

L'ataraxie

Ataraxie

Every day this nausea of life is growing
Deep inside my sickening mind
Like a cancer these torments weaken me
And will undeniably endanger my life someday

Too proud to confess these sufferings
I keep on walking with these thorns beneath my feet
Yet the wounds are still there and torture me
Finally they become completely infected

So many loveless nights I have spent
Shedding all the tears from my body
So many times I have tried to hide
These signs of weaknesses on my face

Je voudrais atteindre l'ataraxie que je mérite tant.
L'absence d'émotions dans cette âme mourante
Qui saura me libérer enfin de ces tourments.