

# Kirlian Camera, Wasted Bridges

Waiting for the silent men  
watching the solar nights  
while in these mornings  
sparkling drops of young spears  
are falling from the trees...  
In the boulevard of light  
In the boulevard of light.  
Fresh waters and fountains  
reappearing in the quiet zones  
where is possible to rest  
laying on the blue bed  
at the edge of heaven.

And if in the night  
I cannot see anymore flights  
I can hear some distant screams  
lost in the great obscurity;  
when fog is turning back  
from the front of a black war  
I am walkig near that river  
that leads me through the rain  
as the gates of the wasted bridge...  
as the gates of the wasted bridge...

Night of echoes, missing faces  
missing steps of missing men  
in a dream of grey old shadows  
smoking cigarettes at last  
on the bridge of broken leaves.  
Smoking cigarettes with ghosts  
on the bridge of broken leaves.