

In the Plain of the Rocks there's a meadow,  
with a large willow tree,  
like a miracle it grows  
on that hostile ground.

Over those hills there's a valley  
caressed by the wind,  
where the fawns quench their thirst  
in the crystal clear lake.

After this goodbye I won't get a chance  
to come back here and visit their graves.  
Any place we choose is gonna be fine, cause their spirits are f  
ree somewhere.

He's with him somehow,  
running through the fields with him right now,  
laughing with his son for the first time,  
soaking deeply in his love sublime,  
reunited.

Spiriti liberi da quel che fu  
Persi nel tempo infinito lassù

He's with him somehow,  
running through the fields with him right now,  
laughing with his son for the first time,  
soaking deeply in his love sublime,  
reunited like a family.

Spiriti liberi da quel che fu  
Persi nel tempo infinito lassù