

The Gazette, Distorted Daytime

I ask you it. Have you tasted sorrow?
The feelings are deeper than death...
Teach it. Why does not tragedy have an end?
Why is it?
You are afraid of the crowd. [Coward!]
Even the excrement can't be picked up. [Coward!]
sokonashi no utsu
You are afraid of the crowd. [Coward!]
You can't wipe even blood to flow. [Coward!]
You are afraid of the crowd.
Is it the punishment in proportion to a crime ?
Laws cannot heal pains all the time.
Can you deny it?
Even if time passes, the wound does not fade away.
Before distortions increase.
Please command death penalty.
Discussion is not necessary.
Carry out death penalty early !
The weak of a red mask.
Hell drawing.
The crowd who is confused.
The follower who does not die out.
The coward of red eyes.
Hell drawing.
The crowd who is confused.
Hey coward...please die!
You are afraid of the crowd. [Coward!]
Even the excrement can't be picked up. [Coward!]
sokonashi no utsu
You are afraid of the crowd. [Coward!]
You can't wipe even blood to flow. [Coward!]
You are afraid of the crowd.
Carry out death penalty early !
The weak of a red mask.
Hell drawing.
The crowd who is confused.
The follower who does not die out.
The coward of red eyes.
Hell drawing.
The crowd who is confused.
Hey coward
yugami wa kienu "mohou no mohou"
A chain reaction.