

The Desert Inside

Kirlian Camera

I saw their faces go away
towards the shining sun
and everything reminds of their names
but I can't explain this cold.
And houses, houses all around,
across this uselessness.
I'm using all the words I can...
Can you understand an ill soul...?
There is not anything simpler
than this sense of defeat
and the dreams which remain unchanged,
like monuments to pity.

And I will wake up one morning
after sorrowful long years
giving ice and snow to earth
on the wings of a lost heart.
And then I will kill the daylight
and its shameful poor old tricks,
'cause your smile is just the only thing
I need to save
in me.
This winter
is calling me,
with its sad angels, around.
Outside.

I loro volti andare via
verso il sole infinito
e tutto mi ricorda i loro nomi
in questo gelo
e luci e case tutte intorno
questo niente dentro
ed uso tutte le parole
e il cuore,
inutilmente.
There is not anything simpler
than this sense of defeat
and the dreams which remain unchanged,
like moments to pity.

And the air seems to be still,
and no one may feel the kiss
of those cold and gentle lips
which give the merciful first rest.
Just an icy heaven's rising
on the ashes of the world,
turning off flaming horizons
with his boundless frozen dawns.
This desert... of ice
is calling me... me again,
with his large arms of loneliness.

This desert of ice
is calling me... me again,
'cause he's the father
of mine.

The desert inside.