

# Alone In My Coffin

Ataraxie

So many tears have been flowering in my grave  
So many flowers have been withering on it  
Alone in this jail, I hear the wind caressing my gravestone

Loneliness is timeless and my sufferings endless  
Silence. I can't stand it. I hate It.  
I feel the vermin swarming through my body  
My limbs are decaying like old fruits.

I'm doomed to stay here, my soul is trapped  
Who condemns me? Why?  
What have I done?  
Where is my god?

Anyone is perfect, we all are sinners  
Humanity is what it is  
Temptation is human lust too  
Who has the right to judge us?  
Neither a god, nor the humans.