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 againLet 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 tomorrowThe 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 swearI 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 crumbleNo one wants to talk about truth that hurts the ear

The suppressed mindsCompensate the sins and let life be goneThe 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 sadSplash of blood
Squashing basic instincts

Talk about deathI 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 mindsCompensate the sins, and let life be goneIs it a sin for me to live because I am evil?

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