee from the hook of Typhon.  
Aphrodite could throw us a war, and all the heroes of Troy  
Wouldn't even keep us from the storm.  
Then we lose it, the city we shared,  
And glory fades away, leaving us helpless,  
Outside and forlorn.

See you out on Mars...

## When an Angel Flew (Heaney)

When an angel flew over the heartland,  
Bringing joyful tidings, to the Earth, from the heavens,  
All of a night, she, by the name of Mary,  
Chosen by the will of God, virgin, saintly mother of Jesus.  
A manger within a stable, his only resting place;  
When a baby's cry was heard, she,  
To change the world, gave humanity  
A way to cope with death, a way to cope with fear.

A messiah, saviour of the millions,  
Brought his peace to many hearts,  
many souls; grace to sorrow,  
And all the world could henceforth be merry;  
Though the winner wear a gown, purple gown, yet the loser a crown.  
A manger within a stable, his only resting place,  
When a mother's cry was heard, she,  
To change the world, gave humanity  
A way to conquer death, a way to conquer fear.

In a ruthless world there's no time for mercy, for kindness,  
Only fighting hard, no time for leisure.  
Just take what you can, competing for riches;  
Hate your enemy! Curse them!

Yet Jesus taught another story;  
Love could conquer everything, he the king,  
Spite the suffering.  
The way to get to somewhere out of danger,  
Where we need no sword or guns, neither bombs, and no enemies;  
We need a manger within a stable, his only resting place,  
When a saviour's cry was heard, he,  
To change the world, gave humanity  
A way to conquer death, a way to finally live in peace.

## Glands et Amours (Heaney)

'C'est comme ça' je te dis 'c'est comme ça,'  
C'est comme ça que la vie est fabriqué, de glands et d'amours.  
Néanmoins, quand ça ne va pas bien  
Il faut trouver un équilibre qui te conviendra.

Oublier nos soucis, c'est danser jusqu'à minuit,  
Sous un ciel étoilé, l'amour est au rendez vous.  
C'est la bénédiction, sans aucune contradiction,  
Tout le monde peut sentir les bienfaits de ces atouts.

Heavy rain is like a choo choo train.  
It doesn't have to grind you down at all, just whistle away.  
Sing for Joy, and she will find you there,  
It doesn't matter if you're rich or poor, she'll treat you the same.

Just take a moment, think it over and remember;  
We started out with nothing more than a baby's cry.  
How can you look so sad when love's all around you;  
There's nothing to it, you will see;  
Life is a bold humanity.

Say that it's just that way, everything is okay  
And whether it's dull or bright, doesn't matter;  
It's the way it is.  
Lift up your heart to love, shrug it off if it's not worthy.  
Never mind if all the blue skies longed for  
Were grim and grey.

'C'est comme ça.....  
Tout le monde peut sentir ces joies; alors ne t'en fait pas du tout.

Ce n'est Qu'un Avis (Heaney)

Ce n'est qu'un avis, comment veux tu que je te donne mon point de vue,  
Quand il n'y a aucune chance que ça trouvera d'accord,  
Du moins auprès de toi, car  
Tu ne me reconnais pas?  
Cependant, ce n'est pas sage de renier tout,  
Surtout que je n'ai rien d'autre à proposer.  
Néanmoins je reconnais ta gentillesse de ne me pas avoir dénigré.

This is where it ends, the final 'take a bow';  
Beyond is empty space, where everything is dark and grey.  
I gave you my all, but you ignored it all  
And clung to your charlatan ways.  
Cependant....

At the end of time, the mist will disappear,  
When lies are all exposed and everything is crystal clear;  
Banquet of the just, that light of truth will shine,  
Where souls of the meek will dine.  
Cependant....

C'est ainsi que je me creuserai chemin, du jour au lendemain,  
Qui s'annoncera comme doux matin.  
Chaque pouce plus loin et ça ira bon train.  
Peut-être mais un pouce ce n'est rien!  
Cependant.....

## Dispute Française Conjugale (Heaney)

Always Moaning about your lot,  
Won't you give it up, come back and just be grateful.  
No it's not the end, I just cannot see what you  
Have got to moan about.  
You are over reacting, all I did was spend a night with someone else;  
Just a moment's weakness, a flight of fantasy,  
No more no less, it's still you that I love.

Only two months ago our life was a dream, a dream,  
A dream worth living for  
And I for one would be glad to wind the time  
Back to when our love was flourishing;  
But you have no hope, and I don't understand this  
Cursed life, where bit by bit we lose.  
Most folks would say that we were lucky,  
But they don't know what it's like losing.

*Rappelez moi, avant de briser mon Coeur,  
Car c'est un long chemin et je m'en fais des soucis. Pourtant  
Si c'est la fin, je ne veux pas faire d'histoire,  
Je me retirerai de ta vie; ainsi que de la vie!  
Je t'ai donné tout ce que j'ai, je n'ai plus rien;  
Autant te donner ma chemise je n'en ai plus aucun besoin.  
Si tu dis que tu m'aimais, j'en serais heureuse;  
Je suis toujours prête à me reconcillier à ton gré.*

*Il y a deux mois la vie était tellement belle;  
Nous étions tous les deux très heureux, amoureux, d'accord!  
Trop insoucieux, nous n'étions pas assez sage  
Pour prévoir, soit l'ampleur de nos pleurs, soit nos chagrins, tu vois,  
Je n'ai plus aucun espoir, tout ce que j'attendais  
De cette vie maudite, eh bien, petit à petit j'ai perdu.  
La plupart des gens diraient que j'étais chanceuse;  
Mais ils ne savent pas comment ça fait de toujours être perdante.*

## A la Fin (Heaney)

Tu es mon seul espoir, toujours fiable, raisonnable, jamais sans justice.  
Quand l'heure arrive, je prie pour que mon âme soit dépourvue d'injure.  
C'est ainsi que, toutefois, j'essaie, que je rends la grâce  
que mon doux destin m'a accordé.  
En ce monde rempli de perfidité, moi, aveugle,  
Je ne peux que me fier à elle; mon âme;  
Le berger qui connaît  
Secrets, désirs, souffrances jalousies, espoirs et désespoirs,  
Au fond de nos cœurs, nos peurs.  
A la fin de nos jours je sais, enfin j'ose dire, qu'il n'y aura  
Ni argent, ni supériorité, tout enterré;  
Devenu toutefois cendres et poussières, remuées, dégradées.  
Il n'y aura, plus que mémoires, fantômes, et œuvres achevées.  
Quatre cent quatre-vingt dix fois, il faut savoir pardonner ses ennemis.  
Quatre cent quatre-vingt dix fois, il faut savoir pardonner ses amis!

Toujours le diable cherche à confondre vérités et vanités, comme foi et fiertés.  
C'est au-delà que l'on doit chercher l'amour qui peut dépasser la haine.  
On s'emporte, on se fait des ennuis,  
On se moque, et parfois on est tout à fait aveugle,  
Mais il faut retrouver la bonté, toute caché et enterrée,  
Sous tout un tas de railleries.  
'Faut prier le berger qui connaît....