3. LISA data/data

Bienvenu dans ce foutu monde, bienvenue sur terre,
J'espère que tu trouveras le moyen de tirer parti de cet enfer.

Welcome on this fucking world
Welcome here on earth
I hope you'll find a way to make use of this old world

6. MACDOPHOBIA nico/data

Trois diesels furieux crissent et
grillent le feu.
Pépette écrasée, Mémère est
effrayée.

Rider, rider, le MacDo va fermer.
Ce soir on tue Ronald à coup
d'supplices abominables.
Cassoulet mémère, vin rouge et
camembert.
Inquisition motorisée, MacDope
éradiquée.

Un génocide culinaire pour un
goût planétaire,
Le clown veut nous empoisonner
à coup d'sandwiches aseptisés.
Big Mac, cheese et nausée, bouf-
fe de merde pour le monde entier.

many thanks :
fred, ftp, scalp/reflex, cicp,
vendémiaire, sonia, mod,
fil de sinté, hunchbacks, pierrick,
turtle, polaroïd people, sonic
reducers, nico, dmz, ramblers,
william blake, jack kerouac, morej,
gopher wyborowa, armel, fil de gre,
turtle ramblers, on the rings rec,
cathimini, dom, macario, marjojo,
squal, barbara, fluck, serpankidance,
lisa, les lolos et [illegible]

BassDrumVoxGuitar TeflonPiManuBud

datapanik.free.fr

7. SANG ARGENT turtle/data

My mother once told me :
"Comes a war,
You're not going,
I'll take care of that !
I'll cut off your forefingers,
how will you shoot ?"
Me, I forgot who I was,
can't remember who I am...

Because I've been a hero
in more than one zillion wars
Dead already, before I was born
Parading your streets...sedated
Barely able to recognize one
living from one dead ... dead !

Still there are words that stuck
no matter what ... she said :

Oh my darling, oh my sweetheart
Don't tell me you're going,
don't tear us apart
We are of the same kind,
we're like lost fingers
Hold me dear, hold me
and it will all go away

Blood money

So many a poor boy
So many a poor girl
Saw their lives sucked
in that monster : Blood money
Who's next ?

5. I CANT STAND MYSELF data/data

Oh, look at me, I'm not proud of myself
I feel it's going on and going on for so long
I feel it coming, I'm burning out.
What does it mean ? Can't find the reason.
And I feel, the good guy is not here, no baby.
And I'm proud cause I found it's outta question.
But I can feel, I can tell, I can't stand myself.
What does it mean ? Give me the reason.

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9. BOY FROM NOWHERE dmz/data

Oh je suis pas de Paris
Non je suis pas de Savigny
Et encore moins de Villiers
Je suis un gars de nulle part

Oh je suis pas de Gonesse
Et encore moins de Sainte Geneviève des Bois
Non je suis pas de Viry Chatillon
Je suis un gars de nulle part

Et quand je pense à tous ces gars qui osent prétendre
Appartenir à un groupe ou une bande
Idée, parti, quartier, cité, j'veux pas signer
J'vois vraiment pas ce qu'il y a à y gagner

Non je ne suis pas de Kaboul
Non je ne suis pas de Paris
Et encore moins de New York
Je suis un gars de nul part

1. CAN'T TAKE IT WHEN YOU'RE LATE data/data

I
can't
take
it
any-
more
when
you're
late
No, I
can't
take
it
any-
more
but
you
don't
care
I
can't
take
it
I
can't
wait.
How
can I
take
it?
No,
no.

Enregistré et mixé en cave à la maison
sur 4 pistes par les datas et thierry

2. KILL A PIG data/data

At night you can cry, you can nearly die. Who cares?
You can cry or die. They don't give a damn. You get that !
Like pigs, my baby now you can kill.
Oh baby now you can kill a cop.

4. F.S.W.M. data/data

I had a fight with my baby, when she just ask me to swear.
I gotta change my color, oh I said yeah
I'm a fucking stupid white man, I'm stupid
I'm a fucking stupid white man going on the wrong way

I'm fucking stupid
white man
I rule, I'm right, I can
tell
I'm fucking stupid
white man
I steal, I judge, I kill,
I'm within my rights, I
tell you.

Might is right, Figure it
out
Born on the right side,
How come I need to
change ?
It's too good to last,
I've been shot
I fall down, that's what
I needed, I was wrong,
but now dead.

un grand merci à nos
vieux jacques, thierry,
yann et tops

8. THEME FROM DEAD MAN william blake/data

At the end of 6.000 years is true as I have
heard from hell
The whole creation will be consumed &
appear infinite & holy
Where as it now appears finite & corrupt
This will come to pass by an improvement
of sensual enjoyment
But the first notion that man has a body dis-
tinct from his soul is to be expunged
This I shall do by printing in the internal
method
By corrosives which in hell are salutary &
medicinal
Melting apparent surfaces away &
displaying with infinite which is hid
If the doors of perception were cleansed
Everything would appear to man as it is
infinite
For man has closed himself up
Till he sees all things through narrow
chinks of his cavern
Why art thou silent & invisible
Father of jealousy
Why does thou hide thyself in clouds
From every searching eye
Why darkness & obscurity in all thy words
& laws
That none dare eat the fruit but from thy
wily serpents jaws
Is it because secrecy gains female loud
applause

William Blake

I went to the garden of love
And saw what I had never seen
A chapel was built in the midst
Where I used to play on the green
And the gates of this chapel was shut
And "thou shalt not" writ over the door
So I turned to the garden of love
That so many sweet flowers bore
And I saw it was filled with graves
And tombstones where flowers should
be
And priests in black gowns were wal-
king their rounds
And binding with briars, my joys and
desires

The ancient tradition that the world
will be consumed in fire

Oh why was I born with a
different face
Why was I not born like the
rest of my race
When I look each one starts
When I speak I offend
Then I'm silent & passive &
lose every friend

Improvement makes straight
roads
But the crooked road
without improvement
Are road of genius

10. THE DHARMA BUMS kerouac/data

Work, produce,
consume, work,
produce, and
consume, the
infernal circle.

I see a vision of
a great ruck-
sack revolution,
thousands or
even millions of
young children,
wandering
around with
rucksacks,
going the moun-
tain to pray.

Making children
laugh and old

men glad,
making young
girls happy and
old girls hap-
pier,
all of them Zen
Lunatics who go
about writing
poems

that happen to
appear in their
heads for no
reason
and also by
being kind and
also
by strange
unexpected acts
that keep giving

visions
of eternal free-
dom to everybo-
dy and to all
living creatures,
that's what I
like about you
Gold Book and
Smith,
two guys from
the East Coast
that I thought
was dead.
I thought West
Coast dead.

The boys was
glad, they rested
up for more, and
Jack cooked

mush, in honor
of the door.

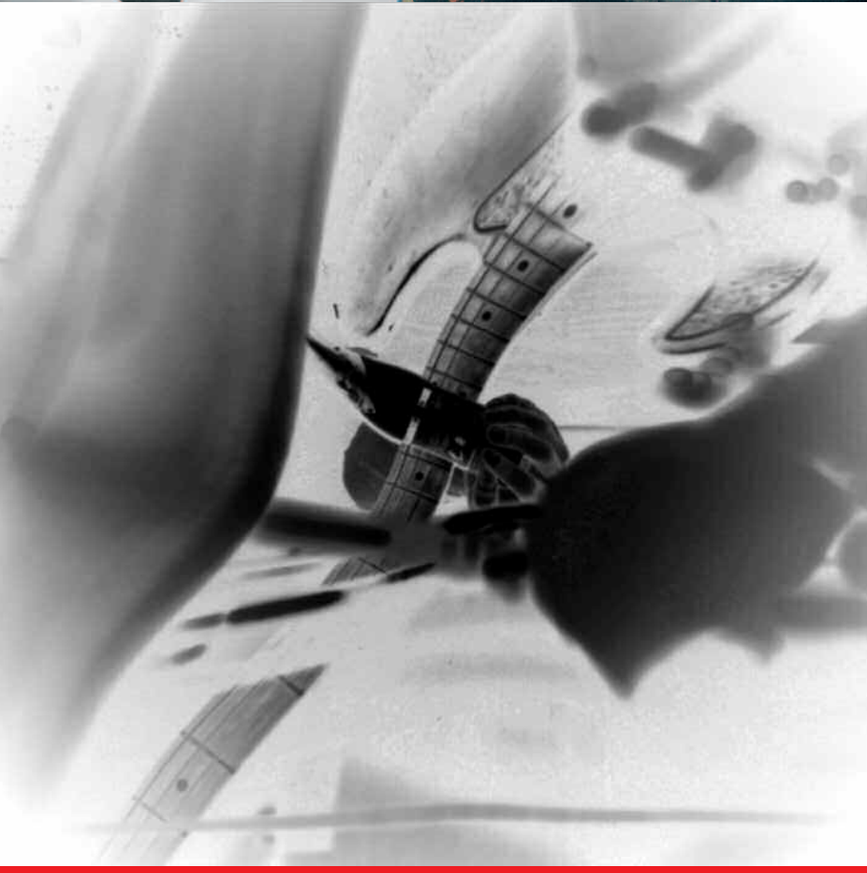
The boys was
sitting in a groo-
ve of trees, lis-
tening to Buddy
explain the
keys.
Boys, sez he, the
Dharma is a
door... Let's
see... Boys,
I say the keys,
'cos there's
lotsa keys, but
only one door,
one hive for the
bees.
So listen to me,

and I'll try to tell
all, as I heard it
long ago, in the
Pure Land Hall.

For you good
boys, with
wine-soaked
teeth, can't
understand
these words on
a heath.

I'll make it sim-
pler, like a bottle
of wine, and a
good wood-fire,
under stars divi-
ne. Now listen to
me, and when

you have learned
the Dharma of
the Buddhas of
old and yearned,
to sit down with
the truth, under a
lonesome tree, in
Yamu Arizony, or
anywhere you
be, don't thank
me for telling,
what was told
me, this is the
wheel I'm a-tur-
ning, this is the
reason I be: Mind
is the Maker.



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