

Ali Project, ??????

</lyrics>

{{Translation|Japanese}}

==Romanization==

</lyrics>

Ude wo mawashite daki toru
Yume no Katachi yo
Utsukushiki Kimi ga Soko ni iru
Kiseki wo hisokani itoshimu
Fukaki Omoi wa sono Me ni
Todoka zarishi mo
Kurushimi wa amaki Toge wo mochi
Watashi wa Itami ni yoi shireru

Hana ni tatoete ikirareru
Koi to yuu uraraka na Hibi wo
Aa, wasure zarishi Kono yo no
Omoide to kaete
Haru no Naka chiran

Semete Botan no
Hi no Iro wo nokoshite

(Mandarin Chinese; Hanyu Pinyin Method)
tou tou de xiang zhe ni, yong zhe ni de jian
wufa jinru ni nei pian tian
tongku jiaochan, tianmi de jingji
zai tong zhong chi lian mi li
zhengzha panxuan, mishi liulian

zhankai de meili huaban, xingfu de xiaolian
ai wufa shixian de meitian, ku ku sinian
shi shi nian nian yong cong xin zhong meihao huainian
mei de meng a, mei de chun na
bu yao li wo na me yuan

fen fen piaoluo de huaban
na shi feihong yanli de mudan

Chou ni tatoete shini tamau
Koi to yuu Zankoku no Toki yo
Hirogeta Hane wa chigirete
Ten no Takami ni wa
Noborenai no nara
Kimi no Hitomi no Aozora ni
Ochiyou

</lyrics>

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==Translation==

</lyrics>

Your arms turn around and embrace me
Oh, shape of my dream
The beautiful you is over there
I secretly love the miracle
The deep memories are in your eyes
But I cannot reach them
The sadness has sweet thorns
as I am foolishly drunk in pain

Compared to flowers, I am able to live
Love is said to be those glorious days
Ah, I am forgetting this world
as I replace these memories
So they can't fall in spring

At least the scarlet color
of the peony remains

Secretly, the world thinks of you, supporting your shoulders
Unable to enter you, the thin sky
The anguish is wrapped around the honey of the brier
In the pain, the foolish love gets lost and leaves
The struggle goes in a circle, becomes lost and is reluctant to leave

The unfolding of the beautiful petals, an emotion of happiness
Love is unable to go on everyday, missing the pain
For generations, for years, forever, my mind cherishes the happiness
Dream of beauty, ah, how is the spring of beauty
unable to ask to leave, am I that distant?

One by one they float, the fallen flower petals
That is the dark red beauty of the peony

Compared to a butterfly, I am dying
Love is said to be a cruel time
The spread wings are torn off
If they cannot rise into
the height of the sky
They should fall in
the blue sky of your eyes