

VIRE NAPULE

Upon your vessel the soul is wandering
It recalls the story of your old shores
When Parthenope drowned deep in the sea
And you were born into the blue...

Naples, palaces, seashores and oranges
Island lines of vine shoots and vineries
Vesuvius sets ablaze your purest skies
Thus taking care of morning dawns

Buildings have eyes and hang washed linen
The wind blows into and laughs under the vaults
Full baskets of perfumes, colours and calls
The voices of thousands hearts ring out in Naples

Your face is the land and words
Hunger for journey and nights of patience
Your sun wrinkled skin tells the story
Naples where laughter sounds like tears

Vire Napule... with you

Naples your night illuminates the distance
Where love awaits
Then a man is back a bunch of roses in his hands
You become a Queen precious to anyone

Vire Napule... with you

A Kiss from Barcelona

Here's Catalonia braves the future
Winds, dreams and images are sweeping its squares
Blood and Gold pour out from balconies
Floating flags carry Hope away

Night and light mingled together
To create the day and swallow the past
Your voice is calling no more hurts
Thousands people will write the tale

A kiss from Barcelona
Everlasting sun
Dance in Barcelona
Over those who stand in Ramblas

You look for silence in women eyes
Painters' memories of Faith and Insanity
Utopia is rising up as temples
A never ending poem written in the stone

Deep blue Porcelain
Weird Guitar chords
Wine and chants numbed the sirens
You were Phoenix and born again
Brilliant Barcelona

A kiss from Barcelona
Everlasting sun
Dance in Barcelona
Over those who stand in Ramblas

Wizards' Ball

Sun has gone down
I marry your night
First kiss a grace

And then your voice
And your loving song
Feel my heart beating
Just like a drum

And as time goes by
Your caresses soothe me
Right under the stars
A thousand spoken vows

Wizards' ball and eternal fire
At the gates of life
My Heaven my breath
My sweet melody

I marry your night
And I drink in your words
Feel my heart beating
In my weary world

Passengers of the Earth
We will tread all the paths
And our steps will take us
To the ends of the World

And I drink in your words
Beloved river
Feel my heart beating
In my weary world
Feel my heart beating
In my weary world

Wizards' ball and eternal fire
At the gates of life
My Heaven my breath
My sweet melody

Buenos Aires

Lively nights in Buenos Aires
I'm filled up with your vibes
Heartbeats en las cuerdas
Our tango memory

From Heaven or Hell
Between Death and Music
High time to dance
Catch your breath my soul

Fuente de la palabra
En la sangre en la vida
Asi inventa el poeta
Las estrellas y la luna
Of Buenos Aires

Within the ashes of hate
Your story to be rewritten
You have found the words
And it begins with Liberty

Fever grows up in town
As two shadows embrace
Endless trip
High time to dance

Silence improvises
The murmurs of a bandoneon
Will tell my leaving
Tangueando mi corazon

Fuente de la palabra
En la sangre en la vida
Asi inventa el poeta
Las estrellas y la luna
Of Buenos Aires

CRISS-CROSSING

Blue is the motion
Of brand new skies
And mistreated exiles
On this sea of memories
Depths of salt are splashing away

Sailing I'm sailing
I'm riding the tides
Sailing I'm sailing
I'm criss-crossing the sea
Criss-crossing
I'm criss-crossing away

Wild open mouth
Swallow my wishes of trips
Waves take me away
Then leave me dizzy
Restless on the Shore

But I'm a sailor
So many seas we've sailed
Dear fellows and I
So many dreams we've made
Of infinite skies

Sailing I'm sailing
I'm criss-crossing the sea
Criss-crossing
I'm criss-crossing away

Fly with you sister
High as the birds above
Spread our wings out
Criss-crossing

Istanbul, Istanbul

The blue door is being open
Majestic crossroads of all worlds
A piece of me, a piece of you
Salty scents beyond both banks
Of Istanbul

From here I can see the seven hills rise
Palms and cypress soaring crowns up to the skies
Istanbul
I hear that hoarse morning call
Bird songs with infinite wings
Istanbul

Istanbul Istanbul...Istanbul

What sea are the men of your land from?
What land are the men of your seas from?
Istanbul
I can hear the soft music
Of many knowledge and precious winds
Istanbul

Blooming flower under the sun
I can smell the desert and dazing scents
Istanbul
But who is this poor painter
Crazy in love to clothe you in gold?
Istanbul

In the streets I hear the sounding hours
The harbour and the river
Of Istanbul
One last vain call
Darkness is falling down
On Istanbul...

Istanbul Istanbul...Istanbul

THIS IS THE LAND

This is the land
Of precious dawns
The land
Of a dream
A silent land

This is the land

Of the blue stone
The land
Within the sand wrinkles
The land
Where love is king

This is the daring land
In the smiling garden
When the bright foliage
Grows silent

This is the land
Of harvest
The land
Of deep-rooted memory
A gift

Land echo
Of proud mountain tops
Land Earth
Hope-coloured
Land Mona Lisa
A banner

This is the land
Under the starry sky
The land
Lain upon our ancient walls
This is the land
Of dusty paths

This is the land
Of bittersweet waters
The land
Of deafening scum
This is the land
Of hopeful horizons

Medina by Night

The world is slowly moving
On a Medina melody
In this cedar moment
The air releases
Fruit flesh perfumes
Making the moon dizzy

And greedy of its light
Stalls are chanting

Under the vault the Middle-East
Tells an ancient tale
Thus spinning minds
On an oriental rhythm
Under the vault the Middle-East
Tells an ancient tale
People come and people go

Childlike voices
Cling litanies up to the sky
To make it fall on Earth
In their shelters
Lazy nomads
Left their dream
In the sea of sand

Southern wind
Cries tears of gold
And as the night yells
Its mottled colours
Light flickers under the wind
Yet darkness comes down

Under the vault the Middle-East
Tells an ancient tale
Thus spinning minds
On an oriental rhythm
Under the vault the Middle-East
Tells an ancient tale
People come and people go

Bastia Batticori

No need to count the beatings of my heart
One by one searching for your eyes
A new day has come, memories of another time
Your voice reminds me of

I saw you walking on through the whitened square

Sunny palms didn't want to die
Just one smile and we started
We were on our way

As years went by nothing changed
The more dangerous the path, the more secure our steps
Where we went through never tell anybody
Some jealous souls might put a spell on us

Why do the sun set as we're making love?
How fool the light would be?
To ignore your blazing kiss? How fool?

Jerusalem

The wind is crying
City of gold
I remember you
At the doors of dawn

Your white walls
Flashing lights
And your heavenly chants

Everything or nothing
For you Jerusalem
Temple or treasure
Dust or gold Jerusalem
Fiery mountain
Jerusalem

Everyone has come there
Fascinated people
To pray or to kill
Eternal shelter
For a fate to be made
Men and soldiers
And a God to find

Kings are sleeping
In the fairies naked arms
Guiding each step
Of our shaky world
Kings are sleeping
Waiting for the peace to rise

Everything or nothing
For you Jerusalem
Temple or treasure
Dust or gold Jerusalem
Fiery mountain
Jerusalem

White Realm

Swallows have left the cords
Upon which dewdrops stay
The pond has turned to green
And the light has grew dim
Clouds have turned to grey
Soon springs will sing

And guide our prayers
Wrapped in light cloth

Sleep tight smoothy world
Gently soothed by the flow
Under the Himalayan snow
Sleep tight smoothy world
Gently soothed by the flow
The Himalayas light up Shamballa

In this immaculate world
Quivering voices rise up
An ode to liberty
Time passes slowly
The air is light
Hope and faith
Where silence reigns

Highlander
Your song is a rhyme to Peace
Highlander
Your soil is a kiss to immensity

Sleep tight smoothy world
Gently soothed by the flow
Under the Himalayan snow
Sleep tight smoothy world
Gently soothed by the flow
The Himalayas light up Shamballa

You are the Island

Sores
In the chapped lips
Warm and salted hands

Water

Deeply swallowed by the ground
Running and dancing

You are the Island
The pledge
You are the Island
Blurred secret
Free
Forever linked to memory

Wander
Into the light
Fever of the exile
Sugary fruit

Sea
Mirror of the voyage
Howling horizons
Into the torn sails

Distant
You are the beginning
Whitened suns
Noon
You start again

You are the Island
The pledge
You are the Island
Blurred secret
Free
Forever linked to memory

Processions

Processions come
Rightward then to the left
They keep on turning
Times passes by
Processions go
Rightward then to the left
Into lullabies they turn

Here we are child again

Like a song on the loop
Like a song in our head

Processions come
From the womb to the tomb
Processions go
Searching for a cot
On the soft breast of the mom

On and on they keep on going
On and on they keep on humming

Like a song on the loop
Like a song in our head