

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 shadows 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