

Keny Arkana "La Rage"

La rage du peuple
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OK, on a la rage mais c'est pas celle qui fait baver
Demande à Fabe la vie claque comme nos semelles sur les pavés
La rage de voir nos buts entravés, de vivre en travers
La rage gravée depuis bien loin en arrière
La rage d'avoir grandi trop vite quand des adultes volent ton enfance
Brah! Imagine un mur et un bolide
La rage car impossible est cette paix tant voulue
La rage de voir autant de CRS armés dans nos rues
La rage de voir ce putain de monde s'autodétruire
Et que ce soit toujours des innocents au centre des tirs
La rage car c'est l'homme qui a créé chaque mur
S'est barricadé de béton, aurait-il peur de la nature ?
La rage car il a oublié qu'il en faisait partie
Disharmonie profonde mais dans quel monde la colombe est partie ?
La rage d'être autant balaféré par les putains de normes
Et puis la rage, ouais la rage d'avoir la rage depuis qu'on est même

Parce qu'on a la rage, on restera debout quoi qu'il arrive
La rage d'aller jusqu'au bout et là où veut bien nous mener la vie
Parce qu'on a la rage, on pourra plus se taire ni s'asseoir dorénavant
On se tiendra prêt parce qu'on a la rage, le cœur et la foi
Parce qu'on a la rage, on restera debout quoi qu'il arrive
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Insoumis, sage, marginal, humaniste ou révolté

La rage parce qu'on choisit rien et qu'on subit tout le temps
Et vu que leurs choix sont bancals hé bien tout équilibre fout le camp
La rage car l'irréparable s'entasse depuis un bout de temps
La rage car qu'est ce qu'on attend pour s'mettre debout et foutre le boucan
La rage c'est tout ce qu'ils nous laissent, t'façon tout ce qui nous reste
La rage, combien des nôtres finiront par retourner leur veste
La rage de vivre et de vivre l'instant présent
De choisir son futur libre et sans leurs grilles d'oppression
La rage, car c'est la merde et que ce monde y adhère
Et parce que tous leurs champs OGM stérilisent la terre
La rage pour qu'un jour l'engrenage soit brisé
La rage car trop lisent « Vérité » sur leur écran télévisé
La rage car ce monde ne nous correspond pas
Nous nourrissent de faux rêves pour placer leur rempart
La rage car ce monde ne nous correspond pas
Où Babylone s'engraisse pendant qu'on crève en bas

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Et parce qu'ils n'entendent jamais les cris lorsque le sang coule
La rage car c'est le pire que nous frôlons
La rage car l'Occident n'a toujours pas ôté sa tenue de colon
La rage car le mal tape sans cesse trop
Et que ne sont plus mis au goût du jour tant de grands savoirs ancestraux
La rage, trop de mensonges et de secrets gardés
L'élite de nos États, riche de vérités pouvant changer l'humanité
La rage car ils ne veulent pas que ça change, hein
Préférant garder leur pouvoir et nous manipuler comme leurs engins
La rage car on croit aux anges et qu'on a choisi de marcher avec eux
La rage parce que mes propos dérangent
Vois aux quatre coins du globe, la rage du peuple en ébullition
La rage, ouais la rage ou l'essence de la révolution

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Anticapitalistes, alter-mondialistes, ou toi qui cherches la vérité sur ce monde, la résistance de demain (Inch'Allah) à la veille d'une révolution. Mondiale et spirituelle, la rage du peuple, la rabia del pueblo, parce qu'on a la rage, celle qui fera trembler tes normes. La rage a pris la populace et la rage est énorme...

Walt Whitman
"Song of Myself"

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Alone far in the wilds and mountains I hunt,
Wandering amazed at my own lightness and glee,
In the late afternoon choosing a safe spot to pass the night,
Kindling a fire and broiling the fresh-kill'd game,
Falling asleep on the gather'd leaves with my dog and gun by my side.

The Yankee clipper is under her sky-sails, she cuts the sparkle and scud,

My eyes settle the land, I bend at her prow or shout joyously from the deck.

The boatmen and clam-diggers arose early and stopt for me,
I tuck'd my trowser-ends in my boots and went and had a good time;
You should have been with us that day round the chowder-kettle.

I saw the marriage of the trapper in the open air in the far west, the bride was a red girl,
Her father and his friends sat near cross-leggèd and dumbly smoking. they had moccasins to their feet and large

She had long eyelashes, her head was bare, her coarse straight locks descended upon her voluptuous limbs and reach'd to her feet.

The runaway slave came to my house and stopt outside,
I heard his motions crackling the twigs of the woodpile,
Through the swung half-door of the kitchen I saw him limpsy and weak,
And went where he sat on a log and led him in and assured him,
And brought water and fill'd a tub for his sweated body and bruise'd feet,
And gave him a room that enter'd from my own, and gave him some coarse clean clothes,
And remember perfectly well his revolving eyes and his awkwardness,
And remember putting plasters on the galls of his neck and ankles;
He staid with me a week before he was recuperated and pass'd north,
I had him sit next me at table, my fire-lock lean'd in the corner.

Plex (D. Bedard)
“No More”

Say it loud, we native and proud
We waited it out, the best day to be native is now
It is what it gotta be, hurt the economy
Whatever it takes to get the PM in front of me
Governemts, they all fuckin' terrorists
Ever since they came to the Americas
Bringing guns to a peaceful protest
Target the hopeless, weak and oppressed
They all cannibals, filthy animals
And if you figure that's cool, it's understandable
But try to walk a mile in my shoes
And talk to the cop with the glock behind you
They all cowards, hungry for power
Ain't satisfies 'til the lands been devoured
Vampires, they out for blood
They chop trees and they run pipe right through the mud
They say we drill oil 'cause we need it
They figure we're sheep we'll believe it
They treat treaties like shit, we're mistreated.
We only want what's ours and that's freedom.

Makin' our move, we ain't gonna Idle No More
Makin' our move, we ain't gonna Idle No More

Call me Christmas, 'cause I'm forgivin'
But I can't forget the state in which native people are livin'
The government would rather see us dead or in prison
And 39 percent of Canadians are with 'em.
The sign of the times is like, "who do you trust?"
They want the whole fuckin' pie, won't even save me the crust
Offerin' us crumbs is some sort of favour to us
They control the terms and we're made to adjust
But we can fight back. Let's see how they like that
After these messages, we'll be right back
When we return, we've crashed and burned
And rise fromn the ashes, but what did we learn?

And all the government does is sweep it under the rug
Makin' our move, we ain't gonna Idle No More
Makin' our move, we ain't gonna Idle No More

Keny Arkana **"La Rage" (English Translation)**

Ok, we've got the rage, and I'm not talking about rabies.
Ask Fab, life is clicking like our heels on the cobbles.
The rage to see our goals being blocked, the rage to live across.
The rage that is ingrained since long ago.
The rage for having grown too fast,
when adults have stolen your childhood.
BAM! Imagine a racing car and a wall...
The rage, for impossible is this so much desired peace.
The rage, to see all those armed MDP's in our streets.
The rage, to see this fucking world in self-destruction,
With innocent people always at the center of fires.
The rage, for it's MAN who built each wall,
who has locked himself in concrete, is he afraid of nature?
The rage, for he's forgotten that he belongs to nature.
And it's a deep disharmony, to which world did the dove fly?
The rage, to be lashed at by society's norms.
At the rage, the rage for having the rage since we were a child.
Because we've got the rage.
We'll stand up, no matter what happens.
The rage.
To go through, to the end where life drives us

Because we've got the rage.
We'll neither shut up, nor sit down, for now we'll be ready.
Because we've got the rage, the heart and faith.

Because we've got the rage.

Nothing could stop us,
insubordinate, wise dissident, humanist, or rebel.
The Rage
For we choose nothing and always submit

And as their choices are shaky,
the whole balance sods off.
The rage,
for the irreparable has been piling up for a long time.
The Rage because:
what do we wait for standing up and kicking up a fuss?
The rage,
it is all that is left to us anyway, all that is left.
The rage,
how many of us will end up betraying?

The will to live, and to live the present moment, to choose our future,
free and free of their oppression plans.
The rage,
for its a bloody mess that everyone sticks to,
and for their GMO fields sterilize the earth.

The rage, for one day we break up the chain.
The rage, for too many people think that TV tells the truth.
The rage, for this world does not suit us.
but does feed us with false dreams and true ramparts
The rage, for this world does not fit us.
And Babylon grows fat and starves us to death.

Because we've got the rage.
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Because we've got the rage, the heart and faith.
Because we've got the rage.
We'll stand up, no matter what happens.

The rage.
To go through, to the end where life drives us
Because we've got the rage.

Nothing could stop us,
insubordinate, wise dissident, humanist, or rebel.
The Rage,
to keep the faith and try to move

The rage, in front of a Chirac, a Sharon, a Blair or a Bush
The rage, because the world looks at life through red-tinted glasses,
but takes a black view of things,
and because they hear the cries when it bleeds.
The Rage, for it's worse that we skim.

The rage, for the western world still wears it's colonial dress.
The rage, because the evil strikes too much.
And the ancestral knowledge is not updated anymore.

The rage, for we believe in angles and decided to march with them.
The rage, for my remarks are disturbing.

Watch at the peoples' rage, seething with unrest from every corner of the world.
The rage, yeah the rage, or the revolution's essence?

Because we've got the rage.
We'll stand up, no matter what happens.
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Because we've got the rage.
We'll stand up, no matter what happens.
The rage.
To go through, to the end where life drives us
Because we've got the rage.
Nothing could stop us.
insubordinate, wise dissident, humanist, or rebel.
Anti-Capitalist, alter-mondialist,
or you who searches truth about this world,
Tomorrow's resistance, inch'allah
on the eve of worldwide and spiritual revolution,
The rage of the people, the rage of the people

[Spanish] La rabia del pueblo

Because we've got the rage, the one that will make your norms tremble
Because we've got the rage, the rage has over-come the rabble, and the rage is huge.