Held by thousands of stars, shouting out romance. The rusty time flows away, you were surely shaking.

Sometimes, I get so scared of loving you too much. What's wrong with that?

I really can't see anything but you.

Right now, the most important thing is to satisfy ourselves.

Are you sure?

Yeah.

I love you.

I need you.

End of sorrow.

People probably fight chance, and then know of tears. The sepia coloured

memories.

The end of the century, it suits talking to yourself. People be gin to

realise themselves.

Held by thousands of stars, shouting out romance. The rusty time flows away, shouting out pain.

I'll never let you go, ah, the throbbing heart...

People now know sleepless nights, the freezing cobalt blue nights.

Even if the strong wind blows through your heart, don't be afra id, believe

in tomorrow.

Held by thousands of stars, shouting out romance. The rusty time flows away, shouting out pain.

I'll only think of you, ah, the sorrowful love...

People learn sorrow, then learn of love from their heart. Why were we born, people start to love themselves.

Held by thousands of stars, shouting out romance. The rusty time flows away, shouting out pain.

I'll never let you go, forever...

The sorrowful days, the loneliness, ah, Sayonara.