



WORLDS TOO NIGHTMARISH AN ESSAY BY THE.GOTH.TEACHER

*For all those who are committed to helping us escape our nightmarish worlds
Especially for Tina, Giannis and Iriini*

We sit on a park bench at the edge of our abyss, gazing into the infinite vastness of our existence. We feel dizzy in the face of the immensity of what we cannot ever comprehend. We sit next to each other, look at each other without saying a word and forget everything else for a moment. In the deep darkness, a night sky of thousands of stars stretches above us. The world could be perfect.

It's our perfect world

We tried so hard to make it

Feel so comfortable^[1]

Kyle Blaqk opens up a world of rebellion in his piece 'Insurgence', which is part of the album of the same name. In the first verses, listeners are presented with a perfect world in which life is comfortable. Even though the attempt to create this world may have taken a lot of energy, the lyrical narrator comes to the realisation that the creators did a good job: *I think we did well*. The core elements of this perfect world are security, comfort and the fact that the world belongs to those who created it. These are the things we long for in the storms of today's nightmarish worlds, yet they seem unattainable to us.

Five years after the album's release, however, the world is far from perfect. The same was true in the year of its release, which was dominated by the pandemic that seemed to paralyse the world for many weeks. But there were other events that should have made us sit up and take notice: 'I can't breathe.' We hear this at the end of May – protests erupt and horror spreads. We struggle to breathe, suffocating on our fear. War and conflict are overshadowed by personal anxiety. Today, the world is hardly any different – more nightmare than utopia. Exhaustion has taken hold of the world, but sleep does not come. The air we breathe is poisoned and our lives are shrinking to mere existence.

We won't let them win tonight.

This particular verse awakens in me a feeling that I find lacking in so many people: I want to make a difference. I hope that others, too, will no longer resign themselves to the world as it is, that they will not allow evil, in whatever form it may take, to prevail. It is undeniable that we, as a society but also as individuals, are capable of making this world a little bit better. It takes courage to be part of this change, that much is clear. But we owe it to ourselves to muster this determination. We cannot retreat and sit idly by. After all, we are sitting right on the edge of the precipice.

For many years now, but especially since the pandemic, we have simply been fatigued. We want to feel good, and the old dream of a house, love and wealth has long since been reawakened. The fact that we are living this dream at the expense of those who know that it is unattainable within their lifetime has become a matter of indifference to many. We are closest to ourselves, and when we help others, it must not require too much effort. It is this indifference that I detest so much in our society, above anything else. History teaches us that it is precisely this apathy that helps others gain power, enabling them to legitimise the unspeakable.

For this reason, it is of fundamental importance that we are not just 'meaningless cogs in their machinery'^[2], but that we fight back, even if, as the continuation of the verse mentioned above implies, this means depriving ourselves of our existence. Auger's song assures us of several things:

We are safe and not alone. [...]

We are strong, we will resist.

It is this 'we' that is at the heart of the song. The word appears eighteen times, while the others – those who make the world a dark and unliveable place (*they*) – are only mentioned five times. This purely quantitative observation shows that a group fighting together to create this perfect world is stronger than one that merely pursues its own goals.

The song also reminds all those who see themselves as part of the black scene of their origins. Born out of punk^[3], the idea of resistance is still inherent in the movement today. Although many have forgotten that disobedience and the re-conception of society are fundamental ideas, these are repeatedly expressed in the lyrics of the artists: *Left us all fighting*. This declaration of war ends Augers' piece. Many more verses of a vast variety of songs could be added, but they all have one thing in common: they remind us of the culture that has been actively lived in the subculture for decades. Many complain that gothic today is apolitical and does not stand up against injustice. This fact cannot be denied, because when I think of the summer festivals in Cologne or Hildesheim, the people there celebrate themselves and their otherness. But that does not do justice to the idea of the underground.

Art is an essential part of the goth scene. I understand art in its original sense as all-encompassing art and as a connecting element. Whether it be music, painting, graphic design, film or literature, all these arts contribute to making the world a different place. Some works issue a warning – think of classics such as Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451* or more recent works such as Moini's *Der Würfel*. If art is also understood as an all-encompassing and overarching movement, then more can be achieved.

When I also consider the many people who are committed to helping others, to the community, to those who seem weaker than themselves, the perspective described above weakens and a far more optimistic picture emerges. I can find many examples: there is the podcast that gives others a voice and informs and educates them. There is the author who gives her elf characters a primal trust that enables them to defy the darkness outside. Or the shop that gives customers a place where they can simply find warmth and good conversation, without any further obligations. Or artists who campaign for animal welfare in whatever way they can. There are those people who listen or understand each other across many miles, without perhaps ever having seen each other. Many more examples could be cited; everyone knows others. All of them are not yet aware of the power they have to change our society.

The fact is that the Goths, like all subcultures, is divided within itself. The 'we' from the song fades away here, is no longer perceived. People prefer to get annoyed about a few neon-coloured details in clothing or provocative clothing that is no longer perceived as satire, as harsh criticism of the system:

*So, we built up our defences
And it's a very nice place to be, honest.*

And once again, we hide behind our own walls, far from the light of realisation that, despite all our differences, the fundamental idea of a perfect – or at least slightly better – world could unite us. After all, the last line of defence has not yet been breached, and inhumane policies continue to provoke outrage and digital action. And that is exactly where we must start and finally follow Kyle's words: *So, let me see you raise your fists/Raise them high into the air and shout*. A simple repost is no longer enough. We as a society must finally take action and prevent time from being turned back almost a hundred years. But this can only be done if we live by these thoughts: «Am Ende steht ein Anfang/Und schwarze Harmonie.»^[4]

It will not be up to us, because we are many, but not a superior force. We cannot easily change the course of time, but we can help to create this perfect world. Perhaps then we too will be able to say in the end:

*Given our situation
I think we did well.*

^[1] If not stated otherwise, the following quotes are taken from: Auger: «Insurgence». In: *Insurgence*. DarkTunes (2020)

^[2] Translated from: Nachtmahr: «Gehorsam». In: *Antithese* (2019).

^[3] Not only the punk movement is the origin of the black scene, but also the new wave movement, from which genres such as dark or minimal wave emerged. However, these genres refer mainly to the musical component, not to the political and social level. Source on the history of the subculture: [Wikipedia](#) [7 November 2025].

^[4] Mono Inc.: «Abendrot». In: *Darkness* (2025).