

Ali Project, schism

</lyrics>

{{Translation|Japanese}}

==Romanized Japanese==

</lyrics>

mado no naki kurai heya
shiroi te ga rousoku wo oku
tojita DOA watashi hitori
yokotawari
umarekuru mae ni kurumareru

fukai fukaku fuyuu no uzu
yodomu namima ni shizunda

mou hitotsu aru sekai de
mou hitori no watashi ga anata to iru
muku wo yosoou egao to
nureta kami ga
imi wo mochitsuyameite

hontou no WATASHI wa dotchi?

kage wo hau igyou yori
tamashii wa minikui mono
suki to iu kimochi dake de
mou hoka ni
kokoro ni wa nani mo yuzuranai

yugamu yureru hodou no kara
tomodonaku kurikaeshita

watashi no naka no watashi ga
sutetai no wa mirai ka sore tomo kako
akitsudzuketa kono kankyuu ga
chi ni somu hodo
anata wo yumemite iru

torawareta watashi wa dotchi?

mou hitotsu aru sekai de
mou hitori no watashi ga anata to neru
haka no itami ni saigo no
moroi itsu ba sa
konagona ni kudakechiru

moto ni wa mou modoranai no ne

watashi no naka no watashi ga
nozomu mono wa genzai ga kieru mirai ka
furueru mune wo osaete
chi wo haku hodo
anata wo ai shite ita

koko ni iru WATASHI wa dare?

</lyrics>

||

==Translation==

</lyrics>

I am in the windowless room
The white hand puts out the candle
The door closed, I am alone
I stretch out
and before I come to be born, I wrap myself up

The discomfort is profoundly stammering

on the floating bubble, and it has sunk in the waves

I am already one in the world
The already alone I is with you
I chop up the purity and the smile
My wet hair hangs onto
the meaning and glitters

Where is the real me?

The wall crawls more grotesquely
than a soul that is ugly
It is said that if you prefer love
then all of the other feelings
Then in your heart, nothing will surrender

The surge of shells are warping and shaking
It repeats without an end

Inside of me, do I want to throw away
the future or even the past?
But my eyes keep on opening,
and going so far to be coloured in blood,
you are having a dream

Where am I imprisoned?

I am already one in the world
The already alone I is sleeping with you
In the pain of deflowering,
the last brittle wing
is smashed into very tiny pieces

I can't already turn back to the start, right?

Inside of me, is what I'm wanting
the present or the disappearing future?
Pinning down my shivering heart,
going so far that it throws up blood,
I have loved you

I am here, but who am I?