

Ali Project, ??????

</lyrics>
{Translation|Japanese}
==Romaji==

</lyrics>
Ichinenjyuu saki midareru
Bara no sono de kuraseta nara
Watashitachi datte
Sukoshi mo kawarazu ni
Toki wo nobotte ikeru kashira

Mono wo iuwanu niwashi no youni
Tsuchi ni kawaita yubi de
Utsukushii mono dake wo tsukuridasu

Haru no amai tasogare nimo
Kogoeru fuyu no BEDDO nimo
Itsumo onaji yume ga orite
Demo kanjiru kokoro wa mou chigauno deshou

Nakuseru mono yuzurenu mono
Erabi totte wa
Sabishisa to akirame
Uekomu dake nara

Doko ni aru ka wakaranu
Oshiro wo sagashi tsudukeruno
Kitto tadoritsukeru to
Karada jyuu doru darake ni shite
Namida to tomeikito de
Kita michi wa numachi ni kawatte
Ato modori wa dekinai kara
Zutto te wo hiite

Kagami no youni shizumatta
Yamiyo no minamo wo nozokeba
Watashitachi no nozomu mono no
Subete ga kirabiyaka ni
Temanekishiteiru

Sono mukou ni yuku to iuno?
Nanimo kamo sute
Mayakashi ni tobikomu hodo
Yowaku wa nai

Doko ni aru ka wakaranu
Oshiro wo sagashi tsudukeruno
Keshite tadoritsukezu ni
Mune ga chi darake ni natte mo
Urotsuku kemonotachi wo osorenai
Yukeru tokoro made
Itsuka kiduku
Sore wa me niwa
Mienai mono dato

Soko ni aru ka wakaranu
Ashita wo sagashi tsudukeruno
Kitto tadoritsukeru to
Karada jyuu kizu darake ni shite
Samayou kemonotachi no sugata ga
Jibun to shitte mo
Awaremanai de
Hondou no futari
Mada umaretenai
</lyrics>

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==Translation==
<lyrics>
They bloom all year round
As if they are raised in a rose garden
We, too, without
changing a bit
May rise on above time.

Like a gardener who does not speak,
With his fingers parched in the soil,
Producing only beautiful things.

Into the sweet twilight of spring as well,
And into the chilled bed of winter,
Descends the same dream as always,
But the heart that feels it is different.

Picking out things that cannot be lost,
Things that cannot be given away,
Sadness and resignation,
if you only plant them.

We continue searching for the castle
that lies we know not where.
Surely when we come upon it,
Our entire bodies covered in dust,
With tears and sighs, the road
from whence we came will turn to swampland.
We cannot thereafter return,
So forever stay our hands.

If we spy upon the surface of the water in the dark
of night, it will become still like a mirror,
Everything that we
wish for, splendidly
Beckons to us.

Do you say that you will go beyond that?
Throwing away everything
I am not so weak as to dive
Into make-believe.

We continue searching for the castle
that lies we know not where.
Surely without finding it,
Our breasts even covered in blood,
We will not fear the lurking beasts
until we reach where we are going.
Someday we will notice
that it is something
That cannot be seen with the eyes.

we continue searching for the tomorrow,
not knowing if it is really there
Surely when we come upon it,
our entire bodies covered in cuts,
Figures of wandering beasts
will be known to us
without pity,
our truth
still isn't born.