

Paintbox "Raw Ore"

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It's not a polished ore, raw natural beauty
It's not refined will, don't be sink, the original layer

It's time, I'm blind and bound, catch the spilled sand
with my hands
Separation, it was crumbled all too soon, your will is
going to wither
Raw ore is bright, raw ore is shining

Continue to exist, it's not everything
Go ahead

The pillow for idle slumber makes me sleepy,
bewitching flowers of solitude
I tear them to pieces
It's boundless, reluctantly your keys are going to be out
of tune

Continue to exist, it's not everything
Count the losses and gains, it's not everything
Go ahead

It's a gamble, being lost in the bloody rain and
wandering into the street
Let out the whole things and wash them thoroughly,
then new unknown things are overflowed

Raw ore is bright, raw ore is shining

Continue to exist, it's not everything
Count the losses and gains, it's not everything
Go ahead

It's not a polished ore, raw natural beauty
It's not refined will, don't be sink, the original layer
It's not a polished ore, raw natural beauty
It's not refined will, here's the original layer

Go ahead, just like that

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