

# 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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