

L'Epoque Noire

Novembre

(A breathing machinery), injecting liquid madness
(into my veins)
In a torturing pain
Damaging my mechanics with synthetic,
corroding rains

In chambers of future science, my liquid crystal eyes
Recall an old man, describing me something called dawn
Acid substances from lab keep working on my brain
To realize that the Earth forgot what the Sun was

My son forgive me, forgive me now
And take my sorrow to what once were skies
The scent of sadness through falling rain
I can't run from the graves, ghosts of our past.