

Novembre, Tales From A Winter Come

And the Winter did the things
I wanted to be done
No matter the pain in gave,
The rain continued to fall on and on
So the wind brought grief,
And the cold shed tears
And now my ally is making,
Making me one with hissad cry
The Winter rages out through my mouth
Breaking through the windows of your Summer
It freezes pure love
And fills your stories with pages

Pages from a Winter to come
From a fortress of frost,
Blood pours forth from my mouth
Flooding your dream fields, your shores
Sweeping your hopes away
To where no senses reach
This death-filled sky reflecting the horror I lust
I'm hidden up here in decrepitude
Writing with blood, Tales from a Winter to come
[Solo: Carmelo]
[Solo: Massimiliano]