

My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult

"Song Of Depression"

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There's something beneath my chest since I read Dazai
Osamu
People I've asked, they don't care about the meaning
of death
The world is cracking, nothing we can cure
I just hope the wind can drive me somewhere to begin

Wish you could write me a poem to souvenir our sixth
date
I can't imagine those fairy tales
Sometimes growing up gives birth to a tragedy
The things I did nothing much was meaningful
Who ever I got near to, I know they just turn into gloom

Wish I could turn into a merrily angel
Then we would meet 10 times per day
Wish I could turn into some elegant poetry
So you'll be willing to read 10 times more

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