

Claymore "My Personal War"

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Lonely wanderers who cannot sleep
Seek the blind spot deep.
Wash your hands in sin,
My grin you have seen.

Forgive me, mother, I have lost!
I cannot stop the holocaust!
I grew faint!

I see the fear they cast into my eyes
And their bliss I despise!
Born in bleakness, prolonged active antagonism,
Deprived by their belligerent weakness and skepticism!

Despite their shy uniqueness I will live!
Mutual predators attack
And contribute to my I'll will.
These I slash and kill with apparent ease!

Walking empty field...
Fight went shier on the battlefield.
Forgotten time has come...
Enmity has made corruption possible again, again!

They all know depression
That is not followed by regression.
Sense went down the hurricane,
When our leader lost his cane!

Born in bleakness, prolonged active antagonism,
Deprived by their belligerent weakness!

Mutual predators attack
And contribute to my I'll will!
Smash and burn their forgotten seal!

Those of you, who cannot bleed,
Taste my blood, indeed.
Those of you, who cannot kill,
Nightmares burnt they feel!

Only wanderers who cannot sleep

Reach the blind spot deep!
Wash your hands in sin!
It's all my grin you've seen!

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