

## Novembre / Its Blood

Novembre

Here is it  
It brings the nothingness of tomorrow  
Here is it  
It gives the silver of another sorrow  
The last wave  
The very last wave

And then it arrived  
Now unable to enchant these eyes  
Weakened by  
The desperation of suicide  
The last sunshine

And the finally hate shall bring us together  
And whwn all love is gone bad, will be at least turned to hate  
I'll rise again