

Asian Kung-Fu Generation, Butterfly

5

5

</lyrics>

{{Translation|Japanese}}

==Romanized Japanese==

</lyrics>

Togatta NAIFU mitaina kokoro de
Hosonagaku imi mo nai hibi wo kezuru
Tsumotta kako to ka taikutsu to ka
Moenai gomi no hi ni dashite sono mama

Atesaki no nai tegami mitaina
Ikiba mo ibasho mo nai bokura wo
Surikomareta yume ya kibou wa
Moenai gomi no hi ni dashite sono mama

Hantoumei de futashikana maku ga bokura wo sekai wo tsutsunde wa
Go ME-TORU no genjitsukan wo
Itsuka nakushite
Miushinatte itte~

Kurayami no saki no kasumu youna hikari
Fukara sei no soukousei
Susanda boku wa chou ni nareru ka na

Oreru...

Kiekaketa nibui itami made
Dekirunara sutenaide oite sono mama

Hantoumei de futashikana maku ga bokura wo sekai wo tsutsunde mo
Go ME-TORU no genjitsukan wo
Wasurenaide ite
Zutto tsunaide ite~

Akirame no warui sekai ga yobu bokura wo
GARASU sei no yokubou de nozoita saki ni nani ga aru

Kurayami no saki no kasumu youna hikari
Fukara sei no soukousei
Susanda boku wa chou ni nareru ka na

Oreru (x3)

</lyrics>

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==English translation==

</lyrics>

In the heart that seems like a sharpened knife
The long and delicate meaning that doesn't exist cuts down from day to day
The piled up past or the boredom
Are drawn out as is on the days when the waste doesn't burn

Like a letter without an address
Our future place and even the current one are both non-existent
The frayed dream and the hope
Are drawn out as is on the days when the waste doesn't burn

The semitransparent uncertain membrane wraps our world
The true feeling five meters ahead
Will be gone some day
Don't lose sight of it

The darkness's former hazy brilliance
The negative and positive nature of light
I wonder if the me who has turned wild can become accustomed to being a butterfly

I break

Until the dull pain fades away
If able, don't abandon it and leave it as it is

The semitransparent uncertain membrane wraps our world
The true feeling five meters ahead
Won't be forgotten
It will always be connected

The horrible world of abandonment calls us
With a desire made of glass, what is there in the prying future?

The darkness's former hazy brilliance
The negative and positive nature of light
I wonder if the me who has turned wild can become accustomed to being a butterfly

I break