

Venezia Dismal

Novembre

Enigma carnival
dancers in the black
Venezia dismal land
countess dour, faceless in her mask

A duel of silhouettes tonight
a rondo rapture breaks the light

As the gondola sails high
by the wake of milky way
a romantic tune we cry
ina misty and faded day

As the music leads our eyes
it echoes in cathedrals grey
when december leaves us dry
then the belfry's stuck again

When the magic rain of this marry confetti dance
is nothing but our icy tears from beyond our skyclad masks
skyclad masks, or starclad, infinite-clad

A venetian oldmen sighs
Reeling to the canal bench
when the season tide is night

Then december leaves fall dry
upon this melancholic place
some romantic tune we cry