

# Oathean, The Rotten Egg Smell On My Belly

It's very disgraceful but it's so rightful...  
Time is accidental to me  
Being hit by my breathing in reality  
The fact to keep breathing is a mystery.  
Not even for a moment did I want this place...  
Inside this small room, one day is accidental and disgraceful.  
I already know. The fact that you will no longer be my existence...  
My pure body has become covered in wounds  
My pure soul has begun to rot little by little  
My entire body begins to stink of a rotten egg scent  
To an extent of not being able to sense.  
Because of the little desire to go to America  
Another disgraceful day has passed and I had to bed  
Although I hope to sleep like this forever  
I open my eyes and it's a cruel day  
The red rotten egg smell is still on my belly  
I can only stand still  
I bow my head and send a somewhat happy greeting  
But it taunts me  
Quietly I stare at the white's land even if it feels farther away  
Even if my limbs are twisted I can't make a sound.