

# Luca Turilli, Altitudes

Fogs of silent  
Deadly ghostland  
Darken pathways  
To the sea of sorrow  
Tearing willows  
Hide the entrance  
Gothic portal  
To the ancient lost world  
Ancient lost world

Crystal rain fall shy on me  
Wash and clean my bleeding hands  
There's no rose without a thorn  
Far above the open plain

ENDLISS IS MY WILL OF HEAVEN  
ENDLESS IS MY FLIGHT  
INNER FLIGHT THROUGH THE BREATH  
OF LONELY SILVER CLOUDS  
NEW PERSPECTIVE NEW EYES  
ALTITUDES

Gentle breeze of distant winds  
Light my mind refresh my soul  
View of nymphs and golden lakes  
All my thoughts can slowly fade

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