

Novembre, Carnival

Slowly gliding down through the bottle that seems to have no end
Sweet is the falling in those bubbles and colours
When you leave nothing you care about behind
When the state of mind is drowning and all the world is drunk
The roads I walk are even sadder than ever
Every word has a reason and every line has a rhyme
All the things which used to be dark are suddenly clear
All that broken glass on my hand to spill all the inferno I feel
All the thorns of my crown to fill you with the blood you deserve
All the tears I mixed with wine are tastier than your fading lips
And the mud in which I crawled is warmer than your melting kiss
And the lights that other eyes brought to me couldn't light
all the darkness you breed
Oh rain which fall down on me, lift me away from this place without dream