

## **Misanthrope**

### **"2666..."**

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Oh friendless comrades of hate  
I cannot maintain our covenant  
Setting death to our poetic play  
Those smooth tunes of bizarre sadness  
A phoenix tear is falling  
Down upon our vain dust  
On your knees I'm prostrate with grief  
I'm the stake and the cross  
Not been enough strong to get over the step  
Proof of defeat suffering, eternally guilty of failures  
The theater bizarre's curtain half open  
An expending branch  
Alceste Moliere's principal character  
Is lost through time  
In the immense cosmos daedalus

Forever tormented with sorrow and suicide desire  
Alceste, the principal hero  
Is lost through time in the cosmos  
Eternally secluded in the grief of his retirement  
A thousand years of nothingness  
2666 Future futile...

To save our reason's mind  
Moliere will drop his utopist  
Into the limb of an elsewhere  
Teleportate a century after his ultimate separate  
Love-seeking with the others  
A projected vagabond in a new form of world  
A similar surrounding is offered  
Finding away all the humanist  
Alceste discovers his inner hate  
And the future of the humain race  
666 years after our era  
As a timeless fortune teller  
He will set in motion Celimene's pulsions  
And will make of 2666 the decadence  
Of an horrible futility to live  
And even less to love

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