

Nile "Silvara"

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Fogs sweep away my wishes, beyond their sinuous run
nothing is endless, I don't remember my tale.
Under the sky embroidered with stars that wou
embrace every night,
I pick up your last dreams, and I hear the fleeting tune
of your glooms.
I aim at the drawing of the run of your life, and your
coldness, that runs
after the fogs and
penetrates into my bones.
Your soul seems to dance in front of me, dressed in
white, with her slender

hands raising to
get to God, and every leaf under your feet stands for a
year wasted to find
him.
Silvery wood rise, set up to the eternal night, to pull
away the veil of
this blasphemous light.
Silvery wood cry, for the shades of the night, while the
wind blows the
song of your eternal
sigh.
My soul is lost in your harmonious world.
The wood is showing its real face, the moon quivers in
Silvara's
embrace.

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