

Autamata, Out Of This

Out of this

I will confront you at last you dreaded empty
When I met you in others I fell in love
From the bottle, to the cradle, to the needle to the bed
We all need something to deliver us from dread

But I believe in truth

Out of this noise, here comes the stillness
Out of this chaos, here comes the order
Out of this language, out of this language
Out of these words

And a hollow man leaves you empty-handed
With fingers carved from Asian ivory
From the cradle, to the treadmill, to the rocker, to the last sigh
Some are made happy when something dies

Out of this...

Shitsujo, seijaku, shinjitsu

Out of patience, out of deed
Out of courage, out of me
Out of reason, out of truth
Out of conscience, out of you

Konran kara shitsujo ga umare
Soon kara seijaku ga umareru
Shinjitsu wa ai o umu

Out of this...