

The place changes and goes. Like a wind, like clouds.  
Like the traces of the heart, no halt at the places.

The place is so far away. be far apart.  
People's hand does not reach, so merely has (the) worship.

The place is a lofty lord. can't meet nobody put on.  
We will lose the place.so lofty which changes.

Not all were desired. However, we're never sad.  
Still, there is still the place.far away. far away.

(The wind) blows through the place. an endless, with all.  
Like the ripple float on the water, It blows as it goes.

The place is No make at all. Nothing is shown.  
Like the sand clasped by hand, It falls vainly.

The place is (a) profound lord, and wear the vain faint light.  
But we will find it in the place.The hut at which it stands still.

If not concerned with all, It will maintain that No dye.  
Therefore there is still the hut.It's lonely, solitary.

No halt at the wind.it soars to the sky.  
Like the verdure (which) meets with sunrise, It grows up as reborn.

The hut has held new one.that's different from all.  
Like the sand castle of the children, but realized with the mind.

The person is a vain statue.wear taciturnity calm.  
Still, We will know a huge flow.It is stopped by nobody.

Soon, the wind wears the snow cloud. will be dyed to snow-white.  
Summer grass will incline.No sunlight, feebly shade.

The place buried in deep snow.like the collapsing castle.  
Like the head of the shade, figure will be thrown away

The hut buried in deep snow.It sinks in to the flood.  
And The "not dyeing" is dyed out, and waits for a oppose one.

Even if all are healed, be gonna no return.  
There is still the place.far away. far away.

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Still, there is still the place. far away. far away.