

IN THE MIDDLE OF CHAOS

the Gazette

The little freedom which I know
All which I should keep
It may be lost someday
Anyone is the same
I stood in this stage and have noticed it
Am I who sings there truth?
It is wrong! I am here

Let's deliver nonfiction
A song like misfortune pride
I vomit original pain
The only means to prove oneself

I have a beloved person and a family
Nothing is different from you
Look as one human being
I have a lot of hateful guys
Nothing is different from you
Look as one human being

Honor and position aren't important
Do you remember it?
It becomes motherfucker

Let's deliver nonfiction
A song like misfortune pride
I vomit original pain
The only means to prove oneself

The little freedom which I know
The dream which I should keep
It may be lost someday
It may be lost someday
I stood in this stage and have noticed it
Am I who sings there truth?
It is wrong! I am here
No one can be saved with lie

Let's deliver nonfiction
A song like misfortune pride
I vomit original pain
To ascertain each other's wound
Let's deliver all of me
A song like misfortune pride
In the middle of chaos
The only means to prove oneself