

# MARCELLA BOCCIA

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*A Journey Through Poetry and Song*

# BIOGRAPHY & CONTACT


**Marcella Boccia** is an accomplished poet and writer with a unique academic background. She holds degrees in **Cinema** and **Psychology**, further complemented by a **Master's in Criminology**.

Her work explores the intersection of human psychology, visual storytelling, and the raw emotion of literature.



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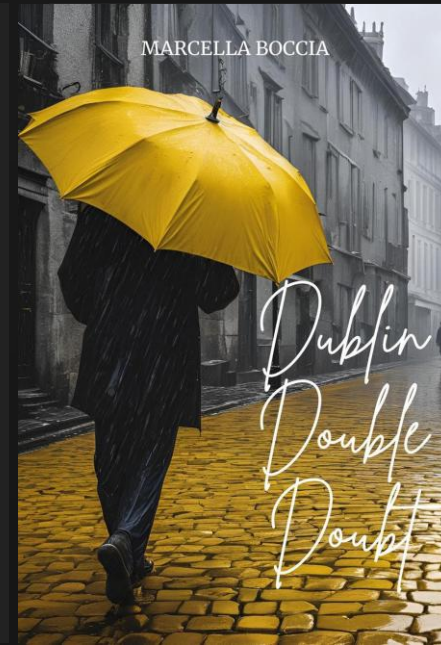
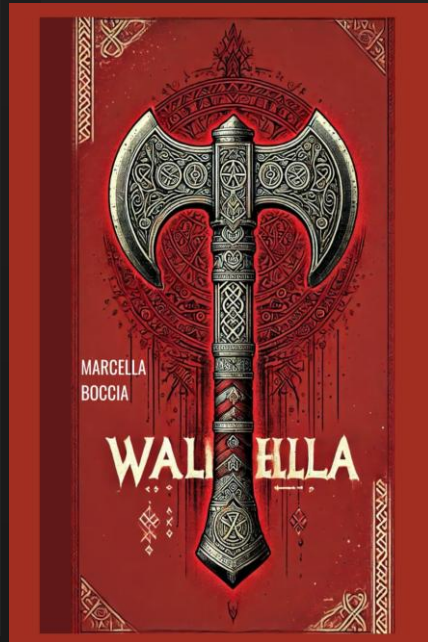


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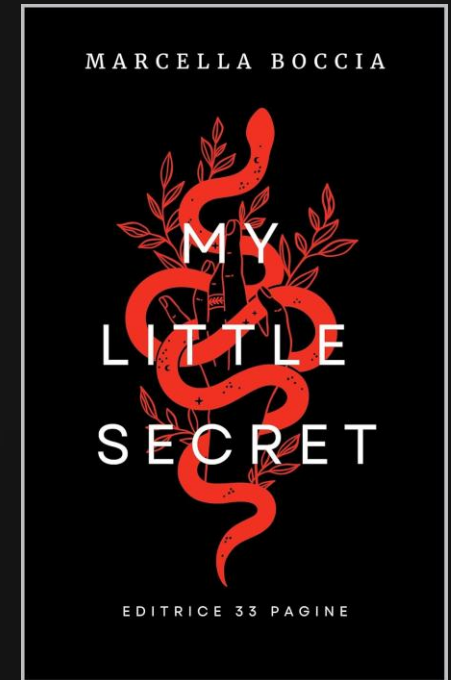
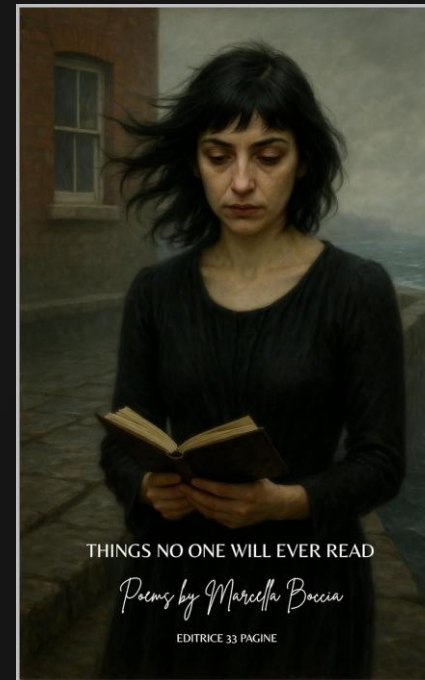
# PART I: POETRY

*Some of the published books*

# PUBLISHED WORKS: POETRY (I)



# PUBLISHED WORKS: POETRY (II)



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# PART II: SONGS

*Some of the song lyrics*

# FOLIE À DEUX

**Chorus** "We're dancing on the edge of a cold ocean tide,  
Two broken gods with nowhere left to hide.  
It's a velvet sadness, a cathedral of bone,  
I'd rather be cursed with you than be holy alone."

Love is the poison, the prayer, and the knife... My beautiful  
destruction... my entire life.



# IRELAND

## CHORUS

*"Ireland, be my ghost, be my sanctuary,  
Wash the blood off the roses with your mercury rain.  
Emerald cliffs and hearts made of graphite,  
We're two strangers lost in an infinite night."*

A cinematic melancholic journey through Dublin and the Atlantic coast, where the sky is a bruise that won't heal.



# I'M A VIKING



## HOOK

*"I'm a Viking, born of the frost and the flame,  
Carving my legend, erasing my name.  
The ocean is heavy, the moonlight is thin,  
I wear my scars like silver on skin."*

A ritual of rebirth. Trading tears for a shield and a blade in the winter of betrayal.

# APPLE PIE



## CHORUS

*"Cause you're my apple pie, warm and so real,  
The only kind of safety I know how to feel.  
And I'm your five o'clock tea, pouring for two,  
Finding my rhythm in the shadow of you."*

Sacred. Simple. Solid. Small. A domestic prayer in a world of static.

# LYRIC HIGHLIGHTS

## DEEP HUMAN

"No poison in the veins, just the fire of the mind,  
Leaving the wreckage of the centuries behind."

Evolution through awareness and breaking the liquid debt of rage.

## IDENTITY UNDER WRAPS

"I'm a masterpiece hidden in an attic of dust,  
A silver ring tarnished by a world I don't trust."

Wearing silence like black lace gloves in a city of abandoned theaters.

# CONCLUSION

## **CLÀRSACH**

"Carve the clàrsach into the bone  
So I'm never truly standing alone."

## **DALAILAMA**

"The Buddha doesn't speak.  
He just honks the horn...  
And waits for you to fall."

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**Thank you for your attention.**

Connect at [www.marcellaboccia.it](http://www.marcellaboccia.it)