

Lyrics Nadador

Nadador/Dudu Tucci (Track 05)

I look at the sky and see planes transporting weapons to a new source of income, war, war, war in some other place; Russian roulette, a blown-up star, a decapitated dream. I look at the sky, a ceiling without stars, see only planes transporting weapons, men, women and brigades to some other place. It's a show that must go on, to have the reason and the right to make a war. It's a show, a new production, a way of life, a way of earning bread.

And it's the people who suffer, the people who die and you just watch and say nothing, you don't even dare to say anything, don't even dare to say anything. A source of income, war, war in some other place; Russian roulette, a blown-up star. Did love make war or did war make love? Did gluttony cause hunger or did hunger cause gluttony? Did work bring about freedom or did freedom bring about work? Did destiny generate life or did life generate destiny? Did the past create the future or did the future create the past? Did muteness create sound or did sound create muteness?

The world was at peace, men and women were happy, I heard on the radio that there was no more nuclear force, only the spirit of love, words like war, rivalry, hunger, Third World, had been eliminated from dictionaries and from reality, I heard on the radio that we were all equal before the law, that neither Africa nor Latin America endured hunger, misery, crime, and nameless children cornered by the wind, I heard on the radio that the dream of love had turned into reality and that there were no more drugs anaesthetising souls. I heard on the radio, the radio of my heart, when my head rested on the pillow, when my head rested on the pillow.

Like someone lost in the forest, mouth hungry for ages, it's the smiling dream of a child, watery silence of its eyes, everything is food for time. Ferociously hungry time that eats up the work of God, the devil and men, angels and pigs, the sun and the stars, time is everything! And he who is nothing, nothing, nothing.....before the law, that neither Africa nor Latin America endured hunger, misery, crime, and nameless children cornered by the wind, I heard on the radio that the dream of love had turned into reality.

Yes, I am not the end, I am part of this great endlessness. I know that I don't know anything, and what I know is enough to be able to swim. And when I swim I go into the depths or stay in the shallows, an abysmal being, somewhat normal, but everything depends on conscience: knowing that everything takes me towards nothingness, for nothing and everything are like the wind that brings and takes the Moment and Time, the Moment and Time, the Moment and Time, the Moment and Time.