

Ali Project, ??

</lyrics>
{{Translation|Japanese}}
==Romanized Japanese==
</lyrics>
Sasagu nie wa tada hitotsu no koi
Waga kokoro chi ni somu murasaki no

Saa garasu ni tojikomenasai
Kizu wo kazari
Kumotteiku sekai de
Mogaite ageru

Hito haru wo ikinuite
Hito natsu wo taedaeni
Akazu mata mezame ochi
Suigyoku no oetsu kara
Otonau yubi wa subete
Anata to shite ukeire
Ukiagaru nodomoto ni
Shokuzai no aza no kiretsu hagu

Fusagu mayu wa odoru kage daite
Jougen no gekka tsume wa somu kurenai ni

Mienai hari senaka wo tsuranuki
Ugoke masenu
Tada anata wo kokokara
Miageru tame to

Iku shizuku wo mukaete
Iku hira wo nomihoshite
Nando demo kurikaesu
Hakudaku no outo kara
Amaku hiku ito wo kuri
Ten mau goto chi wo hai
Suri aruku ashimoto ni
Shikkoku no nawa no ato sureru

Hito haru wo ikinuite
Hito fuyu ni koori shisu
Soshite mata umare ochi
Hakudaku no outo kara
Amaku hiku ito wo kuri
Ten mau goto chi wo hai
Suri aruku hiji hiza ni
Shikkoku no nawa no ato kareru

Kinu no ito de kukuri takuba
Negawakuba kegarenu kara no naka
Nieyo moeyo
Tada hitokake
Nokorishi waga kokoro
</lyrics>

||

==Translation==
</lyrics>
The consecrated offering, my one and only love;
My heart, with blood stained purple.

Come, confine me in glass.
Decorate me with scars.
In this world, clouding over,

I shall writhe for you.

Surviving through one spring;
Feebly, through one summer;
Coming awake again, untiring.
From bejeweled weeping
The probing finger, accepting
You entirely as you are.
Rising, in my throat.
I strip off the cracks on my bruises of redemption.

In an enclosing cocoon, embracing the dancing shadows
Beneath the first-quarter moon, nails, stained crimson,

Are unseen needles piercing my back,
I cannot move.
Just for the sake of
Looking up at you from here.

Encountering how many drops of rain,
Drinking dry how many flower petals,
Repeating many times over.
From my cloudy vomit
I spin threads, pulled sweetly.
Creeping along the earth as though dancing in the heavens,
On my dragging feet
I chafe the marks from my ropes of bondage.

Surviving through one spring;
I freeze in one winter and die
And then being born again.
From my cloudy vomit
I spin threads, pulled sweetly.
Creeping along the earth as though dancing in the heavens,
Rubbing elbows and knees on which I walk
I dry out the marks from my ropes of bondage.

To strangle myself with the silk thread
The hidden desire does not become dirty
Boiling, I burn
Simply applying
The remains of my wrinkled soul.