

impossible feelings of silent giants
William Capizzi





I'm still waiting
patiently for that
moment; salty water is
leaking out of my
reservoirs showing the rust
of life... I'll never be of
any use; I know that.
Only my tears, thick
like oil, prove I'm alive.
Just listen to the flames
that are consuming my
heart of concrete.



I absorb sounds and words
and transport them; I reach
the limits to the point of
getting deaf sometimes...
My entire body vibrates for
you, I respond to your
feelings; I send them out
and always keep mine to
myself. I am your sweetness
and my own sadness. I am
the one speaking and I
wonder about your eyes while
you are listening to me...

2 - the weariness of the different words (cellular repeaters)



You are so small, so fragile. I have to protect you. You and I are one. Isn't it amazing my little darling? You live and I am observing quietly from the distance. My entire energy is yours and I will give it to you the right way... You, you are my son.

3 - from father to son (power lines)



I can smell the sun and
the hot, sticky breath of
the raging motors at my
feet. Looking down at
that faraway miniature
world of frantic little
aunts running through
the streets... I'd like to
get a close eye on the
city, maybe on a hot
summer day. The city
that doesn't need my
light, but where my
loneliness is majestic.




My tired arms draw deep circles in the air... I'm no longer able to balance all the weight the way I should. I'd love to stand up by myself, breaking the chains of concrete that are holding me. I will feel free, at least for a second, only once I will have rested my arm on your house...

5- steel heart keeps me hanging (tower crane)



In the complete stillness our breaths become one, just like when a mother quietly
breathes looking at her child, just like the warmth of a body as it wakes up.
Where are you, you smoking beauty? Standing there by yourself, proud and mighty,
I only see you while working and try to read your thoughts before they disappear in
the cold winter dusk.

6- smell my hair from your sky (chimney tired)

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- 1 - patience's tear (water tower)
 - 2 - the weariness of the filtered words (cellular repeaters)
 - 3 - from father to son (power lines)
 - 4 - the cold sun goes down in the square (light pole)
 - 5 - steel heart keeps me hanging (tower crane)
 - 6 - smell my hair from your sky (chimney tired)

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All tracks composed, performed, mixed and produced by William Caspary

translation: catholics, a, dist. and layout by William Caspary

A lot of love to Mirinda & Team, a special thanks to Miron Luyckx & Simonie Sablon live and Mayhew!

I used a tuning of $A=432\text{Hz}$ for health's sake

Total time: 00:56:19

Dedicated to those who feel like silent giants but still do have possible feelings

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