

# Conservatory Resonance

## Novembre

Through the painting and the wite busts  
in the corridor of the fountain  
from a century I try to find you, I tryThe veil, the veil of the night descends  
heavy upon our schoolWhere the music found shelter  
from the havoc of the plebeians thirstAnd I wonder why  
birds are silent now  
and our tools of notes worn as your loveA young boy takes a violin  
and puts all his dreams in it  
and turns towards the dusky skyline, smilingSmiling, as yet he ignores the minstrels fate  
to need for a love vast as sky  
impossible to findOr maybe he'll find flower  
on which you'll share some joy  
the kind of those  
greeting the end

Lyrics provided by

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