there is coal dust
in my mouth
as i'm burning
in an iced desert
and i'm thunderstruck in toys
with rainbows
in every of the smiles/slides
there is
gold dust in my mouth
and i can't spread it away
with all the madness
(too much water in your fire)

i can't wait till the morning
cause the darkness's after
can't wait till the next day
trees and waterfalls
slide/smile
so close and distant
(there is clone dust
in my mouse)

i was supposed to
drink the coffee
with the old country men
but the truth is that
i've spent countless
bucks on beers
at the hostel bar
then
i've wandered with all my dirt
across the lands
and i've stroked the trees
in the mocking fields
to collect the hair
you left on branches
this is what you want
i'm letting back those hands
i'm not going to swin
in those rivers in winter
not the one who runs
on the bridges of those rivers

Jupitter goes Quattrocento

Hills go 400

it was a single attempt
to quench my search
you can breathe out
and breathe in
you'll never swallow the ocean
in fact
along the bends and lines
and points
there was a single attempt
(to quench my thirst)
and i skirt around the edge
polymorphous planet
of an alien heart and
i tear down the slopes
of the mirror pond
as you shine among stars
no one's got the same horse
none's got the same cart
and life challenged us to move
with its wide open doors
and your wide opened arms
and i tear down the slopes
polymorphous planet
of an alien heart

EVERYTHING is all about
obsession for numbers
none's going over appearances
none's ready to cross
the many schizophrenia fields
everyone's standing
on the mirror reflexion
playing bowling with
your supreXtatic balls
agreeing we still sit in the sofa
waking up anywhere else and so far
wishing more than
THINGS fighting themselves
we do as MUCH as we CAN ?
then we'll have the light
and we'll have some wine
trying to ward off ill fortune
24000 hits from the knives
and deer blood spilling
onto golden empire

epileptic horizon lines as from
the earth glow thousands of curves'n'bends
electronic imprisoned lights as from the
waves grow thousands of rolls and slides

and i tear down the hills,
without catching the years
if i stay, who am i to think ?

where the waves end, we'll run away,
full of the false hope
they've been feeding us up with,
full of the false hope we could die there ..

open the windows to breathe like
1800's trees before

where the waves end, we'll run away,
full of the false hope
they've been feeding us up with,
full of the false hope they could die there.

(traveilling the squares, carrying turtles,
it's alright)

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wy9y.9 wy ŧ99q fp6 f1.992
on ono ij doiod to l69q uou
wifh wh b6sq no uouv. zhonlq6y.
wy9y.9 wy ŧ99q fp6 f1.992„
on ono 6j26.2 doiod to l69q uou
wifh wh b6sq no uouv. zhonlq6y.
wy9y.9fpfnfq ij doiod qowo

„wy 1.oom ij wncp colq6y.
bnq 9i.99w9y.
bnq 26 wy kuow
if.2 6ll 4pouf fp6 winbuw2
i conlqb.f bnq
wh bowswo1.k fonfqbf
2ow6fpfnq fook w6
f1.om p62lq62„

„wy9y.9fpfnfq ij ŧ4llfnq qowo
wifh wh b69q no uouv. zhonlq6y.
on ono ij doiod to l69q uou
wy9y.9 wy ŧ99q fp6 f1.992