

Ali Project, ??

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

</lyrics>
Yogoto ni watashi no inku wa tareru
Jinsei wo tsuzuru youhishi no ue ni
Sore nari kanbi na sujigaki

Sore demo shodana ni tsumiagerareta
Kokon touzai hon no naka
Anata no shousetsu hitotsu ni
Oyobanai

Katsuji musabori ikirarereba ii
Tobira akeru you ni tsugi no hyoushi wo
Mata hiraku

Utsutsu nado sutete yuku
Koko wa suuhai bibliothque
Kougoushiku ki no fureta sono migite no pen saki ga
Watashi no mune ni monogatari wo shitatamete'ku kannou
Aa douka karada oosaki
Jika ni utsukushii bouzou
Sosoide kudasai
Shisshin suru made

Eichi wa senkou to antan tatae
Jukusei sarenagara kotoba ni yagoru
Akuma to tenjou no ransui

Hoka ni nani mo watashi wa iranai
Anata no sekai e to toberu
Souzouryoku areba

Inochi kake yomifukeru
Koko wa shushin bibliothque
Mime uruwashiku narabi katarareru moji wa ongaku
Mabuta mo mune mo mekurarete'ku mekurumeku genkaku
Mou douka kono tamashii
Tsubureru kurai seizetsu na
Tatta ichido kiri no ketsumatsu wo kudasai

Ki naru jijitsu yori ki na
Koko wa kindan bibliothque
Watashi ga shinda ato wa aozameta hifu wo hagitori
Nameshite nuiawasete soutei ni kizatte hoshii
Toki no kabi matoitsutsu
Sekai ni yuiitsu no shikaban
Dareka ga te ni toru made iki wo hi someru

Watashi koso ga anata no egaita bouzou
</lyrics>

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==English translation==
</lyrics>

Every night, my ink runs
Life writes on top of my parchment
As it is a sweet outline

But it still piled up in the bookshelf
Inside of the book of ancient and present, East and West
And one of your novels
Is unattainable

The printing type should desire to come alive
Like a door opening, the front cover
is still opening

Throw away reality and come
This is the admiring library
The spirit at the end of the pen in your perceived right hand
Divinely writes the story in my heart of the senses
Ah, please tear up my body
I am directly beautiful wild ideas
Please pour
Until I faint

Wisdom fills up with flashes and darkness
While it matures, it lives in my words
The dead drunk demons and heavens

Besides nothing else can be me
And I'm able to fly to your world
If you have the power of imagination

Risking life, I'm absorbed in reading
This is the lifelong library
My looks are able to be written lovely in a line, the letters are music
Even my eyes and heart are rolled up in dazzling illusions
Please, when you're about to already
smash this soul violently
Just give me one more ending

Reality becoming strange is even stranger
This is the forbidden library
After I have died, tear off the pale skin
I want to wear the tanning sewn binding
But I continue to wear the mold of time
It is the only private book in the world
Until someone takes it into their hands, my breath will stop

I am indeed your painted illusions