

Kirlian Camera, News

(written by Angelo Bergamini in 1980)

Im a crystal flash
the cold dark of the people
is living near me
I feel like a stranger
that cannot rest his eyes
Im like a dusty mirror
Im not shure, Im confused
I hear the echo of the news
in presence of the warlords

Im dreaming only slight colours
My memories are tears
Theyre falling just like drops
and soaking the white floor
The silence of my lips
is only a tired moment
because Im bored of it
because there are no excuses
I need to see the day
I need to see the light
This room is falling down
I want to see its end

Here comes the winter, miriads of rainsparks
are glittering on the sill
The shouting that I hear is like an obscure lake
My time has stopped there
I feel like a stranger that cannot rest his eyes
Im like a dusty mirror