

# The GazzettE, Hyena (wersja ang.)

Ugly acting and song  
Dancing is a poor way of looking handsome  
Your copulation is dirtier than money.  
Unprincipled strategist  
An abused middle aged spread  
Feeling like a Tengu in the corner of a brown pipe  
Please disappear, because it is an eyesore  
You were born from the mouth?  
The only kind of flattery is that which is sold through a knothole  
Your copulation is dirtier than money.  
Unprincipled strategist  
An abused middle aged spread  
A half-crazed kid who is soaking wet  
Please disappear, because it is an eyesore  
It fails together if going atraight.  
Curtain of wine red, I can't discern anything from it  
The dancing dreams come floating by  
A distorted masquerade, that mimics them on both sides  
If I drown you, as you are now  
In fluttering love, and adorn you with it  
A sheltered and broken prince  
Will swarm you, in a moment of sympathy  
The day that a chandelier on the back of the head  
Went out of style, sympathy was a hyena  
The voice that bloomed on your face  
Will keep your accumulated ideals around until they die  
An easy-going "eternity" has useful dreams  
What color would your tears be  
And what color would your words be  
If painted out? And would you have your same face?  
Too many signs have been visible  
And too many lies given  
Hey, you're just going to rot away, conceited  
If I drown you, as you are now  
In fluttering love, and adorn you with it  
A sheltered and broken prince  
Will swarm you, in a moment of sympathy  
The day that a chandelier on the back of the head  
Went out of style, sympathy was a hyena