## Ilaria Graziano, Christmas in the Silent Forest

Seeing colors Ribbons of their truth Can I touch to reconnect? See beyond the light,

In Bubbles rise -- to surface in someone's eye

Synchrons that dwell

Silence is crying, is crying

Open doors and Empty glasses,

Christmas in the Silent Forest

The limp ticking of the hand

Penetrate in whispers

In shadows rise -- to surface in someone's mind

Echoes that dwell ... echoes that dwell... echoes that dwell

Blameless sorrow

Hollow hush of trees

Roots are deeply intertwined

Penetrate in whispers

In showdows rise -- to surface

In someone's sigh Segments that yell

Silence is crying, is crying

Open doors and Empty glasses,

Christmas in the Silent Forest

The limp ticking of the hand

Hollow hush of trees, How do you keep?

Sweet slumber, sleep among the forest trees

Hollow hush of trees, How do you keep?

Sweet slumber, sleep among the forest trees