Gently, moderately

AIDA:  

Colla voce

You know nothing about me and care even less. How could you understand our

emptiness? You plundered our wisdom, our knowledge, our wealth.

bleeding us dry. You long for our spirit. But that you will never pos-
The past is now another land
far beyond my reach
invaded by insidious foreign bodies foreign speech
Where the timeless joys of childhood lie
broken on the beach
present is an empty space
between the good and bad
moment leading nowhere
Too pointless to be sad

but
time enough to lay to waste
Ev'ry certainty I had

The future is a barren world from
A tempo

which I can’t return

Both heartless and material

It's wretched spoils, not my concern

Shining like an evil sun

As my childhood treasures burn

Shining like an evil sun

As my childhood treasures burn.