

Novembre, Argentic

I lit the sunlight with my hands
Knowing there's to be some reason for this ever coming dark

All I want to find is a way
For these cardboard wings to fly their blackened feathers up again

Not a tiny breadcrumb trace
To retrieve the lost Argentic pathway leading us away

Oh, my naked angel face
Now it is my turn to drag you to tomorrow
All your light faded away
'Cause you've given all the strength you had to someone else

Touch me and relieve me from the plague of sorrow
Touch me and heal me with your silver colours
Touch me...

I lit the sunlight with my hands
Knowing there's to be some reason for this ever coming dark

Not a tiny breadcrumb trace
To retrieve the lost Argentic pathway leading us away

Touch me and relieve me from the plague of sorrow
Touch me and heal me with your silver colours
Touch me...

I reached the Sun myself and found
Nothing there to clear the reason for this ever coming grey

And all that's left to find's the way
(Back) to the fields of silver colours you once used to share with me