

Rhapsody, Where Dragons Fly

by Luca Turilli

The way is long, time is too short
this little footpath seems never to end
Green are the trees, musk on the stones
how it looks strange this mystical world
Sweet smelling rose what do you hide
behind your innocence red like my blood

Hungry for victory, hungry for love
love for the earth that made me her son
strong and invincible serving my cry
go now and ride there where dragons fly

The rocks appear in front of me
when the first shadows pretend to dark
Near is your end wild holy path
open my eyes to what the sun hides
Beloved mountain what do you hide
Where does your river flow, I want to know

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