



REVERSAL SYMMETRY

Jekyll *and* Hyde

PROGRESSIVE ROCK OPERA

Album Lyrics

tracklist

The **White** Side

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The **Dark** Side

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1 - Henry's mirror

Jekyll:

Here comes the day that you look in the mirror
and you want to be someone else.

It will come a day you won't stand the urge to run away.

So you want to destroy it, then you will be grateful
for revealing only the truth. You feel so old
and you only want to scream.

You'll finally understand ...when the world doesn't hear you
you get so strong,
The greatest power that you could ever expected.

So you want to destroy it, then you'll be grateful
for revealing only the truth. You feel so old,
and you only want to scream.

...when no one hears you
and you get so strong,
The greatest power that you could ever expected.

I have the dream of man in my hands
I have the Good and the Evil.

Are you so sure to know the truth?

I am a reflection of me.
I am the mirror, your perfect reverse.

I don't need your consent
your limits I've just passed by

They 'll tell about me: "He was only a mad"
They 'll tell about me: "He believed to be a god".

They don't understand.
They don't know that now I am
everything they want...

2 - Story of the Door

Utterson:

I really didn't believe that a door could talk about itself.
And I didn't believe in a man that can't ever be described.

The wish to escape is a natural instinct
this fear is the question that we...

we should never ask.

Never ask...

we should never hear

Some men run away
and some people pray,
someone look beyond
because they cannot do without

Close your eyes stronger,
swallow the air overcoming you
then trust in everything
that could save you.

I really didn't believe
that my hope could be
not to understand

And I didn't believe
that my reason could be
so fragile. So fragile...

3 - The Eye of Reason

Utterson:

Tell me my dear Doctor about our friend, smart and brilliant: what's his problem?

Lanyon:

Tell me dear brother, why do you call friend the one who despises our company?
Too many times I've heard his name in this room his science goes too far from God.

Utterson:

Science and Faith seem to know no peace, may reason guide your words...

Lanyon:

Reason, lead us. Without forgetting the memories of the past.
Respecting what the eye of reason will never see.

Utterson:

Tell me dear brother did the one you consider the enemy crossed the line?

Lanyon:

His science is for the few, and for him, all the others will never understand...
You cannot erase the rules of this world. And you'll never find what nobody wants to see
The dream of mankind doesn't exist. Listen to me.
It doesn't exist, no! It doesn't exist! Listen to me...

Passion is not for you is not for the man who was born,
Lives, dies ... for science.

4 - The Nightmare

(instrumental)

5 - Eternal Void

Poole:

I've heard of you. I wonder if your life is nothing but a shadow of a past that no one has ever wanted to bury.

And to forget. Never forget seeking his face.
This waiting burns his soul, and their whole life.

Utterson:

The void is growing inside of me. Like a mirror reflecting itself.
Forever and ever, forever and ever, forever and ever.

Hyde:

The hope is the drug of miserable people. Heaps of flesh, tendons and bones, so fragile...
a heart beating that sooner or later... stop.

Utterson:

And everything is so useless.

(Poole: Mirrors in mirrors. Conscience is a breath of nothing in nowhere.)

Hyde:

You seek the anguish separating you from the eternal sleep. You forget your duty:
hand down to your children a slow agony

Utterson:

I saw in his eyes all the mistakes of the world.
I saw in his eyes the inverse of the soul.
I saw the despair we keep inside, silently.

6 - Promises

Poole:

They are sitting there, laughing at the past and saying things that only they can know.
They have stories to tell, some so sad. And they shared them.

Those are lost words, faded memories. Nothing but promises.

These chains of destiny They are always there while everything around you flows...

Every time two lives interweave, something new arises.

Small flashes of light, sparks that light fires.

Stop thinking about the past, forget all the mistakes.

Because a choice is right only if made. Only if made.

Those are lost words, faded memories. Nothing but promises.

Only a friend can understand how true is this.

The wind whistles outside. A thunder in the distance.

Something is coming closer. But how can't he keep the promise made to a friend?

Those are lost words, faded memories. Nothing but promises.

Only a friend can understand how true is this.

7 - Henry's Choice

Jekyll:

Al primo vagito di questa nuova vita ebbi coscienza di essere più malvagio, dieci volte più malvagio, incatenato come schiavo al mio male originario.

I am in this room and in front of this mirror.

I am, in the middle between Good and Evil.

I am here, before you and facing myself. In front of my faults.

Took all the blame, all the blame, and I don't fear your words anymore.

E quel pensiero allora mi inebriò, mi colmò di delizie come una coppa di vino.

Una libertà dell'anima sconosciuta ma non per questo innocente.

(in loving memory of Giorgio Albertazzi)

For the first time in my life, I've made a choice.

Nobody knows if it's right or wrong.

Nobody knows the outcome. We spend most of our lives thinking about the future.

Only wrong perceptions mesmerized by false certainties, locked in our daily cages.

Frightened by the truth.

How many of you would say the same thing?

How many of you have the courage to choose?

For the first time in my life I've made a choice.

The doubt comes over me every time I see the sun rising in the morning.

How many of you would say the same thing?

How many of you have the courage to choose?

Unable to understand which part of us will prevail. While the two opposites fight inside of us. Inside of us.

And this cry. The strange curse of man we call choice.

And now, I feel it coming.

Which of the two can be said to be the one who chose the other?

I don't even remember how many times I said my name in front of this damned mirror.

He is my son. My rebellious son. The part of me I've always hidden.

The part of me that is always disappointing

His time has come. His redemption is my undoing.
Because my torment would be too great
I won't live with the regret of a choice I never made.

The part of me I've always hidden. The part of me that is always disappointing
I choose to fall. I choose the defeat. I feel the evil growing within me.

And don't look at me with contempt because inside you know
you're afraid. The choice is made, it's time to drink.

1 - The Smell of Rain

Hyde:

The smell of rain has trapped this city.
You stupid motherfuckers, I spit on your heads and I curse your ancestors.
Women clumsily hide their fragilities

Wrapped in their warm furs and adorned with glittering stones,
they dream of the warm cuddles of a lover
imagining perverse pleasures between their legs.
And they find themselves wetting their beds alone,
still full of doubts about their lives

I've lost my useless humanity. I transformed this flesh
and I left behind anxiety and fear. And you, men of power.
Ideal husbands protected by your good manners.
You show off your wealth, declaim your ideals.

The fear of losing everything eats you inside, day after day.
I betrayed the trust of my friends, I stole what wasn't mine
and never found a good reason to stop.

I hate your false existence and I want to destroy it,
without any logical cause. There's no scientific reasoning.
You were all born from a spark.

Only a series of coincidences. So I see no reason to look for an aim in evil.

Old tired man, walk along your safe lane
Lamb, Son of God show us your big devotion.

Don't you feel it? The smell of rain... Your time is coming to an end
And where is your immortal soul? You fought for your country
now people hardly remember your name. You worked hard for your brats
that are enjoying the fruit of your hard work

Are you so sure that your existence has been useful?
Do you think you've changed the world?

Everything is like before, everything around you is still dying.
Old tired man, hands full of wrinkles wounds of a forgotten world.
Pathetic. Wizened Old tired man.
We don't need you anymore.

2 - The Evil Inside

Utterson:

I've never seen Henry in such a state. (*Lanyon: I've never seen Henry in such a state*)
His face conceals something strange...
he seemed so sure of himself, now he's afraid of his own shadow.

(*Lanyon: I've lost my soul, I've lost my god*)

I'm really worried about him, just like his best friend
and I feel compassion inside my heart
Some tears wet the letter trembling among Henry's uncertain fingers.

Lanyon:

I talk about a situation that will be under control again
I promise my friend that Hyde will not be named again. Promises. Never again.

Utterson:

The evil inside comes from this awful feeling of emptiness

(*Lanyon: I've lost my friend*)

A permanent sense of guilt so frightening, from which you can never escape.

I've never seen Henry in such a state. (*Lanyon: I've never seen Henry in such a state*)

I wonder what would happen to the one who, through bad luck or for a twist of fate, would
see his most hidden side. It's no accident that the mind buries that figure in the soul.

Utterson:

The evil inside carries away the secrets of success.
This odd missing symmetry that ignores the laws of the universe.
'Cause everything always exists with its inverse.
But for centuries man and nature kept our dark side hidden
They ignore its rage. And they forget its presence.

3 - The Window

Henry:

Very few people still ask me how I feel.
My house has never been so empty, all that remains of my social life
is an empty mirror that doesn't reflect my image.
A window. To look at the world I knew.

Henry and Utterson:

I see people moving, and I watch with envy their daily lives
being careful not to betray my own one.

Utterson:

Instinct often leads me to walk around here and my eyes easily shift
to that window behind which old memories are concealed.

Henry and Utterson:

My heart is glad to see you, a spark of life whose taste I can barely remember.
You have no idea how much I miss my past, my friends and loved ones are so far now.

Utterson:

I don't know the reasons why you're housebound like a prisoner.
What are you waiting for? Put on your hat and come down for a walk.

Henry:

I prefer to talk from here

Henry and Hyde:

This filthy void erases all hope.

Utterson:

God forgive me. What did my eyes see?
Suddenly I no longer feel any desire to live,

it's like I've suddenly realized our emptiness.

God forgive me. What did my eyes see?

A twist of fate, a vain suffering prolonged by the pleasure of the void around us

God forgive me. God forgive me. Forgive me.

4 - Anomalies

Henry:

I was a child when I was told that every effects has its cause.

I was just a child when they made me think I was the master of my destiny.

I grew up under the illusion that I chose my life.

I've always lived with the belief that each of us is not a single man.

And, I swear to God, I'm not so sure I did choose him anymore.

I should have listened Lanyon's advice. Choose mediocrity.

What's the sense of consuming one's life for a mark in history?

Am I really thinking he's the only one who can help me?

Hyde is inside of me and listens to everything.

He understood that I want to destroy him.

Am I really thinking to be aware of my choices?

Lives. In this body? Who moves my thought?

My hands. They look at me.

Lanyon:

This letter could have been written by two different people.

I can hardly recognize Henry's thought poured out on these pages.

Hyde:

My old friend, my beloved enemy.

Lanyon:

What the hell is happening to you?

I know your pride: Henry would never ask for my help. So are you so desperate?

Or is it someone else asking for my help?

Hyde:

Henry hasn't been living here for many days.

Henry:

He acts like a thief in his own home

Lanyon:

I wish I could say that I only honor our friendship. But it is curiosity that drives me to seek.

And my eyes want to see. Maybe I'm becoming like Henry:

a scientist who wants to go too far.

I'll do what he asked me and wait for his friend.

Trying to realise if I'm saving Henry or myself.

This strange liquid looks familiar. It seems to be waiting for something.

Why is it so important? Which secret does it hide?

Let my lips just touch the cold glass of this cruet ... someone is coming ...

Hyde:

Lanyon!

Lanyon:

Do you come on behalf of doctor Jekyll?

Hyde:

My nearness bothers you

Lanyon:

I don't know!

Hyde:

Where is it? Did you take it? Where is it? Where is it? Where is it?

Now it's time. I want you to choose.

You can open that door and let me go with this potion in my hand

Or you can choose to look. New realms of knowledge.

A prodigy able to shake the disbelief of Satan.

Lanyon:

The choice is made. It's time to see.

God forgive me. I've seen. And my soul is lost.

Sleep has forsaken me, my mind cannot conceive such a great madness.

It bends like a heap of waste paper.

Existence has no meaning now, so far from the elusive truth.

It's all wrong. It's all wrong. The silence of eternity is waiting for me.

The voice of reason, slowly, dies.

5 - In another life

Henry or Hyde?

You could whisper my name, but the breath of wind became a hurricane.

Small differences lead to big changes. You should know these rules better than me.

You need me, you are afraid too. Your desire for life is strong,

I admire you, and I have pity for you.

Your weakness is the most serious of crime.

Console yourself: I'm a shout that will replace your voice.

With your hands, I disfigure your ancestors' pictures.

With your fingers, I scratch these pages.

With your mind I erase the memories of a life lived behind a mirror.

Unknown voice:

These noises chill me to the bone, just above me.

That thing hides and my master's house is its lair.

I hear it crying and I recognize a friendly voice, but so far and lost.

A reflection of light, wrapped in the mantle of an endless darkness.

Hyde:

The heart of your old rival didn't tough it out

Are you surprised? Didn't you suggest me that a rational mind is easily overwhelmed
by the touch of darkness

Henry:

I'm not the one you describe. You don't belong to me. Your mind is inside of me.
Do what you want with my body, but please let me hope
that Good can't give birth to Evil.

You pretend not to understand. Good and Evil are conventions,
all of you can't help but enclose everything in categories.
But now you know it: evil has no causes.
Inevitable flesh degeneration. Like any light
that sooner or later goes out...

(Voices: I have the dream of man in my hands)

6 - Like so many fragments of glass

Poole:

Lying on the floor, next to an empty vial, he's watching us with a smile.

Utterson:

Books with missing pages, burned notes, and a covered mirror.

Poole:

This mirror, a silent witness of strange things.
Go beyond the border is an inevitable choice for us
Like so many fragments of glass, we are witness of our history.

Utterson:

We are born to achieve something.
A response that will never come, a drawing without author.
Trapped in a constant reflex we call life.

Poole and Utterson:

Mirrors in mirrors
Lost in an endless reflection
Surrounded by a beautiful illusion
With the eyes of a child
Who doesn't know the world
With the eyes of a man
Who has forgotten all his dreams

Utterson:

Go beyond the border is an inevitable choice for us.
Like so many fragments of glass scattered in the sea

Utterson and Poole:

Mirrors in mirrors
Fragile like ears of wheat
Bent by the wind
Frightened by the wind

Like so many, many fragments of glass
(*Lanyon: Held together by a lucky chance*)
Like so many, many fragments of glass
(*Lanyon: Held together by a chaotic fate*)
Together. Together. Together. Together.

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