

Oh friendless comrades of hate
I cannot maintain our covenant
Setting death to our poetic play
Those smooth tunes of bizarre sadness
A phoenix tear is falling
Down upon our vain dust
On your knees I'm prostrate with grief
I'm the stake and the cross
Not been enough strong to get over the step
Proof of defeat suffering, eternally guilty of failures
The theater bizarre's curtain half open
An expending branch
Alceste Moliere's principal character
Is lost through time
In the immense cosmos daedalus

Forever tormented with sorrow and suicide desire
Alceste, the principal hero
Is lost through time in the cosmos
Eternally reclused in the grief of his retirement
A thousand years of nothingness
2666 Future futile...

To save our reason's mind
Moliere will drop his utopist
Into the limb of an elsewhere
Teleportate a century after his ultimate separate
Love-seeking with the others
A projected vagabond in a new form of world
A similar surrounding is offered
Finding away all the humanist
Alceste discovers his inner hate
And the future of the humain race
666 years after our era
As a timeless fortune teller
He will set in motion Celimene's pulsions
And will make of 2666 the decadence
Of an horrible futility to live
And even less to love