

Wasted Bridges

Kirlian Camera

Waiting for the silent men
watching the solar nights
while in these mornings
sparkling drops of young spears
are falling from the trees...
In the boulevard of light
In the boulevard of light.
Fresh waters and fountains
reappearing in the quiet zones
where is possible to rest
laying on the blue bed
at the edge of heaven.

And if in the night
I cannot see anymore flights
I can hear some distant screams
lost in the great obscurity;
when fog is turning back
from the front of a black war
I am walkig near that river
that leads me through the rain
as the gates of the wasted bridge...
as the gates of the wasted bridge...

Night of echoes, missing faces
missing steps of missing men
in a dream of grey old shadows
smoking cigarettes at last
on the bridge of broken leaves.
Smoking cigarettes with ghosts
on the bridge of broken leaves.