

MEPHISTO's Song

© Ólafur Andersson

So you're really doing this, man?
You're actually going through with it?

What the hell got into you?
You haven't even lived yet.
You have no idea what you could get down
there,
and here — in this eternity —
you're burying yourself alive
like some well-groomed good boy,
mom and dad's favorite.

For a woman?
For this boredom up here?
For emptiness?

This isn't an adventure.
This is just
dangling your legs
until the end of time.

Don't look back.
Pull your foot out of this puddle.
Cover your ears
and come with me.

Don't listen to the Sirens.
They want to trick you.
They lure you into eternal boredom.

Down there, man,
fire and water collide.
That's where adventure lives.
Women.
Money.
An earthly paradise.

You get everything
if you follow me.

I'm your best friend.
Give me your hand.

That's it.
Yes.

Run.
Run, run, run!
Rush forward and laugh with me!

You've broken free of the spell.
You're not a good boy.
You're a badass kid.

The world is yours.
Adventure is yours.

Everything you want.
To hell with eternity.
Only you matter.
Focus on yourself.
Fight.
Get rich.
Crush anyone
for the woman,
for the treasure.

And laugh.
Laugh out loud.

I'll lead you into evil
and into death.
There is no forever.
You trade it for eighty years.

And I laugh at you, man.

Let's laugh together,
and I'll make you king.

You'll rule over everyone.
Over their lives.
Over their souls.

Everyone will depend on you.

But not me.

And not your soul.

You've blown that.
You sold yourself, you idiot.

Use it
while you still exist.
Then you burn out.
That's it.

There are the whores.
The bloody gold.
That's what suits you.

You idiot.
You idiot.

Oh — I haven't even introduced myself yet:
I'm Mephisto.