

Avide De Sens

Ataraxie

Someday you will wake up in the depth of the night
Anguished, tormented and helpless but wondering why
It's the torturing void of your miserable existence
The silliness of your life, the uselessness of your acts
All working over your mind and filling you with fear

Someday you will realize at the end of your empty life
Resigned, strengthless and breathless but knowing why
You have always been acting like a greedy living dead
Attracted by living places and begging for warmth and affection
To finally be cast aside, rejected and left inevitably alone
By all these unsound minded and treacherous beings

Et un matin, tu t'ŷveilleras mais rien n'aura changŷ
Tes actes, insatiables, seront toujours d'une parfaite futilitŷ
Que tes mots, en cent ŷclats tremblants, porteront comme fardea
u
Et ni les murs, ni la pluie observŷe de ta fenŷtre, n'y rŷpondr
ont
Tu resteras ainsi, condamnŷ, impuissant... prisonnier de ton ex
istence
Et les jours, eux-mŷmes, deviendront des ŷchos... et tes cris r
esteront sans rŷponse

Since we we're born, we run towards the illusions of self creat
ion
But I tell you, nothing will remain except the void that you on
ce were
And the stench of your forsaken, scummy and decomposed empty bo
ttle
Wordlessly filling in time within it's self sculptured wooden fu
nereal dwelling

So comforting yourself with gods or high ideals will never make
a change

Arcane emptiness will inescapably engulf you within it's mercil
ess arms
Six feet under you all will be laid to rest with all your sold
neighbours
Feeding the earth with your poisonous flesh and ludicrous decay
ing suit
Proclaiming your innocence against this mortal and partial puni
shment

Do whatever you can for erasing years and the unkindness of tim
e
Pray whoever you believe for saving souls and heretical minds

Profit whenever you're able to rekindle the flames of vain hope
s
Waste whichever you find to claim your mucking state of being