

“DANCE MACABRE”

The joker dances at the foot of his bed,
feeling like a king holding his sceptre.
And be war over the skies and seas,
the witch is ready to dance.

People look at the Crazy court with empty heart and filled belly.
No more doubts, no more dreams.
The witch laughs with a lonely teeth,
sky has dark-grey colours,
armies marching with a wolf's hunger,
uniforms soaked with a deadly potion.
And the witch keeps laughing louder and louder.

Priest jackel, the fire is perfect, join the old woman in a minuet.
Smeat from his ass fills the room,
the approaching light like White Phosphorum.

But the Great General is the deformed joker,
he laughs and bathes in a pail of bubbles.
he claps his hands each time the machine-gun shoots,
our life for him is just a game.

Minstrel who look down from the hill, ring the bells with your rhyme,
telling that the shadow of Evil spreads, if people sleep in heart and mind.

Lyrics and Music: Emanuele Scataglini.
Translated by: Giovanna Olmi.