

EITHER CAESARS OR NOTHING

FOMENTO

LYRICS BOOK

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All Lyrics by Marco Krasinski
All Songs Arranged by FOMENTO

*A despairing man is in despair over something. So it seems for an instant, but only for an instant; that same instant the true despair manifests itself, or despair manifests itself in its true character. For in the fact that he despaired of something, he really despaired of himself, and now would be rid of himself. Thus when the ambitious man whose watchword was "**Either Caesar or nothing**" does not become Caesar, he is in despair thereat. But this signifies something else, namely, that precisely because he did not become Caesar he now cannot endure to be himself. So properly he is not in despair over the fact that he did not become Caesar, but he is in despair over himself for the fact that he did not become Caesar. This self which, had he become Caesar, would have been to him a sheer delight (though in another sense equally in despair), this self is now absolutely intolerable to him. In a profounder sense it is not the fact that he did not become Caesar which is intolerable to him, but the self which did not become Caesar is the thing that is intolerable; or, more correctly, what is intolerable to him is that he cannot get rid of himself. If he had become Caesar he would have been rid of himself in desperation, but now that he did not become Caesar he cannot in desperation get rid of himself. Essentially he is equally in despair in either case, for he does not possess himself, he is not himself. By becoming Caesar he would not after all have become himself but have got rid of himself, and by not becoming Caesar he falls into despair over the fact that he cannot get rid of himself. Hence it is a superficial view (which presumably has never seen a person in despair, not even one's own self) when it is said of a man in despair, "He is consuming himself." For precisely this it is he despairs of, and to his torment it is precisely this he cannot do, since by despair fire has entered into something that cannot burn, or cannot burn up, that is, into the self.*

Søren Kierkegaard

(As taken from "The Sickness Unto Death", 1849)

THE DIE IS CAST

(Music: Krasinski & Minerva)

No matter what rules the world sets, if you look deep inside your heart and stand for what it tells you to be true, you'll be always given the chance to play your game. They can beat you up and leave you bleeding on the floor, but you can always stand back up and fight them once more.

**For once in your lifetime
Prove yourself wrong
Scream loud all you deny
Bring out what you hide inside but
You couldn't care less
You couldn't care less
The Die is Cast The Die is Cast^I
Motherfucka Die
Your life eats you up and spits you out
You just don't get what it is all about
Afraid of nothing I am getting closer
And now I can see you are goddamn looser
You get stabbed in the back, by those closest to you^{II}
You get stabbed in the back, by those closest to you
Why should I stay true to this game
If its rules do not stay the same
Why should I stay true to this game
If its rules do not stay the same
The Die is Cast The Die is Cast**

PANDORA'S BOX

(Music: Krasinski)

In Greek mythology Pandora used to be the first woman ever created that unleashed all the evil in the world by opening a box. It's a metaphor of how relationships are learning experiences that can both save or ruin your life. Most of times you expect your friends/partners to do certain things or even be in a certain way. And most of the time you end up being disappointed.

**Challenge the beast within yourself
Attack is always the best defence
Every breath you take you suffocate
But it's not too late to put this straight
I don't want you to be my first
I just want you to be my last
I don't want you to be my first
I just want you to be my last
To be my last to be my fucking last
Every affliction is only a reaction
To your everyday painful infection
Threats of eternal damnation
Hope your worst addiction^{III}
Fuck it all
Fuck it all
I don't want you to be my first
I don't want you anymore
I just want you to be my last
I just want you to be my last
Victim Victim**

^I "Alea iacta est", translated as *the die is cast*, what Julius Caesar is reported to have said on January 10, 49 BC as he led his army across the River Rubicon. With this step, he entered Italy and began his long civil war against Pompey and the Optimates.

^{II} Caesar was assassinated on the Ides of March, 44 BC, after declaring himself dictator for life of Rome. He was attacked and stabbed 23 times to death by a group of senators who called themselves the "Liberatores" (*Liberators*) including Brutus, Caesar's nephew; they justified their action on the grounds that they committed tyrannicide and were preserving the Republic from Caesar's alleged monarchical ambitions.

^{III} According to the myth, Pandora opened a jar releasing all the evils of mankind—greed, vanity, slander, envy, pining—leaving only hope inside once she had closed it again.

THE 13th DEMON

(Music: Minerva & Damiani)

Whatever you do in your life don't let anybody judge you and even if they do, don't give a shit. Until the very moment you feel wrong, you're right, no matter what they say. "Men aren't punished for their sins but by them." - Kin Hubbard

**Don't leave me hanging from a tree so dead^{IV}
Send me straight to hell, straight to nowhere
You are the king who wears, no crown
Let's see this roof crush to the ground^V
I believe in myself, my friends and tomorrow
I was born to lead, not to follow
Whatever happens I'm driven by hate
Fucker you already got your bias in place
No Blood on my hands
No Scars on my face
No Doubts in my head
No Remorse and Disgrace
What would you do if you knew
They got nothing to tell you
Beware you lazy bastard cos
They don't fucking care
Blood runs cold within your veins
You're so close to your last breath
Silence is a secret place where you
Don't know what to say
No Blood on my hands
No Scars on my face
No Doubts in my head
No Remorse and Disgrace
Haunted by Betrayal**

KILL FASHIONCORE

(Music: Krasinski)

Do you really wanna be remembered like that looser to whom nobody ever even said "hi"? Like that weird kid with a ridiculous dyed haircut? This is our fucking anti-emo anthem. Don't listen to the radio. Don't listen to your parents. Don't listen to anybody. Just listen to yourself. And to Slayer.

**This ain't your blessing, it's your curse
Stupid trends reaping your soul
Ego's the trigger and Emo's the bullet
You're all gonna die, you spineless puppets
Kill FashionCore
Kill FashionCore
Kill FashionCore
Kill FashionFuckingCore
Where's your bloody self-esteem?
Have you no sense of decency?
Where's your goddamn dignity?
Everywhere sad cloned wannabes
Your stupid scene sucks
No-One Gets Left Behind
No-One Gets Left Behind
Kill FashionCore
Kill FashionCore
Kill Kill Kill Kill**

^{IV} In the *Gospel of Judas* Jesus Christ calls Judas Iscariot "The 13th Demon" (The word *demon* comes from the ancient Greek word *daimon* which means "replete with knowledge"). According to this *Gospel*, Judas was the only one of Jesus' followers to fully understand his Gnostic teachings. After betraying Jesus Christ he hung himself on a tree in the so called *Fields of Blood*.

^V This is a reference to the Temple of Jerusalem or Holy Temple. According to classical Jewish belief, the Temple acts as the figurative "footstool" of God's presence in the physical world.

WELCOME TO THE BROTHERHOOD

(Music: Krasinski)

We are brotherhood dedicated to heaviness, committed to instigation, breathing hardcore and bleeding metal. We stand together as one no matter what. That's all there is to say. Love & Respect. "We must learn to live together as brother or perish together as fools" - Martin L. King

We must learn to live together as brothers or perish together as fools

Welcome Welcome To The Brotherhood

Welcome Welcome To The Brotherhood

We will never ask for your aid

We will never drink the kool-aid^{VI}

What does not fucking kill us

Will make you wish it had

And what does not overcome us

Will makes us even stronger^{VII}

We must learn to live together as brothers or perish together as fools

Welcome Welcome To The Brotherhood

Welcome Welcome To The Brotherhood

FAITHLESS

(Music: Krasinski & Minerva)

This is a song about people killing each other in the name of God, about people letting their spiritual guides making life or death decision for themselves. It's a big fuck you to all kinds of fundamentalism. I can't believe that after hundreds of years we're still fighting holy wars. It feels like modern philosophy never happened. Please please go to a bookstore and buy some Nietzsche.

Under this red eclipsing sun

You'll burn and leave no ash behind

A dead savior bringing no salvation

A jealous son overwhelmed by redemption

You keep having that bad dream

All the time except when you're asleep

Destroy every single proof of faith

Find your own way and hold the grip

Quid Est Veritas? Est Vir qui Adest^{VIII}

I Am Faithless I Am Faithless

Casualty of the Malfunction

Called Divine Intervention

Enemies of my demonocratic world

Your idols are just so fucking false

You keep having that bad dream

All the time except when you're asleep

Destroy every single proof of faith

Find your own way and hold the grip

Quid Est Veritas? Est Vir qui Adest

I Am Faithless I Am Faithless

I Am Faithless I Am Fucking Faithless

Zero Degrees in the Shade

So cold in the Heretic Hall of Fame

^{VI} The term is derived from the 1978 cult suicide in Jonestown, Guyana where Jim Jones, the leader of the *Peoples Temple*, convinced 913 of his followers to commit suicide by drinking grape-flavored Flavor Aid laced with potassium cyanide. The saying "Do not drink the Kool-Aid" now commonly refers to the tragedy, meaning "Do not trust any group you find to be a little on the kooky side," or "Whatever they tell you, do not believe it too strongly."

^{VII} Cfr. F.Nietzsche.

^{VIII} In the *Gospel* Pilates asks Jesus "Quid est veritas?" (*What is the truth?*). Jesus does not reply, but in Latin the question is actually an anagram "Est vir qui adest." (*It's the man who stands before you*)

THE END OF THE REPUBLIC

(Music: Minerva)

Tacitus begins the Annals by describing how the civil war and proscriptions (mass executions of political opponents) had destroyed the Republic. As pathetic as it may sound but we're still living in a system that talks to us and not with us, ruled by governments that couldn't care less. There must be a cure for our undying nations, a way to give power to those who really deserve it, a way to eliminate conflicts of interest and interests in conflict. There must be.

**You're patiently digging your own grave
All your efforts to resist are in vain
Why should I conform
To the wrong side of the law?
Once I defeat your hostility
Dethrone you from your ministry
We only see what they are not
What we can't see it's even worse
Respect Revolt Refuse
The End The End The End is Near
Get ready for the end of the republic
I wake up and tomorrow is today
Stains of blood I'll never wash away
Slaved to un-productivity
Under-fucking-estimating my force of will
This is more than I can bear
Guilty until proven innocent
I hate you now more than ever
I will hate you forever
What I know is
What they want me to know
Lies Fucking Lies
The End The End The End is Near**

MENTICIDE

(Music: Krasinski)

Reality shows are slowly replacing reality. Education is in the hands of the mass media and schools are blindly turning students into brainless marketing victims. Millions of people are corrupted on a daily basis by senseless trash gossip. Billions of people endlessly hypnotized by tailored made propaganda. Is this where we're heading? Is this how we're getting ready for the future? By erasing any sign of civilization there is still left in the world population?

**Don't expect me to think like you
Or buy into your nonsense rules
You blame me cos I'm different but
I blame you cos you're all the same
Menticide Menticide
You have been forced their truth
Moneypulation sucking up your youth
If you're sick and tired of this world
Just shoot yourself in the mouth
Menticide Menticide
Brainwashed! And now your head is full of nothing
Braindead! And now your head is full of nothing
Brainwashed! And now your head is full of nothing
Braindead! And now your head is full of nothing
Your head is full of nothing**

COTARD'S SYNDROME

(Music: Minerva & Krasinski)

More and more often people pretend to be dead or just believe to be so. It's the easiest way to avoid facing their own miserable and pointless lives. That's obviously not the solution but if there's no one kicking their ass back on track they'll just keep wasting their whole existence for nothing.

**You're loosing your mind
You're loosing control
You're loosing everything you've ever fought for
Are you afraid to die? NO
Are you afraid to die? NO
That's good, cos you go first
That's good, cos you go first
Man don't be a coward
Just wait a minute
I must ask you once again
This simple question
Are you afraid to die? NO
Are you afraid to die? NO
Only the truth can release you from the misery of your existence
Only facing the truth
You won't be a nameless face anymore
That's you, mothafucka, that's your bloody tombstone
Right now as it is I feel nothing
But empty cold contempt**

THE EGYPTIAN MARCH

(Music: Krasinski & Minerva)

War shows man for what he really is. A fearful sheep ready for the slaughter. We're experiencing a modern clash of cultures and it's still uncertain who will win the battle. History is sadly repeating itself. There's no room for hope and peace anymore. All that's left is revenge, bittersweet revenge.

**You're nothing but a worthless zero to me
You xenophobic, son of a bitch
Constrained, by a rigid morality
Facing the atrocity of your mortality
War! This is our BattleCry
War! This is our BattleCry
I hear your Heartbeat fail
Quench my Bloodlust
I smell fear in your veins
Quench my Bloodlust
One last dance before you drop dead
Can't stand this lack of answers we all demand
Salt on an open wound that will never heal^{IX}
Surrender get down on your fucking knees
I hear your Heartbeat fail
Quench my Bloodlust
I smell fear in your veins
Quench my Bloodlust
Time, has slipped like, sand through my fingers
Time, has slipped like, sand through my fingers
Rise up from my bones, Avenging spirit^X
Rise up from my bones, Avenging spirit**

^{IX} Romans used to put salt in the eyes or in open wounds for torture.

^X When Dido (who was according to Virgil's *Aeneid*, the founder and first Queen of Carthage) sees Aeneas' fleet leaving she curses him (*Rise up from my bones, avenging spirit*) and proclaims endless hate between Carthage and the descendants of Troy, foreshadowing the "Punic Wars" between Carthage and Rome.

BURIAL AT SEA

(Music: Krasinski & Damiani)

*Even if you win all your own personal battles there is always the risk to lose someone you care about in the process.
Casualties are sadly part of the equation and dealing with it it's the hardest part.*

**Conservation doesn't stop the decay
It only slows it down
Hell doesn't wait any longer
Guess what It's already here
Sinking deeper and deeper in this abyss of suffering
You choose your own path
Or you have it chosen for you
It is time to tie a weight to your feet
Bonded by honor we struggle
Till Death Do us Apart
Till Death Do us Apart
Burial at Sea Burial at Sea
You pray for peace
You pray for some rest
But what you really pray for
Well you pray for death
Sink Sink Deeper and Deeper
Sink Sink Deeper and Deeper
Sink Deep in this abyss of suffering
Till Death Do us Apart
Till Death Do us Apart
Burial at Sea Burial at Sea**