Luca Turilli's Rhapsody, Dante's Inferno

She's in me Her being, her will to live Damned to breathe And feel that source of sin

One pure fate True love devoured by hate Her last pain Dark trace of pulsing shade

Veiled in the mist of a sad winter night A lonely ghost in a fragment of light Icy vibration, a whisper, a cold word Mortal darkened deadly sorrow

Divina amata
Or sospirata
I'll cross the hell on earth
To have your soul back
Irato averno
Dante's inferno
I need your grace to be my pain
In nomine

Freeze, black wind My nights, my empty dreams Back from lies I'm her sacrifice

She's in me Her being, her will to live Damned to breathe And feel that source of sin

One melancholic reflection of grey A walking dead with your heart in his hands Come and reveal all the might of your shadow Through your gothic vivid splendor

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