

I pray to the heavenly stars; the dreamlike time stops...

Will you someday hear it? A complicated voice filled with blank spaces

As a thousand planets connected but maintained some distance

Every time when I sigh, the balance crumbles Even though I definitely felt our shared time

The crimson lotus in my chest aches with an unknown paragramme of heaven and earth I gently repeated your words I want to reach straight out with my hand and try touching the past and future, too Suspended in my burning thoughts, now I believe

In the accumulating melancholies I began to love the "ordinary today"

Deciding on the limit of my hearbeats, what can I do? Even though my feeling of having vowed to advance isn't a lie...

Her voice that pierced through the redness of my chest is an epigram She cut off fear and glared at the emptiness Little shadows nod to each other, that they can even offer up their lives For the sake of things that I protect, I destroy irony

While falling apart in layers, time like a snowstorm stops...

That which creaks with the redness of my chest is an unevenly arranged tangram If I throw away the stupid questions and suddenly look back The voice that headed straight for my eyes from another time revives I want to know the meaning of meeting you, so I cleave