

On Thorns I Lay, Cleopatra

I feel a forbearing, strange feeling to capture me
The falling into the deep of the Blasphemy is what turns aside me
The cycle of wisdom makes me to feel the power which marches to the
deliverance of the Death
I remember her Godly shape, she was so pretty, so magnificent, faraway from
the human limits.....
but now...
I don't know...
I hear your voice, oh why are you so far ?
Believe me, look my eyes, feel me
We shall continue forever, together into a cursed land
here love is like, the flower, among the thorns
The romanticism lives into the endless meadows and seas, to the beautiful
mystical lakes
Very high mountains, where live the Gods, guide our destiny. Look at me, I
am still crying
This is my eternal torture. Show me the way to shun the damnation of the
Lord
He faced me with pitiless, mercilessly
Now I hate him, now I am abandoned for ever.....
for ever...
Paradise and hell become one, it doesn't matter if it's a dream, it doesn't
matter if it's still raining if it's the thing that you hate most of all...
But you know that your spirit is still in the air
It takes you again and again, you put your lips to her lips for your
love...