

Novembre, The Dream of the Old Boats

Running by the shiny ship way
Which flows thoughtlessly
Down the marine mirror
Of a ionic waterline

There was a fresh breeze
Strange peace
Tranquility
And there was the sun

It was even able to warm me up
No longer an enemy
The sight passed me by, as pictures running
Playing to a sweet roundabout

Then the mighty of a boat
The art in its misery
Its baroque shams
Its gone inlays

Its arcane ornaments
Its lone gaze
Its ancient memories
Its wars lost

Splendid
As Venice has never been
As the moon won't ever be
Just like only is the sea

It was a dream, just a dream
'cause only in a dream there's fresh breeze
the can warm me up
wish I could dream it again!