Stabat Mater

Rinaldo Alessandrini

In the glorious days till we lost our way
Hey, do you recall when the war was just a gameNow the wind ventures to other plains
Hey, when will I see you again if I go ?This train whistles and blows all sounds away
Hey, how could we be close again ?Now the nights is bathing in disgrace
Hey, do you still braid some flowers in your hair ?Comes the sound of boots and metal chains
Hey, will the perfume of the daisies remain ?A circus of horses is dancing in the bay
Hey, now the fire is in the wayThe past is sucked by quick-sands I'm afraid
Hey, do you recall when the war was just a game

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