

Phidge "O-ren Ishii"

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Burn like it's all over
Burn like it's all been traced
As heavy as a feather it can easily be misplaced
Everything's in dismay, everything's in dismay (2X)
And I won't build that tower if it'll fall all over me
And I won't cure this pain because these pills are
already in me

Everyone in his story, shorter or longer that it is, meets
a long blonde haired girl whose sword comes in and
kills 50, 60, 70, 88 people in a row, and all that remains
is a blooded snowy landscape with you lyin' a corner
pleading forgiveness...
And all that you realize by then is it's all been written
down, all's been written down, all's been written down...
down...

Walk around in circles
Making your lifestyle square
The only thing you're sure of is you're really going
nowhere

Everything's in dismay, everything's in dismay (2X)

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