

The man with the flute  
is one of us,  
with big black eyes  
and a case in his hands.  
An enigmatic smile  
on his face,  
and a numerical ocean  
in his brain...

AND A SECRET IN HIS MIND,  
SOMETHING THAT WE DON'T KNOW.  
AND MAYBE HIS LOVE WILL BE FOREVER.

The woman with the harp  
is one of us,  
with big light eyes  
and some tears in the hands.  
And days without hours and time,  
words to realize  
and words to live...

AND A SECRET IN HER MIND,  
SOMETHING THAT WE DONT'T KNOW.  
AND MAYBE HER LOVE WILL BE FOREVER.  
THE BLADE OF MY BRAIN  
Old world, so shining,  
your scent is like (a) rusty dream in my mind.  
All your sweet abundance  
is now a repulsive lie to my life.

I want to rest, to feel the taste of peace,  
I want to see beyond appearances.  
The blade of my brain is ready to believe...  
there's the need of something else...

I'LL TRY TO BREAK THE SILLY THINGS,  
(THE) MORBID BRAIN OF A SAINT WITHOUT A SOUL TO KNOW,  
I'LL TRY TO TASTE (THE) EARTHLY GOODS  
AND THE PAIN OF A FRIEND, WITH MY ANIMAL SENSE.

It's my new religion,  
or if you want our new world, new time.  
So (the) revolution can start,  
simply, in the respect of human things.