

# Dir En Grey, Red... (Em)

In the room, on the red wall hang Rosalyn,  
and the scent from the petals of the flowers fills the room but you are not here.

On the velvet sofa as the dreams that turned to ashes quietly  
I watch a local movie. The reason to laugh is seeing you on screen.

The moon-shaped lamp still shines red.  
Goodbye... My to my dearest Vivian-scented girl.

The decorations of perfumes in the sink, the black and white picture cries.  
What you see is everything and there's no reason to that.

Cut down your discomfort wings.  
It's dying on you.  
Cut down your discomfort wings.  
To a tomorrow that can't be reached.

Children sing the church choir at the newly built church.  
When ever I walk past it, my heart screams.

There's no forgetting the Past, the Present, or the Future.  
Will only the believers be led to salvation? That's stupid.

Why can't we be perfect? Why can't it be?

The merry go round that goes around and around and around has dried you up.  
I hold in my sweaty hand, a picture of you and an ice pick.

Cut down your discomfort wings.  
Be freer.  
Cut down your discomfort wings.  
But keep the door closed.