

After the winter

It's spring, the winter past,
the seasons follow one another,
I see them pass, is like a long train,
full of wagons
and me on the bench of the station I see them flow,
I would like to stop the slow run, inexorable,
of this convoy full of people,
that go without standstill among the stars,
with only a certainty,
that after the winter the spring arrives.

Automatons

Spending the life to find a road to follow, that brings us far,
where we believe it can be the answer to our existence,
we don't realize that scenery changes
with the change over time,
and we remain to the commodity of our perception,
which hardly changes,
because' we are like that,
we are inside our shell,
inaccessible, monstrously fragile,
that forces us to live as automatons,
believing to be,
the true masters of our life.

Let's listen to us in silence

What do I ask you?

I ask you a bit of you, of your magic,

I need it in order to live,

all that your inebriate of passion delineates your being,

owner of yourself,

lady of the time that was

don't change for nothing in the world,

remain who you are,

remain with me,

let's listen to us in silence, loving us for the eternity.

Star

The light of a star climbs in the space,
giving light to the dark,
is like a candle in a dark room, it illuminates the hopes,
the faces, the souls,
star that you are up there' dance for me a night,
make me dream,
that everything is a timeless beginning,
a continuous without space,
an endless love.