Lumina Nocte
Kirves Fabula

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Alessandro Terigi - Electric and acoustic guitars
Emiliano Gotelli - Keyboards
Francesco Lercari - Bass
Michele ALtavilla - Lead and backing vocals

Guest musicians:
Paolo Tixi - Drums
Simone Terigi - Clean guitar on Path of Autumnal Leaves

All music written by LuminaNocte except *Cold Dust* by LuminaNocte and Simone Terigi

Arrangments and orchestration:
Emiliano Gotelli, Alessandro Terigi

Lyrics:
Cold Dust, Old Hun by Emiliano Gotelli
Path af Autumnal Leaves by Francesco Lercari, *Naive and Atra Terris* by Michele Altavilla

Kirves Fabula
(Instrumental)

Cold Dust

A tread - shakes the gravel - dust rises and infects - air with each blow - this dark earth has no life, armies pass fast branches break under the weight of iron but trees look indifferent

Wars and deaths they saw, births and joys observed anchored and mighty laugh - at the emptiness of men

Pain marks surrender as victory, the dead now walk by the wind's side, other armies rise, other sunrises stain with blood

A tread – echoes in men's memory - dust stills and smells – of gloomy solitude

This dark earth saw death, brought by armies but trees keep on watching anchored and mighty laugh

Wars and deaths will see again births and joys they'll observe, wise and mighty know the emptiness of men

Only wind can soothe the pain blowing on the dark ground bringing a shower of cold rain waiting for a new sunrise

Old Hun

In the old room he's listening, he's a Chief of a murderous tribe.
They're violent executors with marked faces
Imperfect death machines, only one mission: dirty job

A cold blooded ravenous wolves pack, they move quickly and silently
Discipline battalions: Insubordinate, rejected, fatherless
Illegitimate Reich's children

Malicious laughters break nights of war, They're Door and Little Brother
They joke before slaughter an enemy

Then they hurts themselves and growl at each other
The Old Hun stands up, armed he glares with blooded eyes
And everyone goes to his place

Only the Old Hun can, Only the Old Hun is able

Old Hun, chief of a murderous tribe

Naive

My throat flavours this air with my rage a sentence of death flutters
on every fellow for every date in which his sins gonna expiate
action and reaction is my own creed instigate your neighbour
to don't surrender behind malefactor's speech
but throw at the most all truth in his teeth

who wants more will die in perjury revenge will lay unyielding on whom will try
to take possession of something further besides he already got
life balances are going to establish theirselves again
please give to me a chance to walk in front of them with dignity

Run in the wind climb every tree passion is to go in search of what is hidden (deepest) in you

As if can be felt blasphemy in laps of the best
we gonna remember ourselves change is not a common sentiment
for us we obtained glory as reward

Atra Terris

I lived a peacefull life, firm hands firm arms no fight
believing the best form of reaction was to lie

In past time I never cried, for my messes I was crown
and there won't be hell to pay untill god finds it out

Grown up in a family life, calm and compressed in a pipe
no education no job will shape my nature to your guide

No muscle in my body, will convince my mind (that)
all sacrifices I made are really no use for what I want to realize

Insane you called me insane, if not for me... who are those words for?
in my decisions I've been always logical, worms were friends of yours
Handling the reality, in your 3d world everything is free
at the end of the story you make a blunder and seek consolation

When all this disappears, another thing to your eyes will be clear
eccentric is fate's display, I know you bet and thought to win for one day
but there's nothing else left to see, except your desperation
against every prevision, all your hopes are gone

Path of Autumnal Leaves
(Foreclosure of a Dream)

I'm lost in time,
through rivers of solitude.
Are my tears compelling you
by this foreconscious sea?

My soul is tired now
and my eyes lose their light.
Would you take my hand and say
'we can get there again'?

Can you feel as I do?
We can get there again.
If I look at your fragile hearth
there's no true I can see

It's a burning rain.
It's a sorrow masquerade.
Now it's time to leave,
night of a loveless dream

Falling. Eternity.
A light of thunder grevious gray.
Painting an infinity of shadows.
Through magnificent archways
I see you

Misty Echoes
(instrumental)

Produced by LuminaNocte, Mixed By Nicola Sannino and LuminaNocte

Recorded and Mastered by Nicola Sannino at Studio C27, Sanguineto, Chiavari (GE), Italy - www.c27studio.it

All photographs taken at significant location in Libiola, Cento Croci, Val Graveglia (Liguria - Italy), Granon, Echelles (Hautes Alpes - France) by Alessandro Terigi (p.2-3,p.6-7, p.10, Back cover), Emiliano Gotelli (Front cover,p.4-5,p.12), Francesca Castagnola (p.8-9)

Artwork by Alessandro Terigi, Emiliano Gotelli

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Deepest gratitude goes to all whose special places that inspire a deeper connection to our music throught their own true nature

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