

Vinushka

Dir En Grey

I exchange thoughts with the clouds
I hold my breath
Ahh, it's just hard shell you can't see
Is that where the bottom is? The shadow burns me
Ahh, I just want to keep forgetting
Slip your desires into the ants' nest
Come now, all you have to do now is be reborn again
Let tomorrow sleep and peacefulness will turn to you
Free yourself and go with your razor sharp emotions
Even the twisted flow is the proof that you are alive
I invite the tearfully-indulging tomorrow
The inculcated Dogra Magra
The pain of the mark and the one and only personality
And those colorful eyes all decorated I don't want them anymore
Is hypocrisy going to come and take it away?
The lonely red stage at night
I dedicate the following to the aspiring leading actor
That's where the truth is
The small corner of my un-cheatable heart says "I still want to be here"
Who can't we forgive?
I let them hear my cold voice
And i swear
I will live with my work I scream with this body of flesh that separates heaven and hell
I carve the sins What will be the proof of my existence if it disappears with the wind?
"I've stared at the strong shining moon long enough to be bored
can't even turn myself into a werewolf
But just enough to become crazy by the darkness
I want to suck the neck
The emptiness of the remains
I won't let you sleep
At the age where you just want attention...tonight I might go crazy for you."

Everyone wants to reach out their hand and grab happiness
But they just end up becoming the monster that lies deep in darkness
The end has already come to life
It will take form at zero and will crawl back into the uterus and rot
Every time this happens your faces crumble
No one wants to talk about truth that hurts the ear
The suppressed minds

Compensate the sins and let life be gone
The emptiness of the antithesis
Becomes the choking and crying land
Bury the bones in the common land immersed in thesis
Be burdened by depression
The gritty tsunami takes me away and I smile with bitter tears
Couldn't understand the value of things
The hanging of the necks at the 13 stairs
Seeing people becoming friendly while clapping hands
That mixes in with sissy thoughts and hurts others
Seeing you like this it's just too sad
Splash of blood
Squashing basic instincts
Talk about death
I will live with my work I scream with this body of flesh that separates heaven and hell
I carve the sins. What will be the proof of my existence if it disappears with the wind?
No one wants to talk about the truth that hurts the ear
The suppressed minds
Compensate the sins, and let life be gone
Is it a sin for me to live because I am evil?

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