

Lady Death

Arachnes

Sad, sweet lady,
with your instruments
and with a light, light breeze...
Like a big ocean,
without feelings,
and with your lifeless eyes...
(Now you're here.)

Listen, my friend: you are suffering tonight,
and so you must struggle, with your little strength.
My calm is composing a desperate song,
because you need (to) dream this image...

THE FIRE LIT UP THE ROOM,
AND OUR LOVE WAS SO GREAT!
THE FIRE LIT UP THE SKY,
AND OUR LOVE WAS SO GREAT...

...And this is enough.
So, now you can fly:
Come on, play your guitar, now!
All your pain is here,
on your strings steel,
and the future is your gage.

Listen, my friend: you are suffering tonight,
and so you must struggle, with your little strength.
My calm is composing a desperate song,
because you need (to) dream this image...

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AND OUR LOVE WAS SO GREAT!
THE FIRE LIT UP THE SKY,
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