

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