

Gardenian, Murder...

Why don't you...
Feel like I feel
The true Reality
My words are no lies
But yet not devine

Murder...
My one domain
Murder...
My life in flames

Why don't you...
Pull out your head
Out from your ass
I'm not filled with pain
But so filled with shame

I'm not one of those
Who escapes the world
A purpose shall be done
My wrecking haunted gun
Acting the same
And I'm not filled with shame
But yet I feel pain
More and more everyday
All this pain!!

Murder...
My one domain
Murder...
A living flame

I'm not one of those
Who escapes the world
A purpose shall be served
to my untrue world
Where I'm a hated man
And I kill just to be heard
A purpose shall be served
To the untrue world