

Oathean "Frigid Space"

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I sense the mistaken calmness
Pushed into wretchedness
Something surged up to the bottom
When it approached me and bit me
I couldn't breathe
The me that didn't understand what it was
I could only close my eyes...
Now I can sit down and sense its features
Do I know the sadness in my eyes?
Me entire body frightened by the accidental delight...
Now knowing where I'm now running towards

Not to put much effort into slowly arriving
Even the face hidden by the shadow
Don't follow me to the cold area alone with a smile
Not knowing how to breathe at all
With only one excuse
I'm able to do nothing.
There can't be an eternal cursing
That is eternal
Please let be cool off
Don't put up with my poems anymore.

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