

To Whom It May Concern

Kekal

Anyone, could you see the pain that dwells inside of me
To whom it may concern: I ask for justice, even in a small pie
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If I had lived in this place since its inception
I would see...

All the process of degradation, what a waste!

Thousand years, yet we see nothing

Not even a thing to be to be proud of

Always cling to our past fortune

But that was made by our forefathers

Does anyone care?

Enough of this hell

Fading solemnly to obscurity!

If you had lived in this place since its inception

You would see....

All this process of deterioration