

## Tha Blue Herb

### "Rojyou"

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'98's 1st is still fresh, at least it won't die out before I do.

My right arm is the experience, a capable negotiator, I knew much about the fear of hypocrisy and vanity.

I use to peep out from the shadows all day long, you cannot see my gloomy self in the light.

It probably was me who made me that way, a life with only a sense of superiority is certainly dull.

Humiliation, is a comfortable constant, a bronze figure left alone in the scall.

The spell that appeared after the planting peeled off, once again, 12 out of 12 songs are masterpieces.

Someone like me, I say to all of those who try to fix the world in a certain way.

Is a necessary evil, but at the same time, my disses and righteousness won't shine without them.

The last transparent layer that lies on the surface of your skin, namely the spirit, is what represents the entire character of a person.

If you are unhappy with the way you look, that consequence derives from the judgement of not other people, but your own spirit.

I don't know any other MC who deals with this issue, I was alone with my own self yesterday too, the darkness never sleeps.

Glory be to my one and only platoon, nirvana is not necessarily impossible to reach, I'M PRIVATE ARMY.

My only healing method is to think deeply, a place I go frequently, the far end of my mind.

The entrance is a trivial topic, the answer is a result, but the important part is the process between the two.

When I mixed philosophy with a glass and a mirror, my poetry became practical neo-psychology.

After it drained off me, I sucked it in again, pain is the sweat that repeats the process.

Show concern for others 'cause I fear being concerned, unconsciously draw back from soft tenderness for no reason.

Disguised by my own fake smiles, suspect

endorsements and betrayals that don't even exist.  
After all these frightening deeds, end up regretting my  
own, and sometimes quickly try to patch  
things up.

I live with the agony of an anxious self, who always  
worries about getting found out.  
Nevertheless, there's still a use for some body like me,  
replace all the lyricists who never write  
it down.

Sneer at those MC who can't even see it, my loneliness  
forces me to write seemingly negative but  
acutually songs.

I never write songs in celebration, I am alone with the  
moon tonight, the wildcat never sleeps.  
Rewwards are a slice of pride, a pen and a sheet of  
paper, the true colour of my mind's darkness,  
I'M PRIVATE ARMY.

INSIDE HILL with fluttering clouds at the foot, a hill of  
ancient timesm a valley of wind, my  
impatience begins to calm.

Approaching Orion, my lyricism, now, I'm standing at  
the rear of all applause.

On this pond, this is where I will always be, words  
expressing the cold and vividly blot in the sky.

In a closed room, I draw myself into life's palm,  
CHILLIN' alone with my hash.

Let me add one more truth, solitude inhabits not  
yourself, but the space between people.

The city, simplicity, life and solitude, values that never  
mutually correspond, the way people feel.

Cross-purposed misunderstandings, painfulness and  
kindness... my gratitude cried and said, there  
aren't enough pockets.

Every day is a bridge that falls behind you, it is a  
journey that is meant to be forgotten.

BORN ALONE DIE ANONE, la vie en rose, I wear my  
emotions and pretend to be me.

I imagine how I look at myself, tremble, secretly  
relieved.

I still don't know how to make 'stop gap' songs, I will be  
alone with my honour tomorrow, I never  
sleep empty handed.

Take care of the evil that I was born with, I will still be  
suffering the day after tomorrow,  
I'M PRIVATE ARMY.

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