

Exercises In Futility VI

Mgła

As if you didn't know how it feels to lose
As if you didn't know how it feels to lose at dice with fate

At least have some dignity

As if it wasn't a lifetime spent on connecting the dots
There was no pattern
As if the irony was more than a defense mechanism
And we could actually laugh for a change
As if steel hooks in our backs were more than a nuisance
And we could actually feel something

Self crucified - missed the right tree
Tore the wrong eye out
The hissing of hellfire
Self crucified - missed the right tree
For this I have gained a victory
I burn as I ought to

As if everything was to be made right one day
Dreams don't come true for people like us
As if the gods were bored with peace in our hearts
And their fingers are itchy
As if we never broke people out of sheer boredom
And slept calmly among the wastes

And then we see bright and clear

As if we would be someone else
While mindlessly wandering through the mountains
As if we would be someone better
Expelling purgatory in Latin alphabet

Self crucified - missed the right tree
Tore the wrong eye out
The hissing of hellfire
Self crucified - missed the right tree
For this I have gained a victory
I burn as I ought to

As if all this was something more
Than another footnote on a postcard from nowhere
Another chapter in the handbook for exercises in futility