

Nostalgia / Its Gaze

Novembre

E' come impazzire in un mare dorato

Anguish at the everlasting waters we feed
Staring at the darkest parts of the blue sea's eyes

It blinds us by its silence left a widower by a winter
Which can never melt the icy salt of its waves

And left orphans by warm snows we go insane
At your ancient resigned gaze

The golden swords of the sun can't even scratch
Your intense mixture of silver and blue

Which deified our ancestors
Which witnessed science's temples
Which carefully hides the great lost island of the ancient future
Which can keep the melancholic secrets of countless mortals