

The Final

Valesca And The Popozudas

The intention is clear, I stare, with this left hand, unable
to be worded

Every time I bleed, there lies the reason to live ... And I
discover words being so vivid and bright
Even loved ones scatter like petals from flowers in my hand
So even if I engraved the meaning that I lived in my hand, it
will only be known as flowers of vanity

The Final

One by one it multiplies ... why be a sad bait?
Deep within the hell of my heart ... I can't go back

A self-torture loser, not being able to see tomorrow
Suicide is the proof of life
Even loved ones scatter like petals from flowers in my hand
So even if I engraved the meaning that I lived in my hand, it
will only be known as flowers of vanity

So I can't live

What's lost can't be born again
A song that's not even seeking the proof of living
Let's put an end ... The Final
Let's bloom flowers of attempted suicide.

Lyrics provided by

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