

## Satyricon

# "Existential Fear-Questions"

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The soul (when) stripped of all  
lies in the hands of what?  
Inner chaos roars, nerves boil  
Now, where to go...

A lifetime of slow inner death,  
how torture is that?  
Chocking fear, is life real?  
And what is dying?

What if void is a shellshock's aftermath?  
What if Eden is all poisoned fruit?  
What if hell is forever pain?  
What if life is a blindfold, and death is punishment?

Global puppetshow, made by hands of transcendental  
divinity  
Blood rives cascades, could be virtual reality  
World war slaughter, could be the final act  
And graveyard paradise could be eternity's curtain  
Who are the ones with the keys?  
Will they lead us...  
Life is nothing but untimely answers  
To our existential fear-questions

Fear - reared its ugly head  
Death - came to me on a somber morning

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