

Even though I obtained it I was still unsatisfied, ran
out again,
the curtain was cut and dropped, ring the bell without
any confusion!

How many will I steal before I'm satisfied? I can't even
predict
I'll tell the reason to your back, you who looks insecure

Freedom is a sweet, vague thing like an illusion,
an unrestricted, impossible thing that I'm falling deeply
in love with

In this blocked off world there's no such thing as
perfection,
so accept this chosen, necessary resistance

That which I obtained had two smiling faces,
setting a lovely, ugly trap and continuing to lurk

Freedom is a sweet, vague thing like an illusion,
an unrestricted, impossible thing that I'm falling deeply
in love with

In this blocked off world there's no such thing as
perfection,
so accept this chosen, necessary resistance,
the small possibility found within a barred window,
in the calm that surrounds me as if I've been captured