

Hexen

"Nocturne"

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[II. OUT OF REACH]

Pain reawakens uncertainty,
Into firestorms that burn your mental volatility,
And when the tides of change forces one to open eyes,
What do you make of truth and what do you make of
lies?
So much aspiration, no room for defeat,
Out of reach from all the things that could make life
complete,
Exuding this fae to divert the void inside,
Weakness and strength, right and wrong undefined.

Everything I've ever known, soon have to unlearn,
While we might've come full circle, its a zero degree
turn,
You can never go home again, and yet alas,
Of course we know that nothing, nothing forever lasts.
What was the sum of all suffering worth?
Inventing our own meanings on this meaningless earth,
If we have but one life to live, might as well have not
lived at all,
Illusory to think one can climb over this wall.

[III. EXISTENTIAL CRISIS]

Adversity is the same all over,
It rains on the just and unjust alike,
Consumed by "what should have been",
Foolish to ask the question why.

This realization of the haphazard laws,
That govern me and you,
A collapse in hope stems all across,
World-weary; the resulting view.

[IV. ENTRANCE OF THE ABSURD]

I was acquainted with the Absurd not too long ago,
I've seen its true face and the power it holds,
There's no other maxim by which to operate,

We dangle by the careless whim of this phantom fate.

What was left but "good"? But then different gods
would
decree,
And the only universal thing we had left fell to
inconsistency,
So shall we follow into infinite obscurity,
A paradox of a paradox: the unbearable lightness of
being.

[VI. WITHOUT SALVATION I PERSIST]

If it is in fact nothingness that awaits us after
death,
Then let us make an injustice of it until the last
breath,
Let us fight against destiny even without hope of
victory,
It was never for the destination, but for the journey.

Most live for postmortem reward, for them it is a game
to exist,
I await no childish contingencies, without salvation I
persist.

[VII. ELEGY OF THE NIGHT]

For I am the night, more truthful than the day,
Would never give the false hope of light only to take
it away,
Now that I know that nothingness surely will remain,
I have come to accept it, move on, and not complain.

Oh, world of contradiction and incompatibility,
Soon to be face to face with negation embodied,
When I arrive one day, you'll recall me from this song,
I am the Absurd, speaking to you from the beyond.

And the pity of it all is, it ends in perplexity.

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