

Elvenking "The Cabal"

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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 learned from the ashes
Of the tears I dropped for all these years
My love is now living, is living for real

I feel a decadent poet
Forced to bury his art – forced to bury his own heart
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