## Turilli Luca "New Century's Tarantelle"

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Right beyond the frozen lake of sorrow when they reached the ruins of Ayraklis losing their will and conscience they fell down trapped in a deadly sleep But not far the horns of hope were sounding raging moving every icy stone there where their lying bodies were now surrounded by ten shy little Gorks

So the miracle saved them and they woke up again thanks to secret and unknown old cures based on magic plants
Oh what wonderful creatures...
only a few could see them only legends and old fairytales describing their cold far white reign

WARRIORS OF THE NEW CENTURY
NOW RISE
HEAR THE SAD VOICE OF STARLESS NIGHTS
WARRIORS OF THE NEW CENTURY
NOW RIDE
CROSS THE COSMIC SHORES OF MORTAL TIME

So that dream spoke to the silent warrior rising now from moons of black abyss drinking the brew of wild herbs the special one's growing only on those hills She was there already cured and happy able so to kiss his lips again but sadly time was running out and all those fools were going to find their way

So they thanked all those new friends leaving that mystic place setting off on their journey fleeing to reach a safer place When they came to the white lakes they could see behind them that enormous and ancestral black moon

screaming visual pain...true pain!

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