

L'Ataraxie

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 Je voudrais atteindre l'ataraxie que je mrite tant.
L'absence d'motions dans cette me mourante
Qui saura me librer enfin de ces tourments.

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