

Ivory and White

Saratoga

Life you can create
Everything it consists of making yourself vibrate
Free you make me feel
Closure the eyes, I you am sorry to moan
Your heart incites me to touch
Your soft curves, your soft profile it is not mas that to speak,
you are the light That you eat goes out

Only the big ones could extract
Of your entrails something immortal
And while your voice sounds,
Note to note my soul poseeras
Dress of white and ivory
I pray and silver, it must be like that

You roar, can shout
Everything it depends on my anxiety
You cry if Alone I weep for a lament, an alone voice
The conclusion that I manage to understand
Is that your magic does not want to yield
Who I invent you I do not imagine
That I overcome god himself

Only the big ones could extract
Of your entrails something immortal
And while your voice sounds,
Note to note my soul poseeras
Dress of white and ivory
I pray and silver, it must be like that

Beams and thunders go out
About your made ropes of metal
You Speak to the multitude,
never bewitch have them end
And I here, besides you
Once again I invite you to fly

Only the big ones could extract
Of your entrails something immortal
And while your voice sounds,
Note to note my soul poseeras
Dress of white and ivory
I pray and silver, it must be like that

Beams and thunders go out
About your made ropes of metal
You Speak to the multitude,
never bewitch have them end
And I here, besides you
Once again I invite you to fly