

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