

Oathean

"The Rotten Egg Smell On My Belly"

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It's very disgraceful but it's so rightful...
Time is accidental to me
Being hit by my breathing in reality
The fact to keep breathing is a mystery.
Not even for a moment did I want this place...
Inside this small room, one day is accidental and
disgraceful.
I already know. The fact that you will no longer be my
existence...
My pure body has become covered in wounds
My pure soul has begun to rot little by little
My entire body begins to stink of a rotten egg scent
To an extent of not being able to sense.

Because of the little desire to go to America
Another disgraceful day has passed and I had to bed
Although I hope to sleep like this forever
I open my eyes and it's a cruel day
The red rotten egg smell is still on my belly
I can only stand still
I bow my head and send a somewhat happy greeting
But it taunts me
Quietly I stare at the white's land even if it feels farther
away
Even if my limbs are twisted I can't make a sound.

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