

## Paintbox "Praying"

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Investigate and spew out  
You never face up to it, going along with the others  
Looked for someone holds nothing  
Many openings in the gloomy world not cling to worn  
out hopes  
But spend your life on the impended crises

Memories of the past, still make me confused  
What is frozen is myself, not the times

Questions spring up, I'm fretting and at a loss  
Can you accept death before showing solid answers?

Stand up strong and find out  
A good deed doesn't always go rewarded  
Through the cracks in the branded loneliness  
Tell about the corruption and bad things, rights  
Deeply wounded wings  
You should be able to use them, right?  
Put the essence where you arrive

Expectations in the past have made you dance  
What assimilates is not the time, it's you

Irrepressible yourself  
You just gloss over as a temporary means  
Your confidence wavers  
There's nothing more you can do that's crying for the  
moon

Clench your fist and jump into it  
What you can do is just wait for the tide turning in your  
favour  
Not satisfied, still you're thirsty, you are compressed,  
tell a lie  
In the vacant eyes, pieces of the rusted intellect  
Into the party of the depression, put your life

Questions spring up, I'm fretting and at a loss  
Can you accept death before showing solid answers?

The sun is rising, raise the axe of a mantis and go

ahead  
The sun picks out the axe of a mantis  
When it's cutting or when it's broken  
Just what it is

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