

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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