The Cabal

Elvenking

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 awayDon'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 knowSitting 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 nightDon'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 knowI 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 tasteLost 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 realI 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

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