

# Gardenian, Scissorfight

I'll bring back my ways  
A bit of shining to the wonder world  
At times I feel a need  
Forcing harder emotions of grief  
Tumble down or on your knees  
Let us wake in a giant form way  
So we're buried? We'll see  
All those others as small and offensive

Heating up! Lashing down  
It smells like I've been here before  
Purify the surgeon style  
Turning our souls inside out

So who's the strongest to be  
A piece of fragment stuck to relief  
All our other hearts  
When they're darkened by  
Their souldriven machine  
It snatches our souls to its womb  
Fill us gently as fuel  
As when it comes to mind  
I'll keep it going forever and more