

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