

# Octavia Sperati, Icebound

Un savoury You spending my time on them  
Without hesitation earning your money on us  
Forged truth coming out  
-filthy fingers

Alone cutting glass  
Breaking hearts  
Tinker with words

Stocked expectations in all this sickness  
Get on your horses plodding in march  
Overlook the future  
Embrace the spirits of enterprise

Winter enclosure

Peaceful exploitations of deadly words  
Soil is pulsating  
Transmitted by the sweetest smile  
Her beam embraces him  
Sun swallow drunken mind  
And writes her name on face

Overload memories were spilt on fire  
The lack of comfort makes heroes of pain  
Recreates the stars as the flare is conquered by aptitude

Winter enclosure

Vivid sounds creates connecting tunes  
Soil is pulsating  
The song is fully blown  
A choir hymns the saddest melody  
In hypnotic landscapes  
Icebound the flower shiver