

Sustain The Untruth

Dir En Grey

Your deformed self
The Inside Mind
The deformed red beauty
It can still be filled

Yes, it can still

The gentle voice that I arrived at, lead the way as I wandered
Burning with the decaying trees in the parade

The right and the left still remain
Love it without caring about how it looks

Is it love in the right hand?
What's in the left hand?

I am PRETTY

Image
The sunset waits
My locked-up heart sways back and forth
Tomorrow, I am still

In the time of agitation is faint hope
Your dirty lies