



Lost Goddesses

AN ESSAY BY THE.GOTH.TEACHER

In the high corridors of a building I do not know, my footsteps echo unnaturally loudly. Stone arches line my path, and the view out into a frozen moonlit scene allows a little light. My limbs are tense and, without meaning to, I keep looking back over my shoulder. The cold dampness creeps into me, and I pull my coat tighter around my body, but to no avail. In the distance, I hear a longing cry. I follow it.

Shadows on the sea

The siren calls to me

Ah – the echo^[1]

The sirens call to me, even though their song is not meant for me, it still captivates me. I am neither Orpheus nor Odysseus, but the song I listen to today *under the pale moon* carries Caitlin's voice and I cannot break free from its fascination – with every note, I lose the will to do so. Through the grey windows, I see the moon, and for a moment I surrender to its light, which I prefer so much more to sunlight. The song echoes off the stone walls and fills me.

The fate of the sirens resembles that of many female figures throughout the millennia. The sexualisation of sirens can be traced from Goethe, who lets the fisherman sink into ruin^[2] when he encounters the river nymph, to Herbert James Draper's canvas, in which Odysseus is exposed to the attack of naked sirens. Whether ancient artists or contemporary creators, they all succumb to the dark elegance of these creatures. Seduction and ruin are the paths that the siren's call leads us down. Yet their destiny was to search for the goddess Persephone, the goddess lost to the light.

But the lyrical narrator leads herself in particular into the heart of her own abyss. In an interview^[3], Caitlin says that it is the demons within herself that she wants to escape in this piece. But as is often the case with the call of the sirens, escaping it is a difficult matter. And so, the lyrical ego has little choice but to flee towards the light into the afterlife:

Chained to digging my own grave

I took a little piece of dirt to celebrate:

Six feet under I called for you.

Interwoven into these verses are also the conversations Odysseus has on his long and somewhat nonlinear journey home to the edge of Hades. There he encounters, among others, the shadows of those he once loved or was close to. But his journey was always meant for Penelope, whom he called out for even in this situation.

Unlike Odysseus, however, the lyrical narrator gives up on calling home: *All tied up, no reason to escape/I gave up on calling home*. Odysseus has himself chained to the mast of the ship in order to return home, while the lyrical narrator sees no reason to escape his bonds, but at the same time gives up on wanting to return to safety.

Overall, the piece paints an extremely sombre mood, even if it sounds more like deep longing and joy than resignation^[4].

*I feel numb and I feel cold
Sell myself until I'm never alone*

There is a coldness around me as I venture inside the dark building. The moonlight that guided me moments before disappears behind stone. Coldness creeps into my soul, envelops me, pulls me relentlessly onwards. The walls smell musty, a smell of seaweed robs me of the ability to breathe deeply and regularly. I feel damned, feeling the cold inside me.

The two verses echo in my mind and I wonder when we sell ourselves. The answer is obvious: every day, we leave traces on social media to be heard and seen. We sell our content to an often faceless sea of people we do not even know. We sell our lifetime to be allowed to view worlds of beautiful appearances. In ever smaller doses, we consume the dopamine that our bodies release when we watch cheap micro-videos. We need more and more until we finally destroy ourselves collectively with an overdose.

But we also sell ourselves short by forgetting who we really are. We adapt, imitate others – just to belong. The price is high: together with Goethe's fisherman, we sink into the waves of uniformity that cruelly and slowly suffocate us and cause us to die. The consequences are coldness and insensitivity. If I think this world through further, we now become beings without empathy, without the possibility of feeling action. We lose our humanity. Brandon Ashley says the following in the digital booklet accompanying the album 'Purple Pain'^[5]: 'Because in the end we are all stranded children in this world and we all try to gamble for happiness, in the end we all lose everything and this is the last prayer of a dying sinner.' Our world then no longer corresponds only to the city of doom mentioned in the song, but to a world that is closer to destruction than we might hope.

As the song echoes off the high walls, I hear the verse repeated a thousand times: Bite my tongue and call me brave. I instinctively straighten up and square my shoulders. Even though the song seems almost cheerful, I feel the infinite sadness woven into it. The pain eats away at me and leaves me feeling empty. This coldness inside me comes not only from the musty air inside this prison, but also from within myself. *Oh dear ones, the love has never come*.

Despite the cold, I keep going, because I feel that I am not alone here. The loneliness only affects me from the outside; I can now see more clearly and hear the voices of the sirens around me. They are the voices of all those who, like me, have accepted the darkness within themselves and surrendered to it completely. The darkness envelops me, envelops my soul grove. Here, inside this darkest of all worlds, I finally recognise the softly shimmering light. I hear the brightest of all voices beginning the final chorus. Then I descend the steps further into the innermost part, where I make out the faint glow.

The siren calls to me.

^[1] If not stated otherwise, the following quotes are taken from: Corlyx: „The Echo“ (2021/2025).

^[2] Johann Wolfgang von Goethe: «Der Fischer» (1779).

^[3] Time for Metal: Interview. In: [Artikel](#) [19. Oktober 2025]

^[4] „The honest truth is sadness is very close to me at all times, even when I’m the most happy. She is tugging from behind waiting to come back. But I’m not afraid of sadness or pain, I’m not afraid to bleed. So dark music speaks to me, like a siren calling me into the deep, darkest parts that make me human.“ In: Corlyx: *Purple Pain*. Exclusive Freebie zur CD: Out of Line: 2025.

^[5] In: Corlyx: *Purple Pain*. Exclusive Freebie zur CD: Out of Line: 2025.