

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