

Oathean, The Eyes Of Tremendous Sorrow

Memory's sad accident swallows me entire body
Even if I disappear after it chews me up
Like that I'll drink sadness' depression.
With eyes of tremendous sorrow
Even to touch you
In sympathy outside the cheap thing, it is unknowing
Without any word
With an expression of not knowing anything
It does not stimulate my stain positioned retina.
You who has no possibility of seeing anything
Even to stay in pitch black darkness
Never again will there be
Comparison to not be above fear
I'll grab my distorted heart
And spray it on your head
Very warm and smoothly.