Suicide Day

I'm the one outside

Now you can see me face to face

If I didn't love me

Life wouldn't consist of this tide

Terrible meaningless

Have to pay too dearly for this

Getting all what fate reserves

Playing Don Quixote often enough

Ha. Welcome to suicide day

How I had come to this
Call me beast, call me brute
Beginning was a child's dream
The end becomes a bitter fate
Ha. Ha. Welcome to suicide day

What I'd do for incarnation
In the end there's no doom
Keeping madness, isolation
All's just nothing anymore
Ha. Ha. Welcome to suicide day