

# Sadness, Ames De Marbre

SADNESS

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AMES DE MARBRE

- 1. Ames de Marbre 4:23  
2. Lueurs 6:11  
3. Tristessa 2:02  
4. Opal Vault 3:18  
5. Tears of Sorrow 9:52  
6. Red Script 7:18  
7. Antofagasta 3:13

Sadness:

Gradel : All Percussion

Andy : Bass Effects & German Voice

Chiva : Guitars & Piano

Steff : Guitars & Voices

Additional Musicians:

Christine : Female Voice

Don Caceres : Sacuhachi & Oriental Flute

Corinne : Violin & Cello

Act I - Ames de Marbre

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The guardian angel descends from his obscure limbo, to eternally rest on his cold body of the begin. His melancholic face, empty of sensations, watches over the dead, motionless, rock of stone, on a parallel world. Angel of sadness invading your tomb. It seems that a tear rolls down your cheek. Your soul, has maybe rejoined its immortality. Thanks to him you'll dream again and forever. Schutzengel deiner Seele, der heute wieder weggeht, um ewige Stille zu suchen.

Act II - Lueurs

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The night on the shore a pure girl dreams. She watches the fall, towards the East. High up in the night, while the predator clouds of the evening announce their fury, black oppressive masses, darken her vision of infinity. The stars guide your destiny. Follow them for ever into an oblivion; follow them to dream of infinity; follow them to die happily; follow them to dry all your tears; tears that believe in their death. Aren't the stars eternal? They reign for ever like Queens. They show her their paths. Forget, I'm leaving for their destinations, for infinity.

Act III - Tristessa

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La soledad increíble del desarraigo humano... El nacimiento de la muerte tenebrosa sonrisas? Cuando seremos todos bajo tierra terminaremos todos entre despajos de madera.

Act IV - Opal Vault

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I turn around a last time in this big sinister street, my god, the fog insmoothes the tear that slowly drifts down along your cheek. From the windows, dull and dirty, dozens of white and macabre looks scrutinize us as if it was to announce that this time will be the last...

And I think of you again, crouched on myself, where the drops of sad water of an October rain tricjle on my face, I think of this langorous smile again, more precious than your nudity, this carnal smile, ecstatic, that projects me for an instant again in a fantastic whirl of desolation.

I'm the angel of desolation, the angel of my own loss, the angel of a shattered life on the wild flanks of a smile.

And I pour a thin and sad tear that shatters itself in a thousand pieces on the streets form where your look haunts and kills me.

(Forget me), ravage me and kill me. Oh drink my life in a carnal impulse of desire, dream and fly me away on a peak of despair, because I'm the angel of desolation. Yes, I'm...

Act V - Tears of Sorrow

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Under the dark clouds of May, a leaf slips over your face, spring of love for tears of sorrow. Red eyes that wait for you for such a long time under the moon

light. I know that you'll come, in spite of you... after all...

Don't try to know why, do you envy the destiny, statues that never meet, that never touch?

(chorus)

Ne cherche pas a savoir pourquoi, envies-tu le destine des statues qui jamais ne se rencontrent, qui jamais ne se touchent? Sous les sombres nuages de mai, une feulli glisse sur ton visage.

(chorus)

Regarde-moi, regarde-moi, regarde-moi vainc ta peur etrange, tapie au fond de toi, ferme tes yeux et entrouve moi ton coeur.

Look at me, overcome your strange fear deep down within yourself, close your eyes and open your heart to me. You didn't believe me, but what matters, wether you want it or not, we threw a stone bridge between our souls and the blood that united us flows under the arch... I'll be able to cross it when the time comes an clear a way to your heart. Under the dark clouds of November a dead leaf slips over my cheek and wipes my tears of sorrow, my tears of sorrow.

Act VI - Red Script

Oh yes, she was again, misery and mistery. Yes, it was her again and this time, I was sure about it. Yes, she was struck again. Seeing that spectacle of desolation in front of me, the victim, his heart pulled out divorced. Yes, it was her again and this time. I was sure about it.

My darling, my love, before no, no, no, no... (bis)

The cloakroom was not dark anymore. Candles, were burning there, thousands of candles. I had to stop her, I had to stop her. Suddenly the room began to spin and became white. My head was still spinning, my vision was still shocked. She was waiting for me! Waiting to use, all her power...

No pain, but a terrible horror. Worse, much worse than pain. A chasm of regret and extreme affliction gobbles itself up in the depths of... me. She gently climbed up along me spine to suck up my life in a last kiss. Oh yes, in a last kiss.

Act VII - Antofagasto

Fly, bird fly, hover on the human madness, sail, flee from this nothingness... Contemplate the absolute with your penetrating eyes. Absurdity of your enemy, fly, float, (fly away), to the eternal heaven.