

# Ali Project, ??

&lt;/lyrics&gt;  
{{Translation|Japanese}}  
==Romanized Japanese==  
&lt;/lyrics&gt;  
Sasagu nie wa tada hitotsu no koi  
Waga kokoro chi ni somu murasaki no

Saa garasu ni tojikomenasai  
Kizu wo kazari  
Kumotteiku sekai de  
Mogaite ageru

Hito haru wo ikinuite  
Hito natsu wo taedaeni  
Akazu mata mezame ochi  
Suigyoku no oetsu kara  
Otonau yubi wa subete  
Anata to shite ukeire  
Ukiagaru nodomoto ni  
Shokuzai no aza no kiretsu hagu

Fusagu mayu wa odoru kage daite  
Jougen no gekka tsume wa somu kurenai ni

Mienai hari senaka wo tsuranuki  
Ugoke masenu  
Tada anata wo kokokara  
Miageru tame to

Iku shizuku wo mukaete  
Iku hira wo nomihoshite  
Nando demo kurikaesu  
Hakudaku no outo kara  
Amaku hiku ito wo kuri  
Ten mau goto chi wo hai  
Suri aruku ashimoto ni  
Shikkoku no nawa no ato sureru

Hito haru wo ikinuite  
Hito fuyu ni koori shisu  
Soshite mata umare ochi  
Hakudaku no outo kara  
Amaku hiku ito wo kuri  
Ten mau goto chi wo hai  
Suri aruku hiji hiza ni  
Shikkoku no nawa no ato kareru

Kinu no ito de kukuri takuba  
Negawakuba kegarenu kara no naka  
Nieyo moeyo  
Tada hitokake  
Nokorishi waga kokoro  
&lt;/lyrics&gt;

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==Translation==  
&lt;/lyrics&gt;  
The consecrated offering, my one and only love;  
My heart, with blood stained purple.

Come, confine me in glass.  
Decorate me with scars.  
In this world, clouding over,

I shall writhe for you.

Surviving through one spring;  
Feebly, through one summer;  
Coming awake again, untiring.  
From bejeweled weeping  
The probing finger, accepting  
You entirely as you are.  
Rising, in my throat.  
I strip off the cracks on my bruises of redemption.

In an enclosing cocoon, embracing the dancing shadows  
Beneath the first-quarter moon, nails, stained crimson,

Are unseen needles piercing my back,  
I cannot move.  
Just for the sake of  
Looking up at you from here.

Encountering how many drops of rain,  
Drinking dry how many flower petals,  
Repeating many times over.  
From my cloudy vomit  
I spin threads, pulled sweetly.  
Creeping along the earth as though dancing in the heavens,  
On my dragging feet  
I chafe the marks from my ropes of bondage.

Surviving through one spring;  
I freeze in one winter and die  
And then being born again.  
From my cloudy vomit  
I spin threads, pulled sweetly.  
Creeping along the earth as though dancing in the heavens,  
Rubbing elbows and knees on which I walk  
I dry out the marks from my ropes of bondage.

To strangle myself with the silk thread  
The hidden desire does not become dirty  
Boiling, I burn  
Simply applying  
The remains of my wrinkled soul.