

## Ataraxie "Avide De Sens"

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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'écouilleras mais rien n'aura changé  
Tes actes, insatiables, seront toujours d'une parfaite  
futilité  
Que tes mots, en cent éclats tremblants, porteront  
comme fardeau  
Et ni les murs, ni la pluie observée de ta fenêtre, n'y  
répondront  
Tu resteras ainsi, condamné, impuissant... prisonnier  
de ton existence  
Et les jours, eux-mêmes, deviendront des échecs...  
et tes cris resteront sans réponse

Since we we're born, we run towards the illusions of  
self creation  
But I tell you, nothing will remain except the void that  
you once were  
And the stench of your forsaken, scummy and  
decomposed empty bottle  
Wordlessly filling in time within it's self sculptured  
wooden funereal dwelling

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

Arcane emptiness will inescapably engulf you within it's  
merciless 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 decaying suit  
Proclaiming your innocence against this mortal and  
partial punishment

Do whatever you can for erasing years and the  
unkindness of time  
Pray whoever you believe for saving souls and heretical  
minds  
Profit whenever you're able to rekindle the flames of  
vain hopes  
Waste whichever you find to claim your mucking state  
of being

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