

## Dir En Grey

### "Mazohyst Of Decadance"

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Child that will be born adults with no sense of guilt  
fallen  
I who has no name why am I here I don't even  
understand, but  
I don't know that I only have a few months to live...

I want to love I want to be born inside this mother's  
body, staring  
Since the time I waited for conciousness two months on  
I sensed something fast  
Yet I could do nothing that cord of ours will be...

I, incomplete, my body pierced through with hooked  
pain  
Mother's screaming voice, ringing in my ears, will not  
cease white coated adults scooped me up  
In eyes overflowing with coldheartedness bloody,  
without a right hand, I am reflected  
Just as I was, in black vinyl I am wrapped, engulfed  
While my conciousness is gradually fading, I consider  
quietly  
If I, caged, am loved as I am, that is good it cannot be  
forgiven

It's better that I, unloveable, died as I am  
In quiet I shall sleep without giving my first cry  
Just once, I want to feel a mother's love  
Maybe this is love thank you  
A door that never opens was closing tight  
But I am surely your future, and so...  
La la la...

My body burned, consumed until my bones become  
nothing burned, destroyed  
Goodbye

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