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THE “CIMA” (1)

'Â çimma

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You'll wake up on the indigo of the morning
when the light has one foot on the land
and the other in the sea
you'll look at yourself in the mirror of a frying pan
the sky will look at itself in the mirror of the dew
you'll put the broom straight in a corner
so that if from the cape the witch slips in the kitchen
from counting the straws that are there
the “cima” is already full and already sewn.

Clear sky dark earth
soft meat don't become black
don't become hard.

The nice lard mattress of all sorts of good things
before baptising it in the aromatic herbs
with two big needles straight on tiptoe
you'll quickly prick it from above and below
air of old moon of glimmer of fog
that the clergyman loses his head and the donkey his way
odour of the sea mixed with sweet marjoram
what else can be done what else can be given to heaven.

Clear sky dark earth
soft meat don't become black
don't become hard
and in the name of Mary
all the devils of this pot
go away!

And then all the waiters come to take it away from you,
they leave you all the smoke of your craft
the first cut is for the bachelor
eat, eat, you don't know who will eat you.

Clear sky dark earth
soft meat don't become black
don't become hard
and in the name of Mary
all the devils of this pot
go away...

(1) A typical Genovese dish, consisting of rolled veal stuffed with vegetables, cheese and giblets.

Le traduzioni di Mark Worden qui presenti sono la trasposizione letterale in lingua inglese dei testi delle canzoni contenute nell'album. È severamente vietata la riproduzione del testo in tutto o in parte.

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