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HIS NAME WAS JESUS

Si chiamava Gesù

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Having come from afar
to convert beasts and people
you can't say that there was no point
because he took the earth by the hand
dressed in sand and in white
some called him a saint
for others he had less virtue
he got them to call him Jesus.

I don't mean to sing the glory
nor to invoke the grace nor the mercy
of one that I think was nothing but a man
like God passed into history.
But the love is always inhumane
of he who gasps without a grudge
forgiving with his last voice
those who kill him on the arms of a cross.

And for those who had hated him
in the Garden of Gethesemane he cried farewell,
as for those who adored him like God
who told him: "May you always be praised"
for those who brought him as a gift at the end
a tear or a braid of thorns
accepting at the last salute
the prayer, the insult and the spit.

And he died as all die
like all, changing colour.
It can't be said that it served much of a purpose
because evil wasn't removed from the earth.
Perhaps he had too many virtues
he had a face and a name: Jesus.
Of Mary they say he was the son
on the cross he became as white as a lily.

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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