

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)