

Triesteitaliana

Novembre

There at the borders
Cold and rigid guardians dressed of no life
We run and run in circles
Till the world stops spinning round
(Run in circles, and the world as we know it, spins in silence)
Till remaining breathless, panting
Overwhelmed by laughter
Starry skies of stains
Ultimately sorry
Uneducated random strokes of pain
It's a chain going backwards through the veins
Must sew up this wound and run away
I can feel their strength
Through crooked-lightning desert pathways
Run and run and run the pathways
branching off through time
Two lone-wolves shared
the utmost silence of the time
(run, run the pathways as you share
the uttermost of silence)
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