

# The Final

Dir En Grey

The intention is clear, I stare, with this left hand, unable  
to be worded

Every time I bleed, there lies the reason to live ... And I  
discover words being so vivid and bright

Even loved ones scatter like petals from flowers in my hand  
So even if I engraved the meaning that I lived in my hand, it  
will only be known as flowers of vanity

The Final

One by one it multiplies ... why be a sad bait?

Deep within the hell of my heart ... I can't go back  
A self-torture loser, not being able to see tomorrow  
Suicide is the proof of life

Even loved ones scatter like petals from flowers in my hand  
So even if I engraved the meaning that I lived in my hand, it  
will only be known as flowers of vanity

So I can't live  
What's lost can't be born again

A song that's not even seeking the proof of living  
Let's put an end ... The Final

Lets bloom flowers of attempted suicide.