

Dedication to life understanding,
a game for fools?
Shakespearean fantasies from
Love's Labour's Lost!
In circle we swan across two worlds.
Tomorrow, a blue distance.
We are drowning in Milan's frantic illusion,
as ten years ago,
and I pledge to live for you before going.
The children's grace,
the grail we're searching for
in the island of the day before.

One step behind, another chance,
arrhythmic beat or a renaissance.
You were fifteen years old.
Once upon a time,
there was a place we called infancy.

Garden of delights, an eden is lost!
Why should you cry? The real world is yours!

...And Milan smells like absence,
but every day has to be intense.
Please dance.

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Solo: Onofrio

Cities with no children,
cities like winter,
cities made of absinth and failures.
Innocence of the first six,
INHERITANCE of our lips
convinced to close an age
into an embrace.

Home!
Home!
A forgotten word!

Eve,
Eve,
sceptical indentivity.

...And Milan smells like absence,

but every day has to be intense.
Every day has to be intense!