

Cemetery Of Scream, Absinthe

In the vapours of opium
In a smoky Paris salon
Like a black-and-white photo
It's a kind of deja vu
Dancing girls
Their faces veiled
Naked bellies
Empty stares
Hissing snakes
Around their necks
You are there but you don't care

Absinthe in your mind and body
Wormwood taste inside your mouth
See that masquerade of shadows
Hear the voices in your head
And you're writing drunken poems
And you're kissing your sweet muse
Candles burning on the tables
And the night belongs to you

You you you you...

Every day is forgotten
When you dive into the madness
And her snake is your totem
It's a kind of deja vu
Drinking more
Smoking more
Fame and glory
At your door
Break the seal
Get unreal
You are there but you don't care

Absinthe in your mind and body
Wormwood taste inside your mouth
See that masquerade of shadows
Hear the voices in your head
And you're writing drunken poems
And you're kissing your sweet muse
Candles burning on the tables
And the night belongs to you

You you you you...

Early dawn you are half awake
Heavy eyes and a dizzy head
What's a dream ,what is real life?
You're just waiting for another night