

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Rapt: In The Evening Air

Par Art Of Noise

Album : The Seduction of claude debuss

We had, uh, great lunch today with the rock band KISS
Both KISS and Art of Noise have been invited, maybe that, uh
They're gonna base some World Wrestling Federation characters on
Members of each of our bands, and we
Were just swapping some ideas there
And KISS, KISS, I'll tell you something
About KISS, they gave us some great advice
They told us that whenever you play one of your greatest
Hits, that you should follow it up with a section devoted
To the 19th century French poet, Charles Baudelaire
And we've spent all afternoon knocking it up with the help of KISS
Ladies and gentlemen, Art of Noise, and the section
Devoted to the 19th century poet, Charles Baudelaire

Now comes the time when, vibrating on its

Stem, each flower exhales like a censer

The violin throbs like an afflicted heart

A tender heart which hates the huge black void

The sky is as sad and beautiful as whatever

You think it's as sad and beautiful as

So it's a tragedy

When the feeling's gone and you can't go on, it's just a tragedy

Now comes the time when, vibrating on its

Stem, each flower exhales like a censer

The violin throbs like an afflicted heart

A tender heart which hates the huge black void

The huge black void

The sky is as sad and beautiful as anything

You want to imagine is sad and beautiful

Metaphor in pop

Why?

For goodness' sake, it's either us or Moby

Who else?

You must always be intoxicated

It is the key to all

The one question, in order not to feel the horrible

Burden of time breaking your back and bending you

Toward the earth, you must become drunk without truth

But on what?

On wine, poetry, or virtue, as you wish, but you must get drunk

At different times on the steps of a palace, on the green

Grass of a ditch, in the mournful solitude of your room you

Awaken, and your intoxication is already diminished or gone

Ask the wind, the wave, the star, the bird, the clock

Everything that rolls, that speaks, that

Groans, that flees, that sings, that speaks

Ask what time it is, and the wind, the wave

The star, the bird, the clock will answer you

It is time to get intoxicated

In order not to be slaves martyred by time, always become

Intoxicated, on wine, on poetry, or on virtue, as you will

Aerodynamic in the evening air

Aerodynamic in the evening air

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Now I'm not forcing you to get drunk

I'm not gonna tie you down with a Blair witch poet

Saying, "You have to get drunk or you die!" I'm

Saying it might be quite a good idea if you get drunk

Why not get drunk?

Why not get drunk tonight?

Something about the evening air

The summer time circle

Sounds elevate me

Here, I wanna rhyme, I wanna rhyme, I wanna rhyme, I wanna rhyme

My leading time suspended

Gravity's laws amend

The force through the world ain't spinning no more

So at last something you would compare to Baudelaire