

Novembre / Its Blood

Novembre

Here is it
It brings the nothingness of tomorrow
Here is it
It gives the silver of another sorrow
The last wave
The very last wave

And then it arrived
Now unable to enchant these eyes
Weakened by
The desperation of suicide
The last sunshine

And the finally hate shall bring us together
And whwn all love is gone bad, will be at least turned to hate
I'll rise again