

In My Arms

Ancient Bards

As ages pass and fly away
the men keep battling,
but in the end nobody cares
what I went through.
I felt him growing inside of me,
felt him moving inside of me
and I wondered "how can I be so in love with someone I don't even see?"

So here I am laid on the floor
and they keep battling.
Sendor is both my enemy
and my kindred soul.
How I wish that he still could see
his true love when he looks at me.
In this battle against the inevitable fate
the one who really lost is me.

He passed away, hopelessly,
he passed away in front of my eyes
when his little life had just begun,
you don't know what I'd give
just to hold him once again
in my arms.

Daltor is blind and not intent,
but he keeps battling,
he's so completely stuck inside
his vindictive mind.
And while I'm making my worn out plea
he falls down landing on his knees
and now Sendor's really tired of this game
so he hits him and knocks him down.

He passed away, hopelessly,
he passed away in front of my eyes,
when his life had just begun,
you don't know what I'd give
just to hold him once again
in my arms
and feel the rythm of his gentle breath here on my chest.
while I sing to him a lullaby
and this pain I must endure.
Fate's not ours to decide,
we can't control our lives, we have to learn to cope
and move on.

Anima mia, che riposi in tormento,
nei sogni ti sento, ritorna da me!

He passed away, hopelessly,
he passed away in front of my eyes,
when his life had just begun,
you don't know what I'd give
just to hold him once again
in my arms
and feel the rythm of his gentle breath here on my chest.
while I sing to him a lullaby!

And this pain I must endure,
we can't control our lives,
I just try to cope and to move on,
for I do believe we will meet again,
and I'll hold him tight
in my arms.