

Dramarama

"By Untrodden Paths"

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"The time has been, when yet the muse was young,
When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro sung,
An epic scarce ten centuries could claim,
While awe-struck nations hailed the magic name:

The work of each immortal bard appears
The single wonder of a thousand years

Empires have mouldered from the face of earth,
Tongues have expired with those who gave them birth,
Without the glory such a strain can give,
As even in ruin bids the language live".
[George Gordon, Lord Byron]

You keep the secrets of the night
In the deep blue of the sky
I want to cry
No more rain - I die...

We were the prophets of mankind
We were the poets of the light
Now darkness shines
Blind your eyes and...

You keep the secrets of my life
In the deep blue of your eyes
Everything dies
I just want to cry...

We shared the knowledge with the sun
But our message now is gone
Time runs too fast
Everything is lost...

DALLE CENERI

Dalle ceneri di questo
Insipido mare
Nel non ricordo
Delle eroiche
Gesta antiche,

Torneremo
Ad essere grandi
Dove nessuno
Ã• mai stato,
A risplendere,
Dove la luce
Finora
Aveva soltanto
Albeggiato.
Come la luce
Finora
Aveva soltanto
Distrutto.

And here we go...
...We're prophets reborn!

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