

Thy Scent

Shade Empire

Abzinthian!

So are you in or are you not?
To open the knot
She asked me with a smile most mesmerizing, and foul
How could have I known that by accepting
I would be sucked into a vortex of madness
And the way out would be lost for me
Until I would find the lock

That was however only step one
The key was buried inside a stone of goat
Protected by oath that one could not conjure
Without the knowledge of the night side

Oh Abzinthian, how beautiful are thy eyes
And thy scent of lust drives even the strongest man insane
How did I get lost in this labyrinth?
The flame in the candle is flickering in the cold breeze
That must be the way out
But I was wrong

Oh, Abzinthian you cursed me
It would have been probably easier just to pull the teeth out
But I guess... For you it was never an option

Oh Abzinthian, how did your beauty turn so quick into cruelty?
This I must ask myself before I can use the key
Oh Abzinthian