

Luca Turilli, New Century's Tarantella

Right beyond the frozen lake of sorrow
when they reached the ruins of Ayraklis
losing their will and conscience
they fell down trapped in a deadly sleep
But not far the horns of hope were sounding
raging moving every icy stone
there where their lying bodies
were now surrounded by ten shy little Gorks
So the miracle saved them
and they woke up again
thanks to secret and unknown old cures
based on magic plants
Oh what wonderful creatures...
only a few could see them
only legends and old fairytales
describing their cold far white reign

Warriors of the new century
now rise
hear the sad voice of starless nights
Warriors of the new century
now ride
cross the cosmic shores of mortal time

So that dream spoke to the silent warrior
rising now from moons of black abyss
drinking the brew of wild herbs
the special one's growing only on those hills
She was there already cured and happy
able so to kiss his lips again
but sadly time was running out
and all those fools were going to find their way
So they thanked all those new friends
leaving that mystic place
setting off on their journey
fleeing to reach a safer place
When they came to the white lakes
they could see behind them
that enormous and ancestral black moon
screaming visual pain...true pain!

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