Banco Del Mutuo Soccorso, The Night Is Full

Sounds of men sighing are carned by the night
Their ingenuous desires or perverse ambitions
On her wings

She can carry it all:
Dreams of biting an apple or

Desire for a victory at any cost
The night resounds with desperate cries
You'll distinguish them all one after the other
Just listen well inside the silence
You'll hear them struggling with each other