

Geisha Out of Dreams

Cemetery of Scream

Flawless image, treasured face
Artisan's masterwork's done
Mona Lisa's selfish smile
I wonder where goes the dance of her hands

Perhaps the orchid in her hair
has more than a story to tell
But there are cryptic seams on those lips
She's been carved on me, carved too deep

Mistress of my passive skin
Pain-craving demon within
Dual heart and second sight
Mutual blood to stay alive

I bred this bond so willingly
And now all that I need
is her revived garden revealed
a lotus for real

Name it forever the ghost in blue remains
With her vanity made flesh
Still is all life or life's what she'd steal
Even though it's unreal

Name it forever the ghost in blue remains
With her vanity made flesh
Still is all life or life's what she'd steal
Geisha born out of dreams