

# The GazettE, Bartroom (wersja ang.)

Why can't I sleep? I was fascinated by the silence.  
It is empty to talk to myself in a damp room again.  
Why can't I sleep? Because I saw you.  
You look down at the wet floor. Leaning the head while sleeping.  
I just didn't have any feelings for the uninteresting reality.  
I adoringly looked at you without saying anything and even forgetting to blink.  
I want to fall asleep, just feeling the fear of awaking.  
I want to forget everything. It is selfish nonsense.  
I call your name. I go mad with the silence.  
I shouted while holding your thin shoulder. It was too frail with warmth.  
I was fascinated by the uninteresting reality.  
I found out that it even was meaningless that I had been  
Borne not to cry.  
The voice at my back kept on.  
The reason was not important.  
Only you look so sad in front of me.  
I hate myself so much because I couldn't do anything for you.  
I tell to you, who gave me my name. Can you be beside  
Me as it is.  
Yeh, for me you are the first and last "mother."  
I softly lined you with deep red color on the white wall.  
I came close, the still warm cheek. I just smiled calmly.  
A big teardrop was filled with you. And I felt we could became  
One.  
The time when the eyelids close and the warmth is gone. I am beside you.