

Novembre, Novembre

Here it is
It brings the nothingness of tomorrow
Here it is
It brings the silver of another sorrow
The last wave
The very last wave
And then it arrived
Now unable to enchant these eyes
Weakened by the desperation of a suicide
The last sunshine

(Solo: Massimiliano)

And when finally hate shall bring us together
And when all love gone bad
Will be at least turned to hate
I'll rise again