

# 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