

# The GazettE, Taion

A wintry sky and the broken streetlight cold wind.  
Unknown shadow the footprint of desertion.  
Freedom was taken.

If it wakes up a gloomy ceiling.  
A laughing voice sinks in the eardrum it is soiled.  
And violence rapes me.

An understanding is impossible.  
Why was I chosen? Someone should answer...

dou ka hidoi yume da to kotaete hoshii  
dore dake sakebi modae kurushimeba ii  
dou ka hidoi yume da to oshiete hoshii  
chigiresou na koe de nando mo sakenda

There is no hand of preparing of the disordered hair.

A laughing voice sinks in the eardrum a faint temperature is mixed in the midwinter.

koe wo koroshite karesou na jibun ni ii kikaseteita

ikiru koto wo miushinawanu you

koe wo koroshite furueta yoru wa itami ni oboreteiku

togiresou na iki wo yurushite...

dou ka hidoi yume da to kotaete hoshii  
dore dake sakebi modae kurushimeba ii  
dou ka hidoi yume da to oshiete hoshii