

Delirium X Tremens

"An Old Dusty Dream Vajont 9 Ottobre 1963"

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An old man is watching me
At the end of that valley
In that dark an dusty house
Which hides cursed words
And smells of unburied corpses
That old man is bleeding now
His head is bleeding and he laughs
He keeps on watching me because he knows me

Observing the high tops of Dolomites
He sharpens hir red knives
And waits patiently the moment in wich we will unite

The red river is chasing me
Along that vertical road
That scary road
That endless road

My eyes are bleeding
Dim view and sorrow
Mountains are speaking to me
And I have already heard these voices
I have already seen that old man in my dreams
The sky is turning grey, misty storm clouds
Threatening thunders rive the still
Bursts of light flare up in the air
Cutting the rocky sides of the Mountains

The moist grass makes me wince
Along that vertical road
That road where evil lives
That road where you can speak with the dead
The red river is chasing me
Along that vertical road
That scary road
That endless road

A freezing wind hisse among the trees
It's the singing of the solemn Dolomites
Sometimes I can still hear it

I must find a shelter, the storm is coming
The storm of the legends

An old man is watching me
At the end of that valley
In that dark an dusty house
Which hides cursed words

An old an dusty dream...
An old an dusty dream...

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