

Luca Turilli "New Century's Tarantelle"

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Right beyond the frozen lake of sorrow
When they reached the ruins of Ayraklis
Losing the will and conscience
They fell down trapped into a deadly sleep

But not far the horns of hope were sounding
Raging, moving every icy stone
There where their lying bodies
Were now surrounded by ten shy little Gorks

So the miracle saved them
And they woke up again
Thanks to secret and unknown old cures
Based on magic plants

Oh, what wonderful creatures
Only a few could see them
Only legends and old fairy tales
Describing their cold far white reign

Warriors of the new century, now rise
Hear the sad voice of starless nights
Warriors of the new century, now ride
Cross the cosmic shores of mortal time

So that dream spoke to the silent warrior
Rising now from moons of black abyss
Drinking the brew of wild herbs the
Special ones growing only on those hills

She was there already cured and happy
Able so to kiss his lips again
But sadly time was running
And all those fools were gonna find their way

So they thanked all those new friends
(All those new friends)
For leaving that mystic place
(Mystic place)
Setting off on their journey
Fleeing to reach a safer place

When they came to the white lakes
(To the white lakes)
They could see behind them
(See behind them)
That enormous and ancestral black moon
Screaming visual pain true pain

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