

Meganoidi, Impero

From these broken arms you know, you know, us
Counting all your tears we know, this time

And we cross this barren moor as far as the edge

We fell asleep listening to the ten black rivers flowing towards downtown
From time to time, from the areals, confused voices crow about there victory
On the Hill someone was lighting a bonfire

Cross this barren moor, we'll wait on the edge

Beyond the borders we met the empire
In the semi darkness we made out the framework of all his buildings
The skyline was on fire

Non resiste pi l'intesa speranza che ci trov fiduciosi guardare pi in l
And here we are commossi se domani cedesse l'intera citt