

Slow Transcending Agony

Ataraxie

Consumed by this overwhelming insanity
My bones are crushing one after another.
Agonisant sur ce sol, vomissant cette lente agonie.

Pain buried, eyes bleeding
Blood leaving, cries weeping
Time freezing, soul dying
Limbs living, agony staying

Je n'ai que faire de de cet habit de chair qui me dégoûte
I will soon blow my brain out
So as to reach the blackened light
Which rules the eternal night

I want to see my bleeding and decaying body
Smelling death and misery
Without that sadistic life

Burning my flesh in my doomed coffin
My soul dead like the dead
My fate as cruel as gods
Slow transcending had poisoned my soul
Thy will be done, in doom shall I be