

# Novembre, Cold Blue Steel

I drown in the sound  
In a sterile atmosphere  
Down below the noise sphere  
In sterile cold blue steel  
Lifeless in time

A caress of cold, a caress of cold  
The caress of a cold blue light lamp

[solo: Massimiliano]

The stars ain't shining now  
In this artificial sky  
with electro-psychic storms  
Where aseptic stillness is

I look for your hand somehow  
But you cannot reach me here now  
This mental-nowhere has closed its doors  
Where life gives way to crying steel