

# 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  
tomedonaku 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?