

Oathean, Punishment of Being Alone, It's Cruel S

Confused dawn

The white smoke that breaks me

To me, it's definitely dawn

But the sun is setting

I smelt the scent of despair once again.

My soul captured by darkness

I'm already depressed

The punishment of being alone

Its cruel strength breaks me away

It makes me be n more pain

Even if I tilt my ears

I hear nothing

What makes me so scared and frightened?

On a day where even the devil himself could appear right now before me

Loneliness is much scarier than horror

Even if I wake you with my laughter

I'll probably become depressed again

Soundless rage touches me

It approaches me, grbas my hair and speaks

I act as though I didn't hear it

Where is my mind really headed?