

# Novembre, Nothijngrad

(C. Orlando, Pagliuso, G. Orlando)

Sometimes the night  
Brings memories, sometimes the night  
Brings feelings you thought they are died  
In some dusty, forgotten lost hall of your mind yes, sometimes  
The night

This time a sea of ox-eyes  
Painting the irises of white  
Flooding mi senses with light  
Filling my forgotten halls with bright

Because the lanes of the night  
Always lead to railways blind  
Always lead to the most pointless rhymes  
Rhymes of life that sometimes we must write  
Take the hand that is given to you  
Let yourself to this Sunday morning

We're riding this shore to some-place beyond  
So don't ever believe we'd stop by  
A thousand years we've got ahead of your eyes (x2)

The further sight, always the farthest of sights  
The farthest sight

Pride and might  
We believe it's Nothijngrad