

Blood Like Wine

Balthazar

How long
since I got some sleep.
How long
since she grew her hair to keep
the night from getting colder for
the owl living upon her shoulder.

One way or the other
she will drink my blood like wine.
The only question left is
whether that day the horns will sound.
One way or the other
it will keep me dragging on,
for hell knows how long.

Now the carnival band is gone.
This land,
reaching from the riverside where it begins
to the hour where it ends,
it belongs to me
or at least that's what she pretends.

One way or the other
she will drink my blood like wine.
The only question left is
whether that day the horns will sound.
One way or the other
it will keep me dragging on,
for hell knows how long.

Like the oldest was sent ahead of the other,
in the middle of a small town where everybody sleeps
with friend and enemy one after the other,
yeah baby, that's where we were born for each other.

Raise your glass to the nighttime and the ways
to choose the mood and have it replaced
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