

Novembre, Sirens in Filth

Bitterness blows in the heart
Like chilly draughts in the hall
Of a crystal castle
Lost among clouds made of gold

Those anxieting visions
Images behind frozen windows
Make my eyes bleed
Ebony blood

When the silvergray fluid shall crack reality's walls
Mixing with blood and filth as sirens swimming in pitch

When the sweet arcades of these desperate our owns
Trickle down upon yhe misery of this dead everyday life

Like pitch on your wings
Like a child lost in a war
Like dark paint upon a shiny picture
Like dirty sperm on a toy

And whwn the new star will shine of its own black
And there will be nowhere to shelter
Maybe they'll understand who we are
What we'll always cry for