

# Ataraxia, Le Ore Rosa Di Mazenderau

[The pink hours of Mazenderan]

Your screams are in my mouth  
and fail inside my heads.....  
The spirit among the trees,the mask I've never kissed.....  
I will unhinge the balcony,  
leaving against it will tremble and run on the contrary.  
Trying to keep back life  
I take-off my eyes,  
dancing in my shoes,  
touching with faith the holy water.