## **Avide De Sens**

nereal dwelling

Someday you will wake up in the depth of the night Anguished, tormented and helpless but wondering why It's the torturing void of your miserable existence The siliness of your life, the uselessness of your acts All working over your mind and filing you with fear

Someday you will realize at the end of your empty life Resigned, strengthless and breathless but knowing why You have always been acting like a greedy living dead Attracted by living places and begging for warmth and affection To finally be cast aside, rejected and left inevitably alone By all these unsound minded and treacherous beings

Et un matin, tu t'йveilleras mais rien n'aura changй Tes actes, insatiables, seront toujours d'une parfaite futilită Que tes mots, en cent ¤clats tremblants, porteront comme fardea u Et ni les murs, ni la pluie observăe de ta fenktre, n'y răpondr ont Tu resteras ainsi, condamnй, impuissant... prisonnier de ton ex istence Et les jours, eux-mxmes, deviendront des йchos... et tes cris r esteront sans гйролse Since we we're born, we run towards the illusions of self creat ion But I tell you, nothing will remain except the void that you on ce were And the stench of your forsaken, scummy and decomposed empty bo ttle Wordlessly filing in time within it's self sculptured wooden fu

So comforting yourself with gods or high ideals will never make a change

Arcane emptiness will inescapably engulf you within it's mercil ess arms Six feet under you all will be laid to rest with all your sold neighbours Feeding the earth with your poisonous flesh and ludicrous decay ing suit Proclaiming your innocence against this mortal and partial puni shment

Do whatever you can for erasing years and the unkindness of tim e Pray whoever you believe for saving souls and heretical minds

## Ataraxie

Profit whenever you're able to rekindle the flames of vain hope s Waste whichever you find to claim your mucking state of being