

Brothers

When I'm sad I ask you why
Do you always make me cry
Is it the brothers' directive ?
To be naturally negative

Did you believe really
I stole you this lady ?
I'm not one of those men
Who are bad but don't explain

Your love is a powerful feeling
That I can always sing
I should suffer by my knife
Cause of I had the fear of my life

We've always done the same
Even in ours hearts, the flame
Shone to a woman
Loved by the other man

Now, we must stop that
Forget affairs and chat
Because we're married
And we're integrated

In the system, in this country
Where we'll live with one's family
And give birth to children
Becoming perhaps brothers then

Florian Coquin