

I am a sad clown.
I am the sad clown made into the show.
A crowd laughs seeing me.
You are also laughing at me.
Originally, I loved my individuality.
However, it is different now.
The soul has been sold.
Value is not in me.

I am a sad clown...
I am a sad clown...
I am a sad clown...
I am a sad...

Listen to the song of suffering.
Listen to the song of suffering.
Listen to the song of suffering.
Listen to the song of suffering.
Listen to the song of suffering.
Listen to the song of suffering.
Listen to the song of suffering.
Think of me.

This song is a sad shout.
May this song reach you!
I commit suicide before long.
You who cannot save me are bad.

This is a sad publicity stunt.
This is a sad advertisement act.
Value is acquired using death.
I am garbage.
But I am lonely.
Nobody turns.
I am a sad clown loved by nobody.
I would like to die truly.

Listen to the song of suffering.
Listen to the song of suffering.
Listen to the song of suffering.
Listen to the song of suffering.
Listen to the song of suffering.
Listen to the song of suffering.
Listen to the song of suffering.
Think of me.

This song is a sad shout.
May this song reach you!
I commit suicide before long.
You who cannot save me are bad.
Someone should help me.
I am a clown who sells a dream.
I am a valueless clown.
This is my real intention.