

Klimt 1918

"Sleepwalk In Rome"

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Please rain a tear of light in black ocean way
Fellows smell of musk, through a tree-lined road
In the dark green flow
Outside tell me your name softly
Outside wake me tonight slowly
Please lead my dance with care
With your mid-fall's rained words.
We are the friends dancing in a sleeping Rome
Come on now dance through the bends of a glorious
past
We drink the tears of sky, with our trembling mouths
Between earth and grey clouds...
Someone tells we are dead when our dream is gone.
How to prove to you that's wrong?
So Please enjoy our dance outside
Feel cold blue trance inside deeply
Please lead our dance with care
With your mid-fall's rained words

La mota, il viso dei dormienti,
Le colpe lievi delle genti, si
Mi guardano come se
Niente pi'u niente fosse vero
Nemmeno il cielo tra le dita
Che piange su di noi
Stringete lana imbevuta
Mi bagno il viso un'altra volta, no
Non mi dite che
Dovete andare pi'u lontano,
Umide vesti scolorite
Che fate male sulla pelle
Come la mota sulla pelle
Le ore lorde degli incanti
I sogni scuri dei perdenti, s'l
Scorrono come se
Il buio fosse acqua e terra
Torrente scuro, silenzioso
Le labbra viola seducenti
Umide membra già basite

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