

Beelzeb

"Misanthrope's Aurora"

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Hungry for the future things to come
Imagination makes a mirage grow out of them
And they seem to lose sense when everything happens
Does all life not pay the price?

Don't we claim for another...
Another dream to keep the hope?
There was a useful lie over a long time
But now only the harmful truth exists

Shattered and glum, out of safe place
Locked up inside the mind, keywords are disintegrated
Eternal search runs into a close-woven embarrassment
Then misanthropic visions arise; life becomes a
scapegoat

Standing alone with frustration
As a prolongation of disappointment
Feeding on the scraps of life
That are lying in the inertial failure

Step by step in sorrow more and more
Living amidst daydreams and looks backwards

Don't we claim for another...
Another dream to keep the hope?
There was a useful lie over a long time
But now only the harmful truth exists

Everything has disappeared
Feeling of the glorious season stays in the nevermore

Can't face the wheel of my life
Can't face nor choose my destiny
Can't silence my inner voice
Perhaps hyperaesthesia, perhaps neurasthenia, may
be just
Soul pessimism...

Hoarding inside disaffection and mistrust
Nostalgic sadness impregnates every place around

Misanthrope's aurora arises

Shifted downwards

Onto a stone throne - cold and endarkened -

By the pale-grey winter loneliness... engulfed

Don't we claim for another...

Another dream to keep the hope?

There was a useful lie over a long time

But now only the harmful truth exists

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