

Endless Emptiness

Fuck the Facts

At the core of my being; a void.
At the heart of this ocean of disillusion, you are suffering.
Empty, used up.
This gaping hole I can't fix.
I am suffering
I can't blame it on the absence of spiritualism;
it contradicts the schematic of my beliefs.
This will to meaning is the motive, is at the center.
And this need to be occupied, absorbed nearly all the time with
something
that can make you feel awe, pleased, relieved, proud, loved, ha
ted.
This yearning to fill every moment.
What are we trying to satisfy?
To ease our loneliness ?
I guess It can explain;
Why you are dedicated to a single, consuming purpose;
Why you seek Him;
Why we're trying to fit as much into our lives;
Why you are trying to be more productive.
There will always be more tasks than you will ever have time to
do.
Why you fill the silence with those empty noises.
Why you drink so much.
The void.
But the emptiness has wore you away.
Why you can't stand alone.
This will to meaning is the motive, is at the center.
You are suffering.
Empty, used up.
This gaping hole I can't fix.
I am suffering
At the core of my being; a void