

# Absinthe

## Cemetery of Scream

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