

# Novembre, The Dreams Of The Old Boats

Running by the shiny shipway  
Which flows thoughtlessly  
Down the marine mirror  
Of a ionic waterline

There was a fresh breeze  
Strange peace  
Tranquility  
And there was the Sun

It was even able to warm me up  
No longer an enemy  
The sight passed by, as pictures running  
Playing tag to a sweet roundabout

Then the mighty of a boat  
The art in its misery  
Its baroque shams  
Its gone inlays

The arcane ornaments  
Its lone gaze  
Its ancient memories  
Its wars lost

Splendid  
As Venice has never been  
As the moon won't ever be  
And just only is the sea

It was a dream, just a dream  
'Cause only in a dream there's a fresh breeze  
The Sun can warm me up  
I wish I could dream it again