

# Klimt 1918 "Dopoguerra"

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City walls are coming down  
It's a brand new world's deep sound  
Sleeping under these remains  
And I guess I could be wrong  
Time ago all hope was gone  
Moving lips to breath that time  
No murder by the light of sun  
I've only come to see it shines  
Please let me take a bite of cloud  
Time for romantic view  
In the halflight were I stand  
Roma rises from the pink  
It's a slice of light that brings me hope  
Moving lips to breathe worm joy  
Silent wishful noise  
Though the dust red buildings kiss the sky  
And I know it's time to run,  
To forgive the burning rain  
'Twist your head in wind', yeah someone says  
And I try to organize,  
All the tears I cried  
I have lived and mourned for aftermath  
Aftercare day  
Aftergame time  
Afterward cry  
Grey hairs on my head.  
See the time of youth is gone  
See the rage of past is vain  
Try to close your eyes and smile  
(Sleeping) under these remains

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