

Ars Onirica

"Dellamorte Dellamore"

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Captured by death, surrounded by life
Prisoner and slave in a royal prison
Without walls, without bars,
Burned by the red sun of false reality
I hadn't a chance to demonstrate my reasons.

I want stay in a corner alone
Oh this is a feeling too hard to explain
I don't know what's sure and what's vain

La morte, la morte, dolcissima e amara,
La morte che cerchi nella notte chiara,
Che cerchi per dirle quanto l'ami ancora,
Che eri andato via ma di nuovo sei qui ora,
Perch  non puoi stare lontano da lei
E lei dici piangendo: io per te morirei,
E che sei il suo schiavo, e che lei   sovrana,
La morte, la morte, la morte puttana.

Now in this room of my mind,
I would you say what I find:
All the love, all damnation,
All the warm, all the passion,
With our snake so green,
I feel your smell on my skin,
I don't want fall in darkness again,
Thanks for the help, for the pain,
Please take me over the gate,
Surrounded by irony, surrounded by fate.

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