

The Gate

Sabbat

That mind, it is strange
Adapt myself to the worst situation
I grew control of myself, and also coming mad

Phantom of past runs after coming as usual
Tired of phantom, and accustomed to nihilism

I don't understand his object
What was that phantom
But, For anything I care now
I believe in myself now

That blood, It's strong
Accustomed to pain, Feel no pain now
I have nothing to go any place
But keep on walking

Adapt myself to this situation too
I learned to ways of doing life, of unchanged time
And imagined to any place

I don't understand his object
What was that phantom
But, For anything I care now
I believe in myself now

Phantom was out when I look back
Change of scene when I look the front
There was a gate there, Open it
There is next world, Next pure life

I don't understand his object
What was that phantom
But, For anything I care now
I believe in myself now