

# Novembre, Marea (Part 1,2,3)

(Part 1 - Nostalgia / Its Gaze)

E' come impazzire in un mare dorato

Anguish at the everlasting waters we feel  
Staring at the darkest parts of the blue sea's eyes

It blinds by us by its silence left a widower by a winter  
Which can never melt the icy salt of its waves

And left orphans by warm snows we go insane  
At your ancient resigned gaze

The golden swords of the sun can't even scratch  
Your intense mixture of silver and blue

Which deified our ancestors  
Which witnessed science's temples  
Which carefully hides the island of the ancient future  
Which kept the melancholic secrets of countless mortals

(Solo: Massimiliano)

(Part 3 - Behind my Window / My Seas of South)

And now that the cold has returned  
Where's my window  
From which I used to dominate  
The world?

My grey, bleak, azure world  
A world without no wars  
A world where I could even fly

Now I know live doesn't belong to these lands  
It flies free above all this  
I could see it from behind my window  
Bringing me that happiness which wet the eyes

Where are my seas of south which wet the eyes now?  
Where is my window now that the cold has returned?

(Solo: Carmelo)