

I.
Cui Bono

Love is a joke, and the prophets all lied
Jukebox won't start up, guess the music just died

Yet still the world turns, and we all still wake up
With the naïve hope that we'll all fill our cups

Though it's in vain, we push and we pull
We lie to ourselves, half empty or full:

"Today is the day that change will take place.
Today is the day where I change, save some face."

It's a cosmic joke, and the punchline is me
I try and I fail, try again endlessly.

II.
Non Ducor, Duco.

I wish that I had no regret,
I'd never failed or lost a bet
When life's hard rain fell from the sky,
I'd found a way to not get wet

But truth be told, I'm flawed and frail
And in the future, I will fail
But every now and then I'll win:
So head held high, I walk this trail.

III.
Ex Luna Scientia

There's liquor in my bloodstream,
And it's heading towards my heart
It seems that life is one big line:
I stop, I wait, I start

The second hand is ticking,
And I feel it my soul
I watch the single file crawl—
Illusions of control

Since I was young, I've understood
There's beauty in the light
But as I age, I understand
The gleaming jaws of night.

IV.
Vincit Qui Se Vincit.

They say, "Dream big
And then dream bigger."
Am I a fool if I should figure
There's still the slightest chance they won't come true?

Where logic and
Ideals they meet
One fact remains: you've gotta eat
So is it every truly up to you?

V.
Ab Aeterno

It seems as if I've mentioned time
A hundred times before
I see it in each waning moon,
In each revolving door

If nothing's truly certain,
And there's nothing set in stone
Then time, it seems, is all we've got
For us to call our own

I'll end this with a question,
And I hope you answer well
What's better: boring paradise
Or interesting hell?