

Ataraxie, Alone In My Coffin

So many tears have been flowering in my grave
So many flowers have been withering on it
Alone in this jail, I hear the wind caressing my gravestone

Loneliness is timeless and my sufferings endless
Silence. I can't stand it. I hate It.
I feel the vermin swarming through my body
My limbs are decaying like old fruits.

I'm doomed to stay here, my soul is trapped
Who condemns me? Why?
What have I done?
Where is my god?

Anyone is perfect, we all are sinners
Humanity is what it is
Temptation is human lust too
Who has the right to judge us?
Neither a god, nor the humans.