

Eddy Antonini, The Crypt Of Montmartre

(The valley)

(Musica: Eddy Antonini e Roberto Potenti)

(Testi: Giovanni De Giorgi)

Once upon a time in a distant, peaceful valley there was a village
in which people lived in love and friendship together.
No one had to complain about anything.
Men loved their women, and children were grown with the sweetest loving cares.
One day, a foreign man came on the town.
He was a friar. And really, a weird kind of one.
He didn't talk to anyone, till he reached the town square,
where he called all the people, telling he had something to say.
"Listen to me! This valley looks like Heaven, but, believe me,
soon the angels will be turned into demons.
I'm warning you! Take care of your children,
take care them far from this valley until they grow.
Otherwise this Heaven will become Hell!"
People didn't believe the prophecy, they just thought the friar must be crazy,
and didn't listen any further, while he kept on repeating
there was a curse hanging over their heads
and that they should mind their children.
Across that night, all the children vanished.
No traces could be found. No clues. No children.
They accused the friar, and took him to the shaman,
where he explained the curse had become real and told them what to do.
Only gnomes could bring the children back.
So they had to create their gnomes.
The only way to do that was to catch a child's dream.
People brought the few remaining children to the wood,
where the friar put them to sleep and entered their dreams.
There he found the gnomes, and told them they had to come out
and find the other children.
Gnomes followed the vanished children's dreams
and finally found them and brought them back from an evil nightmare
created by a witch who burnt to Hell, won by dreams.
Since that day children have been the most precious thing of the valley,
and gnomes always kept on guarding over their dreams.

(The crypt)

(Musica: Eddy Antonini e Roberto Potenti)

(Testi: Eddy Antonini)

Thunders,
the great sound of thunder
can bring me back again.
Lightnings,
the colours of lightning
can drive our soul insane.
Music,
the spirit of music
come from a gate of world.
Mystery,
we are caught by the mystery
until the next day is born.

Come in this temple of fear
I'm trying to save your life.
Walk on the line made of tears
'cause I'll be black and white.
Don't be afraid, child...
just give me one more time.

Fire,
the warm of the fire

will burn the memories.
Stormwind,
we are lost in the stormwind
they are really on their knees.
Spirits,
that shine in their limits
quickly fade away.
Monsters,
fight against the monsters
before it will be too late.

Come in this temple of fear
I'm trying to save your life.
Walk on the line made of tears
'cause I'll be black and white.
Don't be afraid, child...
just give me one more time.

The Crypt of Montmartre is fading away
the secret of Christ will die with our pray
the poisoned tears will run through my veins
please save from the dark the Crypt of Montmartre.

The Crypt of Montmartre will burn with our pray
and the time will sign the end of your days
the legend of Devil will possess your heart
please bring out the Princess from the Crypt of Montmartre.

I'm trying to save us
time has come
but we really seem to find the way.
No one can save us
time has come
we are really going to find this way.

The Crypt of Montmartre is fading away
the secret of Christ will die with our pray
the poisoned tears will run through my veins
please save from the dark the Crypt of Montmartre.

The Crypt of Montmartre will burn with our pray
and the time will sign the end of your days
the legend of Devil will possess your heart
please bring out the Princess from the Crypt of Montmartre.

The Crypt of Montmartre is fading away
come and save the Princess and the human race
please follow the traces, escape from the dark.
Mankind can survive in the Crypt of Montmartre.