

Aura, Absynthe

To gather the rusty coffin nails
And follow the trail of the zodiac
To search the pearls and the lotus
-the passion you lost in the game (called life)

Brought back the lost years to harvest
The virgin-white winters of our discontent
Black shepherd, false deemer
The anguish of wars long gone still aflame
In his frozen eyes

For we no longer care
For the secrets that lie beneath
We no longer know how
And banish our bastard sons
All in the sake of make-believe

Smothered in delirious dreams
We cling to the mercy of a lesser god
Bemused by utopian visions of heaven
We choke in the drunken laughter of pain

A faade carried from generation to generation
Until the day we have no lies left to live

"And the angels stricken with disease poison themselves
with blood-wine and feast on the smouldering ashes of yesterday
Absinthe - green master of despair
Take me on a glorious journey to the rim of the earth

Oh liquid heaven at the bottom
Of the crystalline carafe
Whose hypnotic fumes shatter our dreams
In the wake of a new reality

Burn the flag of a kingdom gone
As we raise a toast to damnation

[music by : Brinkman / Soffner / Luppens Lyrics by : Soffner]