

Cemetery Of Scream, Episode Man

He was passing my world
Whistlin' the melody
In the simple suit with hands in his pockets
Dirty pieces of paper
Was floatin' in the air
And he was marchin'
Over'n'over again.

I've never seen his face.
Never heard his melody
I've never known that world
Is a part of his tragedy.

Trampling the pavement
Of my quiet life
Smashing the puzzles made of human souls
He was spittin' with hate red as the blood
And I just wonder why he let me feel his sad.

And still I wonder why
He let me feel his sad
Maybe oneday I'll know the reason
Maybe oneday I will