

## L'ataraxie

### Ataraxie

Every day this nausea of life is growing  
Deep inside my sickening mind  
Like a cancer these torments weaken me  
And will undeniably endanger my life someday

Too proud to confess these sufferings  
I keep on walking with these thorns beneath my feet  
Yet the wounds are still there and torture me  
Finally they become completely infected

So many loveless nights I have spent  
Shedding all the tears from my body  
So many times I have tried to hide  
These signs of weaknesses on my face

Je voudrais atteindre l'ataraxie que je mérite tant.  
L'absence d'émotions dans cette âme mourante  
Qui saura me libérer enfin de ces tourments.