

Exist Trace, Baptsim

It was born to sexual intercourse.
This body was made by mistake
When I was a failure, feels cold
in the air of impression feeling.
Barely warmed heart is change
into a hunk of flesh and blood.
There's absolutely no hope.
kie yuku ishiki to kodou wa
hora ima demo yume wo mitsudzukeru
yasuraka na nemuri mo yurusarenai sonzai
erabarenakatta inochi ni...
A song of tragic happiness to you
My lifted body in your arms detailed
I heard a kind of lullaby were there dreams?
The limbs cutted off was picked out from you.
But I can't separate the knife of got wet blood.
kie yuku ishiki to kodou wa
hora ima demo yume wo mitsudzukeru
kanashii yume kara mezamereba soko ni wa
atarashii yume ga hirogatte iru hazu
yasuraka na nemuri mo yurusarenai sonzai
erabarenakatta inochi ni...
A song of tragic happiness to you