

Morning Glories in Peace Square, there's no voice.
I'm fading into the darkest shades of their choice.
A show of consolations can blur memory
(I know it perfectly.)
and I'm getting lost in this lack of anything else.

Paintings on your concrete ruins, "little boy",
I'm staring at the darkest part of our trace.
Another reconstruction tries to explain to me
(Authentic, illusory.)
the outstanding meekness become vitality.

A sun, apocalypse, a new disease,
the solemn dance of ten thousand degrees.
And let me one more dance to learn to purify, to justify,
removing the salt from wounds.
Far horizons shine, compassionate demise.

Welcome to Peace Square.
I belong to it since the primal scene.
Let the rain clean their cheeks,
let me be your world unseen.

I saw the patience to found this Peace Dome.
I breathe consistency.
Remembrance from the depth to found this Peace Dome.
Remembrance is an act.

Solo: Onofrio
Solo: Alessandro
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