

## Mp3 Roberto Santucci - La Leggenda Di Ophelia



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The Ophelia's legend is the History of a wonderful woman who lived in a house on the sea in a beautiful silvery bay "Tower of Stars" 12 MP3 Songs NEW AGE: New Age, CLASSICAL: New Age Details: The Ophelia's Legend A beautiful woman, lived many years ago in a marvelous bay silvered cover of stars. The evening loved to bathe the body and the dresses in the sea water. To the calar of the sun, the splendid Ophelia directed him with light footstep toward the steps that brought her in the villa where a pianist played a dessert harmony, creating a magic atmosphere. Its body wound by a light veil of white silk made almost her transparent. Attracted by the music, it enters the great room and it lays down him on the couch. It changes the music. The beautiful creature begins a slow and sensual dance in a soft "girotondo". Without never staying herself, toward the beach is started for admiring the reflexes silvered of the sea. Suddenly a man's shade": a long time ago, Him! Has populated her dreams for so much time! Their hands unite him and their bodies start to play running after herself under the eyes of the silent sea. Walk on the bluff toward the tallest part of the promontory: they arrive to the Tower! Here, Ophelia and her man are sworn eternal love in front of the sea accomplice. But happiness is brief, brief as a puff of wind. The night lowers sudden. Ophelia, slipping on a small rock-cliff, it loses the contact with his beloved. In the complete obscurity they are looked for hopelessly without however never to be themselves. As for a spell the man him and dissolved in the dark of the night. The sweet Ophelia, trembles she is lost, it invokes him.. the nothing remains... the nothing remains. It reaches the beach, it enters the sea in storm, it slowly disappears among the billows.... it slowly disappears among the billows. The legend narrates that, at times, in the nights of full moon, couples the figure of a creature from the gilded head of hair, from the transparent dresses of white silk that wound by a wake of notes it sinuously stirs to the eternal search of its lost love. Roberto Santucci

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