

Sad Theory "Frighten Lady"

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Show me your face, frighten lady.
Beg me aid from my last resort
For no one can answer your envy.
For no one can bring up your core.

Shall not cover the realm from the light,
Leave seclusion of men when it's time
Raise your veil and let tears fall behind.
(I) Provide you lucidity for less than a dime.

Wait the sleepless hours and come from the back

No one can hear your trembling voice, (but me)
Perspire ill whispers and lay down in quick
Frighten lady: a sumptuous cosmopolis.

Allow me to decipher your raving branches
(and) gather no pain from fragments.
Retain memories in a labyrinth stretch
Pulsate your continual segment.

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