

# Naofumi Mitsuhashi

## Oh, Sleeper

I've got something to say  
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I've got something to say  
I've got something to...

This scene is too far gone!

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This scene is too far gone to expect a message of peace to reach the top charts

We are a giant divided by fear forged knives in the fires of our pride  
We can't grow until we dethrone all of the emptiness

Gentlemen! Gentlemen!  
Your brawn will not be measured by the stiffness of your cap  
Gentlemen! Gentlemen!  
The statements on your knuckles don't make you the man

You say "I'm sick, I'm so sick" but then bandage with a soiled tune and revel in the stench  
"I'm so sick, so sick" but you bandage with a soiled tune and leave us singing...

I'll seek the end, I'll seek it until the end  
Not of life but the ignorance poisoning our limbs

Now ladies, are you listening?  
How many artificial layers do you need to feel secure?  
Ladies! Ladies!  
How many opposing choices will you make against your worth all for attention?  
'Cause it's cut you keep

You are no more the face you paint than the muscles beneath your skin  
You are no more the muscles than the bones beneath them

Ladies and gentlemen, may I ask you one last thing before beginning?  
Will you ever be an audience that sees all the sick and empty lies you've been feeding?

You got something to say? You got something to say?  
Then spit it out right now in front of all the fakes  
Drop out of this masquerade and wear your own name

Wear your own name

I'll seek the end, I'll seek it 'til the end