

CAN, Come Sta, La Luna

Coming sta, la luna, coming sta,
Coming sta, la luna, coming sta.

I am not fighting, but I'm the night,
I am not dying and I'm not hurt.
I am the right or the wrong, your hope,
I am the dancer on the tender road.

I am the water and how I can flow.

I have ambition to that,
I'm not falling you know,
I sound like singing the flow,
I am the dancer on the tender road.

Coming sta, la luna
And why don't you call me sta?
Flowing over Babaluma,
It ain't your friend.
You can do it alone
And you don't have to pay
And if you don't free your window
There is nothing to shame.

But I don't play easy,
It's secret, the truth,
I was fading in water,
There is nothing but you.
You can look through the wall,
You just smile it for sure,
She comes in white flowers,
There is no way to go.

Coming sta, la luna, coming sta,
Coming sta, la luna, coming sta.

It's never heard,
Speak through the voice of the water,
Stretch the curse before
While you can think and be different.
The foe of your brothers,
Be the king of the rain
While you'll be playing
Full from the strain pool.

Coming sta, la luna
And why don't you call me sta?
Flowing over Babaluma,
It ain't your friend.
You can do it while you run,
Play alone in the light
And you freeze so gently,
There is my own of the matter.

La, la, luna, la, la, luna,
La, la, la, luna, na, na, na,
Flowing over Babaluma,
It ain't your friend.

Coming sta.