

# Meganoidi, We

In the month of May my point of view suddenly changed (This time)  
This time I was more sure that I would be able to hold on, hold onto it  
We repeatedly left the same places with more lung capacity, and I stopped a number of times to ke  
It was necessary to remember the steps that brought me to those places, memorising every footpri  
That day I was probably worrying too much and this understanding brought about my first step (Tha

That day, oh yellow rain on the bay  
That day, the same rain through the veins

The night of fires came earlier than usual in the depth of winter  
Gathered in the house, the light dim, we talk in whispers, waiting for some good news, listening from  
Midnight comes, the spirit pushes, and we push just as hard  
We run downhill, our shoulders covered by long shadows  
But motorbikes are still bicycles, the headlights lanterns  
The mountain is turning upside down

That day, oh yellow rain on the slate  
Hot slate led the rain through the veins

visione insostenibile il proprio riflesso, e comunque non si vede mai  
Allora cechi ammirate la vostra proiezione artefatta da operatori imperiali e pessimi architetti come  
Noi dunque distrutti ci vedremo ancora per accendere un cero sotto il nuovo monumento trattino se  
E per oggi la propria ombra resta comunque la pi fedele immagine di s  
And then we met impero