



ETIENNE
SAINT-GERMAIN

DYING WAVE

(c) 2017

COPY
OK

BALLISTIC EYES

(tv : weather forecast female voice)

(tv : politician male voice)

(phone : "At the 3rd stroke, it will be 11:43:40")

(phone : "The person you are calling is not accepting anonymous calls, please redial without withholding your number")

(phone : "Please hang up")

Do you ape my stance ?

Do you drive my Benz ?

Does it matter

In this chapter

If I drop the ladder ?

Time to surrender

No love, no murder

Domestic lies

We die

Ballistic eyes

(voice : "How do you feel now ? I... feel a rush... It's like pins and needles... Like my head is tingling... and like a heavy feeling in my chest... and just like pins and needles all over my body")

The gold and the green

The love of the unseen

Seoul takes

Seoul gives

Water my skin

Spot on the parquet floor

The void and civil war

Electronic spies

Close your

Ballistic eyes

(voice : "And that's the problem, John, your brain can't forget, it remembers everything. Promise myself all the time I'm not gonna do this ag... again today... And by the end of the day... you know... I just could not control it...")

When she asked if I would kiss her

I kept silent

But when her eyes began to cry

I kept silent

And when she called me on the phone

I kept silent

But when she shot me in the back

I kept silent

Ashes to the sea

Summer to be free

Shall we survive

Claim for

More time alive

Do you ape my stance

Do you drive my Benz

Apologize

Bullets

Ballistic eyes

(phone : "At the 3rd stroke, it will be 11:44 precisely")

HARVEST MY FEARS

(i) What Good

What good is a kiss in that resort
If you don't feel the sun
What good is the white light of a candle
If you stay in your black black world

What's the use of a mourn
If the earth can't dry your eyes
What's the use of my words
If you don't hear my calls

I know it's late
But what shall we do now

Am I to be blamed for the rain
Are you ashamed of your pain
We forgot what we fought for
We were not what we thought

You lock the door
You walk away
Who's in your head
When you look at me
Who makes you speak
Who makes you mean

Now the pears decay on the table
Will you harvest my fears

(ii) The East

You and I
We love
We shine
Shine bright
Love tight
In the swarm we are drunk with noise and lights
There on the kerb we sit and smile
Rest your head on my shoulder

We swim in the yellow sea
We drive on roads with strange letters
The heart on the hotel sign
And the rain in your eyes, my love
Just a postcard from the East
Just a postcard from the past

(iii) Encore !

With space and fear I fly
Nowhere better but in your arms
The time we wasted my love
Was not freedom but a life without you
Dreams we had a few for sure
But you needed more, I mean many

Love me until the world ends
Love me now love me by the fence
Je t'aime, darling
Je t'aime, you know I do
Did I hear you say encore ?
Encore !

Who remembers the fish on the cloth
The pictures of you at the market
Who knows how warm it was
To feel your arms around me
I do you don't

The roads you'll travel without me
The fleeting memories of your skin
Are yelling it will not last
Just before you say no more
To the urge of bliss and again : encore !

(iv) The Profane

I said
I want more time
More time, more hope
I want us to survive
We will, we are
Turn your wounds into care
Don't let them tame you
Please come and speak
Please come and dance

But you are tired of running
Tired of losing faith
You are the sacred
I am the profane

Harvest my fears...

(v) Army of Lovers

Is this fear ? Is this fear we're feeling inside ? Or bravery ?
We all climb, we all fall, we all deserve bliss and hope
Lonely is, lonely is the poet
We shall make an army of words, an army of lovers

We are one, we are more
We shall unite since we're alike
I'll turn the tables, I'll call your name
We'll open the doors and the sun will come in
Prophets of blood you'll disappear
Cos in our hands the world is spinning

SALAAM KHOUYA

Salaam Khouya ! Forgive us

For the walls we built
For the warboats we sent
For the tents you live in
For the mud and the dirt
For the drowned and the lost
This land is my shame

Salaam Khouya ! Forgive us

Salaam Khouya ! Forgive us

For the fence and the cage
For the rapes and slavery
For the teargas and huntings
For the babies and their cries
For the slums we offered
This land is my shame

Salaam Khouya ! Forgive us

REFUGEES WELCOME



IN YOUR MAZE

What's in the archive
But rust and crying eyes
What's in the mirror
But holes in the concrete

Once I had a name
You used to whisper at night
But who cares, who remembers
If I'm walking in my sleep

What's in the archive
A comb on the carpet
Pills and rings on the night table
Splintered toys in the attic

In a vision a singing banshee
Looked down at me and I was dying
I don't lie I don't sigh
I'm just afraid I might forget her

The house is down, the mourn is on
The final straw, the clumsy clutch
You stare at me as if I am a jinx
Text me your laughs if only you dare

What's in the archive
ER trips, Korean beers
Sweet words can't hide the scars
Tattoo my skin, tear down the wall

Call me when you're down
Call me if you need
Cloud me if you don't
Send me down under
I'm just a haze
And I'm lost in your maze





DYING WAVE

After the dying wave
Tell me... will you tell me
Is there another wave ?
Is there another wave ?

The day before the day I'll leave
Trust me... will you trust me
There'll be no single noise
The leaves in the trees won't rustle

Stars and planes in the sky
Don't you stare don't ask why
Just a play just an oversight
I'm not much of a believer

Is this the dying wave, baby ?

Sitting here by the sea
Alien in a playing crowd
And the ball in the dying wave

Now I'm closing my eyes
Counting one two three
Life is just another wave

Stuck in the aftermath
Of someone else's life
Locked in bitter thoughts
I will move I will move again

The death of the voice within
Should give me clues in the game
If only chaos remains
Still I pretend I can run

Promise me I can run

After the dying wave
Tell me... will you tell me
Is there another wave ?
Is there another wave ?

WE ARE THE HARRAGAS

(Greek woman voice : A lot of people came here because they have hope... So this is the beginning of dream we have here... They spent every money they have to build this life here and then they left everything)

(Refugee voice : For five hours we were in this sea... Every second : danger of life, because if we fell down to the water no one can take us, no one can care about us)

(Refugee voice : I told in Afghanistan that (...) humanity. I cannot see a humanity in Europe)

(Refugee voice : What's going to be happen ?... They're going to take me out of this... this... (...) They are... they will put us to the jail... She said « I will kill myself »)

(Refugee voice : I work in a basement, I just go to work in the morning, I don't see the sun... and I go back after the sunset... I can't see the sunshine, I can't see the morning)

This scary sea won't stop us
Neither will your heavy walls
My dream is bigger than fear
And the boats keep sailing

We come from the land of death
And I'm looking for the sun
Keep your gold keep your gold
I just need a few of your hopes

We are the burning ones
We are the harragas

(Refugee voice : We came from Izmir to Greece by small boat... from rubber... And we were going to die, to sink... our... It's going to the sea... The water was to here, and we throw all our clothes and things, medicines, clothes... Everything, we lost everything)

Thousands are sailing
Thousands are dying
You know we've OD'd on fear
The needle fell from hell

We come from the land of death
And I'm looking for angels
No despise no despise
I just need one of your smiles

We are the burning ones
We are the harragas

(Refugee voice : We tried to hold each other and run... Yeah we tried all the time and I was trying to push him in front of me... If I stop, if the policemen stop me, it's ok, just I want my children to be in safe... If I don't cross the borders it's ok... just I want my family in safe)

(Refugee voice : I don't want to separate them but if I'm obliged it's ok, just if them to be in safe... We tried today to go out from Hungary, they stopped us, they didn't let us go out to the train... I don't know why we are obliged to stay in this country, we don't want to stay here)

You tell this lonely boy
Not to stay not to cry
Drive him back to the border
What kind of human are you ?

We come from the land of death
And I'm looking for peace
Give me love give me hugs
What I need is just to be warmed

We are the burning ones
We are the harragas

(Refugee voice : I will try and try and try... Oh I hope to stay at home, small place, me and my children... my husband have nice work, have something to do, help others... Future, another future... I wish I could bring my family from Syria : my brothers, my mother, father and all of them... I wish they will be ok... I hope we will do it)

REFUGEES WELCOME

QACENTINA

Suis-je vraiment a une aube pres
Quand je sais que tu me continueras ?
Est-ce la peur ou est-ce l'attente
Qui prend l'espace, qui tremble mes bras ?

En marchant, solituellement je mens
Je raconte une vie jamais vécue
J'envoie au ciel les baisers jamais donnés
Je pardonne a la ville ses tristes rues

Suspendu a tous les ponts, Qacentina
Je suis l'aigle, je suis l'enfant, Qacentina
Je reviens encore a tes milliers d'odeurs
Autant de caches qui masquent les malheurs

Et puis le bateau, et puis toi, oui toi
Toi qui a gommé la cité blanche
Toi sur qui tout entier je me penche
Toi cette autre que j'apprends a attendre

Tant de moi et si peu d'années
Condamné a si peu d'émoi
Glissons ma Demie, nous, toi et moi
Nous en aurons passé du temps en apnée

Pour vous, faire le meilleur peut-être
Pour vous, taire la douleur toujours
Pour vous, qu'aurai-je été mes amours
Sinon une main discrète, secrète ?

Une vie, mes enfants, qui la construit ?
Qu'en dire au jour de l'au revoir ?
Revenir a quelques mots dérisoires
Il en reste vous, mes bribes, mes chéris

C'est l'heure
Des lors
Je pars
Je dors
Tu pleures
J'ai froid
Je crois
A une erreur
Je n'avais rien fini
Ni Hugo ni Peguy
Tant pis
Je me blottis
En toi
Qacentina

ETIENNE SAINT-GERMAIN

dying wave



- 1 ballistic eyes (4:45)
- 2 harvest my fears (11:47)
- 3 salaam khouya (4:16)
- 4 in your maze (3:31)
- 5 dying wave (5:07)
- 6 we are the harragas (5:23)
- 7 qacentina (5:23)

حراقة



قسنطينة

all tracks composed and written by e. st. germain
keyboards, guitars, vocals by e. st. germain

additionnal vocals on "salaam khouya" by RÂ

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