

FictionJunction YUUKA, Akatsuki No Kuruma

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</lyrics>

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

kaze sasou kikage ni utsubusete naiteru
mi mo shiranu watashi wo watashi ga mite ita
yuku hito no shirabe wo kanaderu GUITAR
konu hito no nageki ni hoshi wa ochite

yukanaide, donna ni sakende mo
ORANGE no hanabira shizuka ni yureru dake
yawarakana itai ni nokosareta
te no hira no kioku haruka
tokoshie no sayonara tsumabiku

yasashii te ni sugaru kodomo no kokoro wo
moesakaru kuruma wa furiharaisusumu
yuku hito no nageki wo kanadete GUITAR
mune no ito hageshiku kakinarashite

akanashimi ni somaranai shirosa de
ORANGE no hanabira yureteta natsu no kage ni
yawaraka na itai wo nakushite mo
akaku someta suna haruka koete yuku
sayonara no RHYTHM

omoide wo yakitsukushite susumu daichi ni
natsukashiku mebuite yuku mono ga aru no

akatsuki no kuruma wo miokutte
ORANGE no hanabira yureteru ima mo doko ka
itsuka mita yasuraka na yoake wo
mou ichido te ni suru made
kesanaide tomoshibi kuruma wa
mawaru yo
</lyrics>

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==English translation==

</lyrics>

Shaded by the trees, calling out to the wind, I'm lying face-down crying
I saw a version of myself I didn't even recognize
On this guitar I'm playing the melody of someone who's passed on
A star falls in the grief of someone who'll never be seen again

Please don't go, no matter how much you scream,
all it will do is quietly stir these orange petals
Saved on my soft brow,
I send the memories in my palm far away
An eternal farewell as I keep strumming

The heart of a child clinging to a gentle hand
The blazing wheels cast it off and continue on
On this guitar I'm playing the grief of someone who's passed on
The strings in my heart being plucked at violently

In the pure white unstained by sorrow,
the orange petals stirred in a summer shadow
Even if my soft brow is lost,
I'll cross over the far off, red-stained sand
The rhythm of farewell

Branded into my memories, on the ever-turning earth,
there is something sprouting in remembrance

Sending off the dawn's carriage
Those orange petals are stirring somewhere even now
The peaceful daybreak I once saw
Until it is placed in my hands once more,
please don't let the light go out
The wheels are turning