

## **Fresh Air Of Hiroshima "From Junkie To Junkie"**

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A nail in the flesh  
To suffocate all the mess.  
A flower born dead,  
But its color's still pink, my friend.

A rotten apple falls off the tree.  
Though it's not overseasoned it's deceased.  
There has to be something wrong in me.  
From junkie dad to junkie daughter, here's the will.

Just swallowing disaster.  
The stone got frozen as my hand got near,  
But there's an easier way to kill the fears,  
An impermanent way to stay alive,  
Like naked fingers extinguishing fire.

Just swallowing disaster.

This is the junkie's last will.  
It's a disease that eats everything so don't come  
near.  
Better don't come near.

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