

Novembre, Nursery Rhyme

We, in this blowing of time
We lose our dreams as the trees give their leaves to the ground
With no more poetries to cry
We're still here without a place to hide
Not finding shade to shelter from the fury of the Sun
Couldn't melt the dark ice of the night
Just running on fast in vain and then running again
We, with no sunset in sight
We face together the passing of time
With no more poetries to cry
We're still awake in this nightmare just trying to find rhymes
A somber stream flows down the stars
crossing my dreams, reaching my heart
and in this stream I find my heaven
The sound is deep into the night
where wolves are howling at their moonlight
and in this darkness is sweet to lose one's way
No time to kiss my last good-byes, just touch your face for the last time, I leave this gardens of grief
Just give me a reason to remain, I'll give you a thousand to go away
let's look together for somewhere better