

# Novembre, Tales from a winter to come

And the Winter did the things  
I wanted to be done  
No matter the pain in gave,  
The rain continued to fall on and on

So the wind brought grief,  
And the cold shed tears  
And now my ally is making,  
Making me one with hissad cry

The Winter rages out through my mouth  
Breaking through the windows of your Summer  
It freezes pure love  
And fills your stories with pages  
Pages from a Winter to come

From a fortress of frost,  
Blood pours forth from my mouth  
Flooding your dream fields, your shores  
Sweeping your hopes away  
To where no senses reach

This death-filled sky reflecting the horror I lust  
I'm hidden up here in decrepitude  
Writing with blood, Tales from a Winter to come

(Solo: Carmelo)  
(Solo: Massimiliano)