Cartouche

Aisleng

If I share this with you never speak a word
They would never understand if they ever heard
Gemini, Capricorn, rising in the east
Dancing through the witchwood we began to singIn between dark and light in the underworld
Wrapped around your finger like a string of pearls
Smiling face, empty hand, 7 golden rings
Dancing through the starlight we began to singStill I hear the whisper, 'Cartouche'Caramel colored leaves spiral in the air
Diving right into the ground 'round the winding stair
Stories carved out of wood, jester and the king
Dancing through the moonlight, we began to singStill I hear the whisper, 'Cartouche'Memories, black and white, hide behind the glass
In the mirrors and the smoke, it's all fading fast
Written word, turn the card, winter into spring
Dancing through the witchwood we began to singStill I hear the whisper, 'Cartouche'

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