

Dead Tree

DIR EN GREY

Here is some water for the dead tree... I see your reflection in the dirty water...

Dreams and aspirations Your ideals in the big sky

Passionate Red

The one I loved so much...

Ideals being sweeter then candy are just ideals No one wants the present Point your finger Goodbye

I feel love on my forehead at gun point

Even the child with the red coat swallows her tears as she faces reality Why? Why? Over and Over

It will never heal

Why? Why? Over and Over

My dead heart...

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