

## Blood Axis

### "Avec Les Fleurs... Avec L'absinthe"

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With flowers, and with women  
With absinthe, and with this fire  
We can divert ourselves a while  
Act out our part in some drama

Absinthe, on a winter evening  
Lights up in green the sooty soul;  
And Flowers, on the beloved  
Grow fragrant before the clear fire

Later, kisses lose their charm  
Having lasted several seasons;  
And after mutual betrayals  
We part one day without a tear

We burn letters and bouquets  
And fire takes our bower;  
And if sad life is salvaged  
Still there is absinthe and its hiccups

The portraits are eaten by flames  
Shrivelled fingers tremble  
We die from sleeping long  
With flowers, and with women

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