

It all seems to get stranger,
The more I live on,
Under the "dead hand of the past",
Where have all my days gone?
The hardest part of letting go,
Is not having to say goodbye,
It's enduring the years thereafter,
That become a lifetime.

In my own private hell:
To innocence; farewell...
Is Hedonism all that remains?

Collect all notions of mysticism,
And commit them to the flames,
It's all a joke like the morals you invoke,
And there are no rules in this game,
But I would rather this private hell,
Than the eternal realm of lies,
Abandon puerile thoughts you must,
Oh, it was all superfluous...

In my own private hell:
Although still veridical, if nothing else.

Staring deep in the void,
It has nothing to say.

So what more can one say,
To escape from the cliché?
We have all been betrayed by,
Our own naïveté,
In this epoch of indifference,
Purpose is washed away;
Countless moments now lost in time,
Like tears in the rain.