

Darzamat

"In The Opium Of Black Veil"

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I think that life is not only this touchable, fugitive
Which, though so beautyfull, 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

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