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A HEART PATIENT

Un malato di cuore

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“I also started to dream with them
and then my soul unexpectedly took flight.”

no, I'm unable to dream with them.”

As a lad you spied on lads playing
to the crazy rhythm of your sick heart
and you keep the desire to go and feel
what you lack for running on the lawn,
and you keep your desire and end up thinking
how the hell do they get their breath back.

As a man you notice the wasted time
that makes you narrate life from the eyes
and never manage to drink from the chalice in a
gulp
but in small interrupted sips
and never manage to drink from the chalice in a
gulp
but in small interrupted sips.

And yet I gave her a smile
and she still comes back in her every summer
and when I guided her, or perhaps I was guided
to count her hair with sweaty hands.
I don't think I asked promises from her glance,
and I don't think I chose silence or a voice,
when the heart stunned and now, no, I don't
remember,
whether I was too dismayed or too happy,
and the heart went mad and now, no, I don't
remember,
from which horizon the light faded.

And in the sweet spectacle of the grass
among long caresses that ended on her face,
her thighs the colour of mother of pearl
remained perhaps an unpicked flower.
But that I kissed her, yes, I remember that
with my heart now on her lips,
but that I kissed her, yes, by God, I remember
that,
and my heart stayed on her lips.

“And my soul unexpectedly took flight
but I don't feel like dreaming with them,

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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