

Akira Yamaoka, Walk On Vanity Ruins

In here is a tragedy,
Art thou player or audience?
Be as it may, the end doth remain:
All go on only toward death.
The first word at thy left hand,
A false lunacy a madly dancing man
Hearing unhearable words, drawn to a beloved's grave.
And there, mayhap, true madness at last.
As did this one playing death find true death at last
Killing a nameless lover,
She peirced a heart rent by sorrow.
Douth lie invite truth?
Douth verity but wear the mask of falsehood?
Ah, thou pityful,
Thou miserable ones. Still admist lies,
Though the end cometh not,
Wherefore yern for death?
Will thou attend to thy beloved?
Truths and lies
Life and death
The game of turning white to black,
And black to white