

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?