

## The Cabal

Elvenking

I wake up and I feel I was stranded  
In a world that hardly represents me  
Step by step I collect all my nightmares  
Like a modern Renoir I'm painting my life away

Don't you think that I'm not gonna worry  
Don't you think that I don't feel sorry  
Soon I'll find my way and I'll let you know

Sitting down in my room I feel so empty  
Staring with lonely eyes at the words I am laying down  
With cold blood I swallow all the absinthe that you gave me  
That cold winter night

Don't you think that I'm not gonna worry  
Don't you think that I don't feel sorry  
Soon I'll find my way and I'll let you know

I feel a decadent poet  
Forced to bury his art - forced to bury his own heart  
Under the mud of a pigsty  
A cabal of murdered broken hearts  
Longing for my bitter taste

Lost you, I have lost you, brother  
The strength you hid inside your eyes  
Makes me believe I can still live my life  
I learnt from the ashes  
Of the tears I dropped for all these years  
My love is now living, is living for real

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