

## **Drastic**

### **"...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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