Carnival

Novembre

Slowly gliding down through the bottle that seems to have no en d Sweet is the falling in those bubbles and colours When you leave nothing you care about behind When the state of mind is drowning and all the world is drunk The reads I walk are even sadder than ever Every word has a reason and every line has a rhyme All the things which used to be dark are suddenly clear All that broken glass on my hand to spill all the inferno I fee 1 All the thorns of my crown to fill you with the blood you deser ve All the tears I mixed with wine are tastier than your fading li ps And the mud in which I crawled is warmer than your melting kiss And the lights that other eyes brought to me couldn't light all the darkness you breed Oh rain which fall down on me, lift me away from this place wit hout dream