

On Thorns I Lay, On Thousand Times

The damnation of the centuries is still staying
Here, like the black cloud of grief, like the dull
Dawn of an autumnal day
Pain, sorrow, hystery is what offer to us our Lord,
Watch the beautiful sky, this foolmoon night,
Stars light all the creation into this darkness
Unknown sounds brake the eternal tranquillity
Oh favorable wind, reel like furious
Higher from the grand turret, where Death
And life become one, the journey of soul after
Death, memories from the signs of the cross
Where the infernal abyss seems to be
The passage from the time to the eternity
The only one I want is to be true
In a dull sky with clouds and despair, the beaming
Of the moon seems to be the unexpected hope
This salvation could be like an oasis somewhere in Egypt
Why is such a mystery?
Even I feel the ancient force
when I walk to the Enternal of a pyramid or a temple.
I know that the spirit
Springs from the liberty of the mind, and one day you will see...
That we will leave everything back, why is such our purpose?
Because life is the suffering
that you'll pay for the eternal hapiness
There isn't truth more, gold from the truth of grief,
One thousand times to be born,
one thousand times you will crucified
The old woman is still wail for the dead,
the old like paths of the people to wake up the dead.
The damnation of hundred years,
it's still living with us,
Like the black cloud of sorrow,
like the dull dawn of an autumnal day