

Mythe:

Heeren, vertrekt!

Het signaal voor de 100^e Ronde,
andermaal het gemeenschappelijke
dat België verbindt.

Het kwetsbare dat overwint!
NU, na de terreur onomwonden.

Afzien, zweugen, stoempen.
Symbol van vrijvechten
door het Vlaamse Volk.
De winnaar op een wolk,
trui goed, rug rechten.

Heeren, vertrekt!

De ‘Hoogmis’ van het wielrennen:
voorheen de Muur, nu Kwaremont.

Straffe verhalen, gekleurd!
Flandriens, hun leven verbeurd
aan hellingen en kasseien over de grond.



*Kracht, moed en inzicht,
hartstocht en het vocht.
Voor het publiek een feest,
zij komen voor het beest:
de renner én het glas in het café bezocht.*

Heeren, vertrekt!

Frankrijk heeft de Tour,
Nederland de Elfstedentocht,
Italië waar de Pogio wordt gevonden.
Niets belangrijker dan de Ronde:
Fascinatie en gratie, bonjour!

De honderdste Ronde van Vlaanderen in vogelvlucht



Van de minuut stilte op de Grote Markt in Brugge tot de winnende solo van Peter Sagan in Oudenaarde. Dit is in vogelvlucht de honderdste editie van de Ronde van Vlaanderen.

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The Myth Of Democracy – Les Vulgaires Machins

What a vast hypocrisy strikes us
To make us feel like
They have the will to act
According to that which we address
'Power to the people' is the filthier duplicity ever
The way which dictates isn't the one we practice



What a strange embarrassment exposes itself
The planet belongs to others
We can't reform their system
You belong to others
Witness of an integral plundering
I hallucinate, faced with an irrefutable record



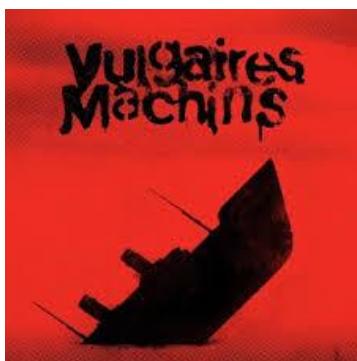
We can't reform the system,
But destroy the myth
We can't reform that system,
Only destroy the myth
Destroy the myth
Destroy the myth of democracy

What a vast hypocrisy strikes us
Watered with uselessness
We'll go in line to vote for nothing at all
Kneeling before the insipid
Blinded, but through spite
We're free to go to the end of our chains

"I've learned that people will
forget what you said,
people will forget what you did,
but people will never forget
how you made them feel."

The want to colonize my head
For my comfort to be inherent to my war arsenal
An entire nation, indivisible in its possession
The funeral procedure is in motion

We can't reform the system,
But destroy the myth
We can't reform that system,
Only destroy the myth
Destroy the myth
Destroy the myth of the freedom of the press



The pit widens between History and truth
And thanks to entertainment and sport
There are too few Chomsky
For the percentage of LCN, of Snyder, of Gretsky

We can say that they're plan is working fine
Destroy the myth
There's no need to worry about anyone anymore
Destroy the myth
Destroy the myth
Destroy the myth of justice, my brother