

## In the Opium of Black Veil

Darzamat

I think that life is not only this touchable, fugitive  
Which, though so beautiful, passes away so quickly  
You used to stand behind me,  
I felt warm touch, heat, passion  
I looked back to embrace you  
And I saw hot purple, garden in bloom  
Woman with a secret flower in hair  
Every day with her was a secret unknown for me  
And when I saw her scarlet flower in her hair  
And a raven in the sky  
I thought the raven is only a bad sign  
And when you danced among the flowers,  
high grass, bloomy meadows  
I rised to the sky to blow away stormy clouds  
Watching her warming up in imagined flames  
I saw as she flew up in the night - as a bird  
I fly up into the abbys of the air  
And I hear the voice of the woman,  
so warm, so close, so painful  
I dream you stand behind me  
I feel warm touch, heat, passion  
I look back to embrace you and I see  
Icy blackness, deadly nothing