

Take me there to the west  
For I've been waiting to see you

Girl looks so sad  
Hair slicked back with raindrops  
From her walk outside  
It's good to be sad, sometimes  
No need to hide your doe eyes  
Light from the air  
Red as the rose wrapped  
'Round her feet  
Yellow flower cup  
Reflects on her chin  
Some would pay to know why

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I'd move, I'd move away...

Can't see for sure.  
Buckets of blood fall from her eyes  
Tears burn right through the floor  
No one knows why, or understands  
How she can cry in this way  
The Episun must have take'd one of her eyes