

Ataraxie, L'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