

Franco Battiato, The King Of The World

Strange how the rumble of fighter planes once
Disturbed the rhythm of the balconies' plants
And after silence then far away
The sudden cannon's roar.
And from the radio signals in code

One day in heaven fires of Bengala
Peace came back again
Yet the king of the world
Keeps our hearts enchained.

In the full white dresses
Echeos of Sufi dances
In Japan's undergrounds today
Oxygen machines;
The more all becomes useless
The more we believe it's true
And in the final days
English will not help.
And on our bicycles heading for home
Life brushed us
Yet the king of the world
Keeps our hearts enchained.