

Venezia Dismal

Novembre

Enigma carnival
dancers in the black
Venezia dismal land
countess dour, faceless in her maskA duel of silhouettes tonight
a rondo rapture breaks the lightAs the gondola sails high
by the wake of milky way
a romantic tune we cry
ina misty and faded dayAs the music leads our eyes
it echoes in cathedrals grey
when december leaves us dry
then the belfry's stuck againWhen the magic rain of this marry confetti dance
is nothing but our icy tears from beyond our skylad masks
skylad masks, or starclad, infinite-cladA venetian oldmen sighs
Reeling to the canal bench
when the season tide is nightThen december leaves fall dry
upon this melancholic place
some romantic tune we cry

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