

The Grief "Regret"

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You, who with just a look of your eyes,
Try to murder what the appearance in the mirror is,
whatâ€™s left of the hapless reflex,
whatâ€™s left of the worthless reflex.
Who creates nothing but your own sympathy,
Close once and for all your dark regret,
Give the grief the pleasure to live,
Give the grief the pleasure to-

You, who are always even more sad,
Than the picture that is in front of you,
How the hell did you become that waste?
How the hell did you becomeâ€¦!

Dustâ€™s in me, Iâ€™m sad, thatâ€™s all for me,
Iâ€™m out,
Pain, painâ€™s on me, I just create more tears.

You, who always search for your own death,
Like a slug that looks for sun and fades,
How the hell did you become scorched?
How the hell did you becomeâ€¦!

Ashâ€™s in me, Iâ€™m sad, thatâ€™s all for me,
Iâ€™m out,
Pain, painâ€™s on me, I just create more tears.

You, who end your story all abandoned,
Because of fucking hypocrisy.
How the hell will you survive now?
When the hell will you becomeâ€¦!â€¦!

Dustâ€™s in me, Iâ€™m sad, thatâ€™s all for me,
Iâ€™m out,
Pain, painâ€™s on me, I just create more tears.

You concede him the pleasure of being. X6

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