

Venin Noir, No Meaning

(Music: Santos/Dias Lyrics: Dias/Frade)

“People who are used to living their lives searching for a meaning in everything tend to suffer

Life's a deed I deny, a mission I regret
A mourning I defy...and there's no meaning.
Life's a promise I repent, I'm no deceiver
A letter never sent - now I'm searching for a meaning
I'm not the weaker, but just the leftovers of my rage

So flatly committed to life
Perseverance wants to fail me
An engine that slays my soul
For suffering is my creed
I call it a fear of failing
Nearly facing this task, what you call will
For all the lies we tell were never meant to be...
There's no meaning

When a word is worthless, it seems so wasted
And the hardship of living is a fine sweet funny play
We stood pretending nothing would be in our way

Answers we can't hear
Unreachable, emphasize this mystery
And the enemy that we don't fear
Endeavors my victory