

Novembre, Materia

(C. Orlando, Pagliuso, G. Orlando)

The time we had birth in light
The time we had been brought into light
We slipped out of their hands and fell into the night
After all this time, still can't choke off the cries

And sail together this night boat lost in time

In slow motion resound
The missing matter discrepancy
Can't disperse the lightnings, echoes abysmal

Because the doorway is there tomorrow
Doesn't mean we're doing fine
To leave the stairs of the absolute means
We are no more the loony ones

The time we had birth in light
The time we'd been brought into light
It rejoins the final blaze disorder
With no sense of losing something

Today I meet you down at sundown time
Immersed in orange light we both revive
Delight of the Sun
Leaving us a caress, while
Fading down, it brings our pain with him away

But war, remember, where it resides
Tomorrow leaves the horror hiding, somehow hiding