

Blood Stain Child "Metropole"

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I can see
You can see
We can see the falling fighting...

Fall
In this developing metropole
Fall
Cyber that all digitalized

We forget having stepped
On the Earth with the shank's mare
We soak in the paradise of the delight
Politics and economy are all genetic structure

I can see the falling fighting...
You...
We...

Fall
Imagine it
What do you wish in that?
We are not a machine and iron

We have an ego and the will
In the world where everything is made
Automation our existence also will disappear for long

Say Fly Stay Soul
We are denied to what oneself...
I can see
You can see
We can see the falling fighting

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