

Ghost Of Love

The Swan Bride

thrills and quivers fade
all the unknown behind your gates is gone
I've read every thought that crossed your mind
line by line

time incinerates the swinging romance
amazing grace behind the blink of those eyes
naked body of lies
all our kisses were swept away by another one

but I'm still haunted
by the ghost of love

streets in black & red
mellow places where we met are drowned
in melancholy of an analogue life

the shame of innocence
turned us into bohemians
a fake... breaking bottles of booze against the ice
...in leather gloves

haunted by the ghost of love