

# ANDREA MOLINARI **51**

Lyrics by Camilla Battaglia

## DOUBLE CONSCIENCE

It dies with no hands nor breath, abandons skin and bones  
It is fearless of time, it goes but come back new,  
it's a word that breaths, a pearl in the shell, burning flashes.  
Apart from the shades of life, it blows away the ashes of our believes  
A piece of who we are  
It is gone, it's burned,  
You will rise with a new glance and conscience.  
Can you see the scars upon your cheeks?  
Voices from the past will say your name.  
Noises overwhelm the sound of moans.  
Bloody tears, your eyes will burst like stars.  
It seems that you're still the same,  
although the whole is deep.  
Can you handle the lack of what is missing?  
Scared by the passing (of) time, it will rise in your new bones and  
Fresh flash, new eyes, chaste lips.

## BUTTERFLY EATERS

A small change in the perspective turn the truth into fears  
It's simple, beauty is fragile, wounds are hard to be healed  
Deep inside thoughts fight morals and instincts,  
It's an odd space where wings can't be spread out.  
A real slap to all our believes, took (broke) the wisdom of our hearts.  
There's nothing to  
be aware of, evil's claws choke our hearts.  
Born two times, new as a secret, so he ate what's pure – butterfly  
eater. What is it left then?  
How can you come back looking at beauty, not shedding warm tears?

## PARALLAX

Train tracks meet not here but only in the eye of our mind.  
Horizons beat retreat as the waves try to drench the skies.  
Love doesn't know of death nor science, clipping the wings of time  
Blending a line of words with feelings, petals' shreds  
Pa-ral-lax

What we see, paradox like the flight of birds,  
it's a trap brief and fierce, made of lies.  
Moving on, backing up, you can see Time still  
Hacks away our days.

## BOB ROCK

It's the yawn that inhales the light, a sword of gold.  
It's a breeze singing endless tales, a bright sound.  
No cries, no moans, fears are gone  
The laughs will endure every shake of quake  
Pressing palms.  
Morning clouds stir, moony cheeks tear-streaked,  
shadows moving slowly,  
weightless steps through branches.