

No Wisdom Brings Solace

Sybreed

I've tried to fight pessimism
To look for an explanation to the prime
Weakness we seem to convey:
A strong drive to destroy ourselves
All statements have turned out to conduct
To a maze of suspect justifications
Encased between hermetic walls of incertitude

Axioms appear so contrived
And science, the paragon of devious crafts
I struggle to assimilate this fact:
No wisdom brings solace

I start to realize the limitations of
My attempt to truly understand the misery of men
The more I look inside,
The more I am prone to deride the basis of every creed:
To know is to be saved

I lost, standing at the crossroads
With no means to decide on a better course
No choice appears convenient, no pathway predominates
Unsure to ever escape my posture of inflexible disbelief
I decide but to abandon this hunt for significance

Nothing is true, nothing is eternal,
There's no reward for steadfast belief
In a flawed system of assumption
But a breakdown of cognition gears
To deprave the core of all knowledge
And confer it the arrays of faith
Is to increase the prospect of oversight and absurdity