A line tries to visit life to neighborhood of death To die in the degree that is not wasted...
To deny oneself in oneself...
To confirm that I live...
I calm down without an answer a little.

A line tries to visit life to neighborhood of death To change misfortune of a heart...
To deny oneself in oneself...
To confirm that I live...
I am encouraged to blood and thank for a scab

A self-harm act isn't an act to hurt oneself
It's a weakness to give a vivid description
I understand such a thing

Dead or alive...
I decided suicide, but I can not die
Murder me
Can't you hear a voice of pain
I'm dying to be painful
You concidered me, but you don't cry and laugh at me
Cause I'm needed nobody
I'm alone