

Cleopatra

On Thorns I Lay

I feel a forbearing, strange feeling to capture me
The falling into the deep of the Blasphemy is what turns aside
me

The cycle of wisdom makes me to feel the power
which marches to the deliverance of the Death
I remember her Godly shape, she was so pretty,
so magnificent, faraway from the human limits...
but now...

I don't know...

I hear your voice, oh why are you so far?

Believe me, look my eyes, feel me

We shall continue forever, together into a cursed land
here love is like, the flower, among the thorns
The romanticism lives into the endless meadows and seas,
to the beautiful mystical lakes

Very high mountains,
where live the Gods,
guide our destiny.

Look at me, I am still crying

This is my eternal torture.

Show me the way to shun the damnation of the Lord

He faced me with pitiless, mercilessly

Now I hate him, now I am abandoned for ever... for ever...

Paradise and hell become one,
it doesn't matter if it's a dream,
it doesn't matter if it's still raining
if it's the thing that you hate most of all...

But you know that your spirit is still in the air

It takes you again and again,
you put your lips to her lips for your love...