

The GazzettE, Silly God Disco (wersja ang.)

It is cheesed with power and the morality of which it goes mad
A lot of people became dogs having tied to be chain
Your happy there?
I want to be enjoying the life though it will knock against a high wall hereafter
I'm already dead however I was saved with the rock
I swore it at that time. I will walk life that shines highest
There is no fear. It gets it over though there is a painful day too
Now let's go. The wing expands and goes to look for freedom and the glory
The world that extends to the place waits surely for you
Shall we dance? Real Cinderella, with the flawed glass martin.
Hey God! Are you ready?
Please, sing "bodies" for me.
I will tell you the top tonight.
Increasing the distortion
Please, echo tonight.
You can do anything to me.
Please throw the sweet Funk'n roll rather than the mad night 'DO LUCK'