



THE CAROUSEL

UN CONTE MUSICAL GOTHIQUE

JEFF BALEK

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*Approchez, mesdames et messieurs, approchez...
Éloignez-vous un instant du vacarme monotone du monde et pénétrez dans ce crépuscule éternel qui s'étire entre le songe et la mécanique. Ce soir, je ne vous conterai pas une simple histoire ; je vous montrerai l'épopée fatale de l'amour et de la ruine, le secret d'une roue qui ne cesse jamais de tourner, - même après s'être brisée.*

Step Closer Ladies and Gentlemen

Step closer... ladies and gentlemen...

Step into the twilight between dream and machine...

Tonight – I'll show you a story of love, and ruin...

Of a wheel that never stops turning...

Come one, come all, the show begins,
Where rusted gears confess their sins;
A tale of love, forbidden, deep,
Where broken hearts refuse to sleep!

Step inside the carousel,
Where angels fall and lovers dwell;
Watch the wheel of fate unwind,
Love and madness intertwined!

Behold the Keeper, made of steel,
Who learned to dream, who learned to feel;
And she – the doll, with glassy eyes,
Awoke to life 'neath silent skies!

But love, my friends, is a deadly art,
It burns the soul, it breaks the heart;
And one man's hand – the Master's rage –
Will crack the gears, will end the stage...

Step inside the carousel,
Where heaven trembles, ghosts rebel;
See the doll, the man, the flame,
And curse the gods who play this game!

So step inside, and take your seat...
The night awaits, the tale's complete;
But once you've heard, you'll never leave...
For love remembers – what we weave.



Il est des lieux qui existent à la lisière du réel, là où l'acier et l'ombre se mêlent pour former un éternel présent. Le Carrousel n'était pas un simple manège forain... C'était un artefact du temps brisé, un mécanisme d'airain et de bronze tournant sur lui-même dans un silence d'éternité...

Somewhere Beyond the Edge of Night

Somewhere beyond the edge of night,
A carousel spins in endless flight.
Wheels of bronze and mirrors turn,
Through timeless hours we cannot learn.

An inventor's mind, a spark of flame,
Built this circle without a name.
Its song is old as shadowed stars,
Its whispers echo behind iron bars.

And there he stands, the Keeper bound,
In ceaseless motion, without sound.
A prisoner of a fate unknown,
In endless dance, forever alone.

No hand recalls who called it forth,
No soul can say from whence its course.
Yet still it spins, and still he waits,
A heartbeat trapped inside the gates.

And there he stands, the Keeper bound,
In ceaseless motion, without sound.
A prisoner of a fate unknown,
In endless dance, forever alone.

Does he dream, or does he know?
Is time his friend, or is it foe?
A spark of life, a flickering mind,
In gears and shadows, he's confined.

And there he stands, the Keeper bound,
In ceaseless motion, without sound.
The carousel turns, the world may fade,
Yet in its wheel, the Keeper stays.



La nuit, au Carrousel, n'était qu'un velours d'agonie. Le Keeper, dans sa solitude lancinante, cherchait l'oubli non pas dans le repos, mais dans une mer d'amertume. Les souvenirs évanouis lui revenaient comme des parfums de rêves passés, des baisers furtifs, des flammes d'argent qui, au lieu d'éclairer, l'engloutissaient dans la souffrance.

The Velvet Nights Are Whispering My Name

The velvet nights are whispering my name,
Perfume of dreams ignites my veins,
Each fleeting kiss, each silver flame,
Drowns me deeper in life's sweet pain.

I danced with mirrors, with ghosts of desire,
Each face I touched dissolved in fire,
Music of laughter, cruel and divine,
Echoes through the ruins of my mind.

Intoxicated endlessly,
On beauty's breath, on hollow gleam,
I've lost the world, I've lost my dream.

A thousand lights, they blind my sight,
Gold turns to ash, day bleeds to night,
The sweetest fruit decays in hand,
I reach for love, but grasp at sand.

Voices of joy now twist and wail,
Their laughter masks a mournful tale,
My heart, a harp of trembling strings,
Forgot the song that silence sings.

My soul is drunk – oh mercy, see!
Intoxicated endlessly,
On beauty's breath, on hollow gleam,
I've lost the world, I've lost my dream.

Oh fleeting world of velvet lies,
Your wine still burns behind my eyes,
I've kissed the masks, I've worn them all,
And lost myself in the masquerade hall.

Now I stand where shadows weep,
Drunk with the ghosts I failed to keep,
The night unveils her final art –
To break the glass around my heart.

My soul is drunk – eternally,
A prisoner of ecstasy,
Through shattered dreams I drift unseen,
I've lost the world, I've lost –myself between.



« ASSEZ ! » hurla-t-il. Il maudit les étoiles creuses au-dessus de lui, ces dieux de la poussière au cœur de fer, qui l'avaient blessé juste pour le laisser vivre, se moquant du souffle qu'ils daignaient lui accorder. Était-il leur jouet, leur farce ? Le Gardien sans nom d'un carrousel qui ne finissait pas de tourner ?

Enough!

Enough! – You hollow stars above,
You gods of dust, of iron love!
You wound me just to let me live,
And mock the breath you dare to give!
Was I your toy, your jest, your game?
A keeper lost without a name?
You built this cage of endless spin –
Then left me here to rot within!

The nights have teeth – they bite my soul!
The light deceives – it burns me whole!
Each hour I turn, each dream decays,
Your mercy dies in endless days!

If I could tear the sky apart,
I'd grind your name beneath my heart!
If heaven weeps, let ashes fall –
I curse the gods that cursed us all!

But what remains... when rage is done?
A clock unwound... a setting sun...
The echo fades, the flame burns low –

And all I was begins to go.
I raged against the void and pain,
But gods don't hear, they don't remain.
The wind will sweep this dust away –
And leave my anger where I lay.

O hollow stars, O cruel design,
You break the gears that once were mine,
I fought your fire, I broke your chain,
Now let me fall – and end this strain.

The carousel turns one last time,
Its song a ghost, its rhythm mine.
No rage remains, no breath, no call –
Just silence turning... over all.



La tempête intérieure avait accompli ce que des siècles de patience n'avaient pu faire : la machine commençait à ralentir. Chaque tour devenait une pénible traînée. Les couleurs s'estompaient, le son s'inclinait et les chevaux perdait leur éclat.

The Carousel Turns Slower Now

The carousel turns slower now,
Each color fades, each sound bows down,
The painted horses lose their glow,
And I, still riding, won't let go.

The music hums a weary tune,
A waltz for ghosts beneath the moon,
My pulse, once wild, now softly pleads,
To rest beneath the autumn reeds.

When the carousel slows, I am not afraid,
The lights are dim, but peace is made,
Let the silence come, let shadows rise,
I'll close my heart, and close my eyes.

The mirrors blur, no face remains,
The painted joy dissolves to rain,
I see my breath, I count its fall –
And feel the stillness claim it all.

Now every sound becomes a prayer,
Each whisper folds into the air,
My hands unclench, the circle ends,
I greet the dark – it feels like friend.

When the carousel slows, the lights descend,
I'll let the turning find its end,
No fear, no cry, no last disguise –
I drift beyond, through quiet skies.



Dans son ultime accès de fureur, le Keeper avait maudit les étoiles et arrêté sa course. Les engrenages avaient hurlé, le sol avait tremblé, et le sceau du Carrousel s'était brisé. Entre deux ombres, une couture d'or apparut, une ligne de lumière qu'il n'avait jamais vue. C'était une porte secrète. Il la toucha. Elle lui brûla la main. L'air s'épaissit de poussière. La porte exhala un souffle, les gonds pleurèrent... et derrière, elle gisait. Aria, la poupée mécanique.

He Screamed at the Stars

He screamed at the stars, he cursed the divine,
He tore at the wheel that defined his spine;
With hands of iron, with breath of flame,
He shattered the circle that bore his name.

The gears were screaming, the floor did quake,
The carousel's seal was broken;
And in the ruin, behind the pain,
A whisper rose – like glass in rain...

There... a seam of gold, a line of light,
Between two shadows, born of night;
A secret door he'd never known,
Beneath the wheel, beneath the steel...

He touched the seal – it burned his hand,
The air was thick with fallen sand;
The door gave breath, the hinges cried,
She lay there – even though death always lied...

And lo! she sleeps, the porcelain bride,
Pale as the moon, where shadows hide;
Her lips unbloomed, her lashes still,
A miracle beneath his will...

He falls to knees, he dares not breathe,
Her silence binds him, sweet as death;
No word is said, no prayer remains,
Frightened, he flees to hide.....

And in that hush, between two worlds,
The seal of life once more unfurls;
For love, defied, shall find its key...
Beneath the gears of destiny.



Dans cet abri sous l'engrenage brisé, Aria, s'éveillait. Un doux tic-tac, le son du Carrousel qui s'était réinstallé dans sa poitrine, accompagnait les arpèges cristallins d'une célesta.

The Carousel Has Come to Rest

The carousel has come to rest,
Its music sleeps within my chest,
From shadows deep, a door unseals
And light remembers what it feels.

Was it a dream, or endless night?
I saw no sun, I felt no light,
Yet whispers called from far away,
“Awake, my child of glass and clay.”

I am the doll, the silent one,
Built to smile when day is done,
Now gears and grace begin to weave,
A breath returns, I dare believe.

My porcelain veins recall their glow,
Each cog and spring begins to flow,
A music hums beneath my skin,
The world awakens deep within.

Where are the faces I once knew?
The painted children, faded too...
The mirrors sigh, the horses sleep,
Only my heart dares still to keep.

I am the doll, the last to wake,
The song is gone, but I still ache,
For touch, for time, for someone’s call,
To wind again this heart of all.

The air is cold, the lights decay,
Yet still I turn, though all fade away,
For somewhere, in the hush of stars,
A maker dreams of what we are.

I am the doll, the dream unspoken,
A soul of glass, forever broken,
The carousel sleeps, I softly breathe,
And fade, and fade... yet never leave.



Ils se rejoignirent dans le silence, deux pensées murmurées. Suis-je un fantôme qui désire sentir ? Suis-je un chagrin, une âme reflétée ?

I See Her Move or Do I Dream?

I see her move... or do I dream?
A shimmer born from some lost gleam,
Her eyes – like mirrors, veiled in frost,
They wake the ache of all I've lost.
No sound, no breath, yet something near,
A ghost? A prayer? A thing to fear...

Who walks this void of silence deep?
Who calls my name from endless sleep?
A shape, a man – or phantom bright,
Whose shadow bleeds into my light?
His gaze, it burns – is he my dream?
A memory drowned beneath the stream?

Her skin of glass, her lips of clay...
Do angels break this mortal way?
If death had hands, they'd look like this –
So still, so pure, so close to bliss.
But why, O heart, you stir, you beat?
I swore to end, to rest, complete...

He speaks of death – am I his sin?
A dream he made, or life within?
The gears inside my chest confess,
A trembling born of tenderness.
I fear his breath – yet crave its flame,
If this is death, I'll take its name.

Am I a ghost that longs to feel?
Or flesh that dreams of the unreal?

Am I a grief, A mirrored soul?
Or something born to make his whole?

I reach through dark, though fear may stay...

I hide in light, yet fade away...

If it is dream, let dream remain...

If it is death, then end my pain...

No, we do not dream
This breath, this gaze, this trembling gleam,
Is life, or death, or something new
Whatever it is, it's real it's you.

We wake, we fear, we love, we learn
When shadows breathe... the hearts return.



*L'instant où leurs mains se joignirent, l'ordre fut brisé.
Sous la lueur mécanique de la lune, une ombre agita l'air rouillé. Le Maître
du carrousel s'éveillait, son nom jamais prononcé, son cœur de fer et son sang
d'or. Il était celui par qui le Carrousel obéissait, le Forgeron du rêve et du
péché, celui qui avait emprisonné les âmes tournoyantes.*

Beneath the Moon

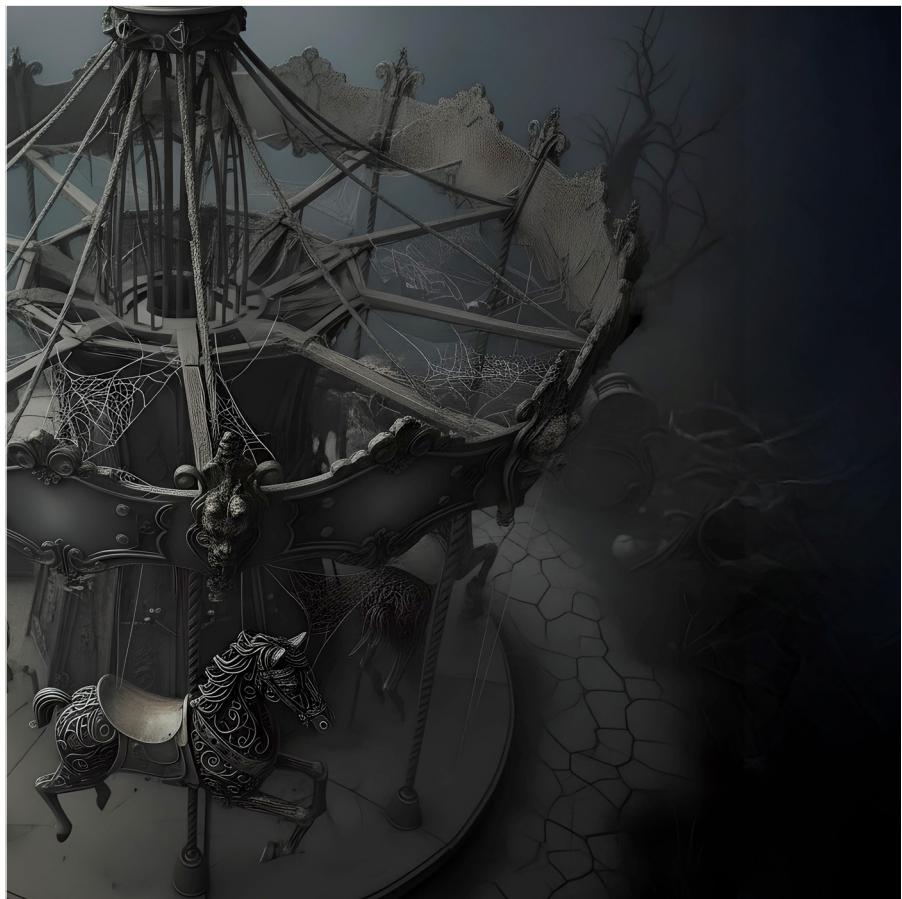
Beneath the moon's mechanical glare,
A shadow stirs the rusted air.
The master wakes, his name untold,
His heart of iron, his blood of gold.
The carousel obeys his will,
Its echoes bound, its motion still.
He forged the dream, he forged the sin,
And trapped the souls that turned within.

He saw them dance, the puppet's grace,
The Keeper's eyes, her soft embrace.
But love was not the gift he gave,
It broke the gears, defied the grave.
He cursed the spark that dared ignite,
He sealed their hearts in endless night.
A god betrayed by what he made,
By love, his order was unmade.

Behold the Master of the wheel!
His wrath resounds in iron steel!
He breaks the light, he breaks the chain,
He tears the heart from love and pain!

He whispers soft through gears and dust,
"Obey, my children, or turn to rust."
Yet somewhere deep, a rhythm calls,
The Keeper stirs, the silence falls.
His anger burns, his fear concealed,
For what he made has been revealed.
The wheel revolts, the light decays,
The Master weeps as the carousel sways.

Behold the Master of the wheel!
Creator lost in what is real!
He forged the stars, he forged the flame,
And lost himself within his name.



« Vous osez défier ma volonté, enfant de la rouille et du rêve ? J'ai créé les étoiles qui remontent vos ressorts ! Je vous ai donné des cœurs – et des choses mortnelles ! » S'il le fallait, le ciel tomberait. Il régnerait le silence, une fois pour toutes.

So You Dare to Break My Circle

So you dare to break my circle,
child of rust and dream?
You wound the law that bound the scheme!
I made the stars that wound your springs,
I gave you hearts – and mortal things!

I shaped her eyes from silver tears,
Her breath from time, her soul from gears!
For me she sang, for me! not you!
And now you wake what I undo!

Did I not forge this world of light?
Did I not seal your endless night?
You, keeper, fool, defier, slave
Shall spin forever in your grave!

How dare you love! how dare you dream!
You fracture my immortal scheme!
Her sleep was mercy – now betrayed,
By hands that I myself have made!

I am the Master! The wheel obeys!
My wrath shall burn through nights and days!
If she awakes, the sky shall fall –
And silence reign, once and for all!

But why... why trembles this old hand?
Why bleeds the dust I used to stand?
Have I grown weak – or grown too kind?
Their love infects my ancient mind...

Oh little doll, oh Keeper's sin...
I see the end – it lies within.
Break me, defy me, take the flame –
For I was love, before the rage.



« Vous osez défier ma volonté, enfant de la rouille et du rêve ? J'ai créé les étoiles qui remontent vos ressorts ! Je vous ai donné des cœurs – et des choses mortnelles ! » S'il le fallait, le ciel tomberait. Il régnerait le silence, une fois pour toutes.

The Wheel Has Fallen

The wheel has fallen, the lights are gone,
The songs of laughter, all undone;
The Master's wrath, like thunder's cry,
Tore heaven open, split the sky...

He cracked the gears, he broke the chain,
He fed the dust with lovers pain;
Now ashes fall like painted snow,
Where once the carousel did glow...

Turn no more, O wheel of sin,
The night devours what might have been;
One heart is still, one heart shall roam,
Through broken gears that once were home...

And she – the doll with eyes of glass –
Now wanders through the shattered brass;
Her fingers tremble, cold, unsure,
To find the one she loved before...

She calls his name, but no reply,
Only echoes learn to die;
Her tears fall down, like drops of rain,
On cogs of rust and memory's chain...

Once built for joy, now tomb for grace,
The carousel's a burial place;
And every ghost that dares to weep,
Will wake the gods that never sleep...

Turn no more, O wheel of sin,
The night devours what might have been;
The stars look down, they cannot see,
The love that broke eternity...



Le Créateur de rage et de jalousie avait brisé sa création. Il régnerait le silence, une fois pour toutes. Le Carrousel était devenu une tombe de la grâce. Et dans les ruines, Aria cherchait le Keeper.

Aria le trouva : immobile sous le verre brisé. Ses yeux éteints, son âme sans masse. Il avait été chaleur, il n'était plus qu'argile et métal figé.

« Ô, Gardien mien, où es-tu allé ? Ton nom est vent, ton souffle retiré. »

Ashes of Laughter

Ashes of laughter, broken chime,
The world I loved has lost its time.
No wheel to turn, no voice, no sound,
Just empty hearts upon the ground.

I found you still beneath the glass,
Your eyes unlit, your soul unmassed,
Once you were warmth, now only clay,
My clock still ticks why must I stay?

Oh, Keeper mine, where have you gone?
Your name is wind, your breath withdrawn.
I was your dream, your fragile line
Now I remain, and death divine.

The Master's wrath has stilled the air,
He broke your heart, he left me there.
What use to sing when song is pain?
What use to live, to live in vain?

I remember light, your hand in mine,
The carousel of fate, divine...
Now gears lie dead, and mirrors cry
And all that's left... is why, oh why...

Oh Keeper mine, the stars have fled,
Their silver eyes now dark instead.
I'll sit beside you, till I fade,
Among the bones that love has made.

My gears grow still...
My tears unwind...
If love was life...
Then death is kind.



Aria le trouva : immobile sous le verre brisé. Ses yeux éteints, son âme sans masse. Il avait été chaleur, il n'était plus qu'argile et métal figé.
« Ô, Gardien mien, où es-tu allé ? Ton nom est vent, ton souffle retiré. »
Mais Aria, crut entendre un soupir. Était-ce le vent, ou son propre engrenage qui créait des rêves ?

Was It the Wind

Was it the wind... or did you sigh?
A whisper through the dust and sky...
No – only echoes, cruel and kind...
Or dreams my weary gears have mined.

Don't cry, my love... the dark still hears,
It gathers voices through the years...
I slept beneath the shattered rain,
But love recalls the shape of pain.

You live... or do I dream again?
Is this the end, or just the same?
I thought the light had turned to stone,
Yet here you are – and I'm not alone.

Your tears have turned the wheel once more,
The gears of fate begin to soar...
In death I heard your broken plea,
And life returned – through memory.

If this is dream, don't wake me yet...

If this is death, let's not forget...

The ruin fades, the dawn ascends...

Love never dies – it only bends.

When the silence breathes, we rise again,
Through broken time, through joy and pain,
No god, no hand, no fate can part,
The gears of love that move the heart.

We turn no more – yet still we spin,
For love's the world we're living in.



*L'amour avait déchiré les chaînes, fissuré les engrenages du ciel.
La roue était brisée.*

Once There Was a Wheel of Light

Once there was a wheel of light,
Turning slowly through the night.
Built by hands that feared the end,
And dreamed that love could make time bend.

The Master forged his iron prayer,
The Keeper guarded dreams of air,
The Doll, a spark of silver grace,
Waited, still – in her glassy place.

But love awoke, and chains were torn,
The gears of heaven cracked and worn.
The wheel was shattered, fate undone,
And silence swallowed everyone.

Yet... in that hush beyond the gears,
Beyond the weight of rust and years,
A whisper stirs – too faint to name –
The echo of a vanished flame.

No god commands the heart to stay,
It finds its path, it finds its way.
Through death, through dust, through shadow's fall
Love turns the last wheel after all.

Now the manège sleeps – its circle broken.
But the dream remains.
For every creation, once shattered,
becomes the seed of another world.

And somewhere – in the silence –
a heart still beats,
without body, without time,
without end.





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