

L'ENFANT NOIRE - Lyrics Translation



1-La couronne de Jeanne / Jeanne's Crown

2-Libre / Free

3-Château Rouge - No Translation

4-Masque blanc / White Mask

5-La nuit / Night

6-L'étrangère / Stranger

7-Chez moi / Home

1-La couronne de Jeanne/Jeanne's Crown (Feat Les NUBIANS)



Credit photo : Demoizelle Coco

When I was a child, every time my mother turned her back, my father cut my hair. He was secretly in love with Rhoda Scott. He thought I'd gain her charisma by copying her haircut. My short frizzy hair could never attract the boys in school. My hair just wasn't straight enough, not blond enough, not long enough... So when I turned 15, I searched for a key to happiness by straightening my hair. And I became gorgeous with this beautiful and straight hair, that which dances with the wind and flirts with smiles. You cannot imagine how beautiful I was. I looked directly into the mirror of society and with my straight hair, I was sublime... Years and years passed as I wandered around with my smooth hair. I went from lips to lips, from necks to necks, from gaze to gaze, until I met the eyes of my grandfather's great grandmother. This old woman was black, a slave, the daughter of a slave and the mother of yet another slave.

She silently and sadly stared at me before saying:

“They took everything I had, young girl. They took my skin, my hips, my lips and changed them into my first chains. My essence became my most sordid prison. I fled my own reflection the same way I ran from the devil because I had been persuaded that everything I was, embodied infamy. My child, I was happy in my grave because I believed you were free. But looking at you now, I realize you are in the same prison, you wear the same shackles, those that seized my whole soul, those that are torturing my consciousness, those that poison even my unconsciousness. The only difference being that you wear them as jewels. My child you are mistaken, you are not that beautiful.”

It took me a long time to understand what my ancestress meant, but when I got it, I took a pair of scissors and freed myself from the hair that was not my own, that hair that society sold me as sacred, that hair that removed me from my own essence, and you cannot imagine the freedom I felt. I was afraid of losing my femininity, but it is my identity that I found.

2-Libre / Free (Feat LAAERIAL)



Credit photo : Demoizelle Coco

LAAERIAL part:

When I was a little girl ,
wore no pigtails or pretty curls.
Short and nappy, kinky locks,
the boys never looked at me.
And I wanted to be,
like the girls in the magazines.
My beauty enslaved,
made me a disgrace.
So I had to get free.

Took my lips and hips and they put them on a shelf for sale,
the profits I'd never see.

DORIS Part (translation) :

When I was a little girl,
the world seemed to me so tough.
Their hair danced with the wind,
mine laughed with the sun.
My injured heart and soul often asked,
why should I erase myself to be?
why should I put my head down?

From my lips to my hips, i felt heavy chains,
I wanted to be free.

4-Masque Blanc / White Mask



Crédit photo : Demoizelle Coco

He always stands tall,
He turns avidity into love,
He sublimates history,
He turns arid lands into fertile soil,
When the world blasphemes, he teaches me how to pray,
When humanity bleeds, he heals its wounds,
When the world drags me, he helps me to grow,
He broke my chains, when he took away my mask.

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I want my brothers to dream big,
I want my brothers to take away the white mask.

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He replaces his mask with the throne,
He is the past and the future,
When the world steals his crown,
I protect his empire.
Even when he falls, he rises again.
When he turns into dust,
He becomes eternity.
The world wants him to be silent,
but he keeps singing for freedom.
He is telling my brothers how majestic they are.

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I want my brothers to dream big,
I want my brothers to take away the white mask.
I love your black skin

5-La nuit / Night

I wait for the night to fall,
I dream of the night city lights,
When darkness defies brightness,
When contrasts explore his skin.

And I pray to see him again,
I pray, then I blaspheme.

I stole the light of the moon,
that strolled along his fingers.
I hid it under a smile,
So that dawn could never take it back.

I loved his black skin,
I loved when the night drew him.

I wait for the night to fall,
I dream of the night city lights,
When darkness defies brightness
When contrasts explore his skin.

And I pray to see him again,
I pray, then I blaspheme.

I stole the light of the moon,
that found refuge in his lips,
this light thread the night offered me,
to attach desire and tenderness.

I loved his black skin,
I loved when the night drew him.

Then the sun rose,
Then the day took my everything.
My man has gone,
It was night.

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6-L'étrangère/ Stranger



Crédit photo : Demoizelle Coco

The stranger dreamed of faraway lands,
She always looked at the skyline,
The world lived in her heart,
She lived in my lungs.

She used to say that behind the sea,
There was a paradise,
That Africa was a motherland,
That she felt orphaned.

And I heard her cry, Yes, I heard her cry,
the stranger child, the one who was hidden in me.

One day, she took my hand,
And we decided to leave.
We went between traditional dresses and plantains,
Between the history and the magic.
And my cheeks were covered by tears that set me free.
My roots gave me birth,
And the stranger child disappeared.

Since then, she found peace. Yes, she found peace,
The stranger child, the one who was hidden in me.

Since then, I accepted all parts of me,
I accepted to be the child from close and distant lands.

7-Chez moi / Home

They were shouting at me, telling me to go back home.
And I lost my ground. The waves of baseness were so violent.
They were shouting at me, telling me to go back home.
And in their bitter saliva, slowly, I drowned.
Believe me, I wanted to be conciliatory, and to go. But please tell me, where is my home?
I am the child of the immigrant. I am the dream of a better life, the disillusionment.
I am this puzzle that misfortune mislaid the pieces.
I am the crossing of the ocean, the desire for dignity, the exclusion. I am the foreigner.
Could you help me? Please? I just want to go back home. But where is it?
Is there a shelter? A place that would be my evidence?

They were shouting at me, telling me to go back home.
And I certainly would die, drowned in their tide of disdain.

I had taken this plane to get away from these oppressive voices. But they resounded on both sides of the ocean.
Europe and Africa ordered me to go back home. My two motherlands had abandoned me.
I was the orphan, the stranger.
Fortunately, I was not alone on the shore. There was this old man near me.
- "My child, are you okay?"
This old sage was the dean of this place, he lived in a small village in the south of Cameroon.
He grabbed my hand and he said:
- "I'm happy young girl because you're next to me, I'm already 85. I was waiting for God to take me, but He preferred to bring you in. I knew you were somewhere in Europe. I knew you would come to see me here in Africa, I knew you would come back home, because here you are at home, if you are lost, there will always be this place. "

I was here, in my father's village, a stone's throw from my grandfather's grave, sitting next to the dean.
I was here, listening to this old man.
And through his eyes, I was no longer a stranger. No. I was simply a child of the village, the sequel of his history. I was no longer that stumbling past, nor that present that procrastinates. I was that radiant future.

The serenity that life robbed me, the dean gave it back to me.
For the first time, I was a blessing.
Thanks to this old sage, I finally went back home.

My home was not really Cameroon, it was not really this village. It was not his house either.
My shelter was the old dean, his look, his hand reaching out **to** mine, his benevolent speech.
This old man had become a majestic bridge that brought me closer to myself.
He just killed the stranger in me, but he also taught me how to turn into a footbridge and to become the refuge of another. I just had to offer the same soothing look, to extend my hand.
This is how I realized; I was not a stranger. On the contrary, I had the world for a haven.

This is what I promised; Through me, no one would be a stranger.