

## **Novembre**

# **"L'Epoque Noire (March The 7th 12973 A.D.)"**

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(A breathing machinery), injecting liquid madness  
(into my veins)  
In a torturing pain  
Damaging my mechanics with synthetic,  
corroding rains

In chambers of future science, my liquid crystal eyes  
Recall an old man, describing me something called  
dawn  
Acid substances from lab keep working on my brain  
To realize that the Earth forgot what the Sun was  
My son forgive me, forgive me now  
And take my sorrow to what once were skies  
The scent of sadness through falling rain  
I can't run from the graves, ghosts of our past

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