

# Ali Project, ????

0  
0

&lt;/lyrics&gt;  
{Translation|Japanese}  
==Romanization==  
&lt;lyrics&gt;  
moshi mo watashi ga  
hono aoki soubi nara  
karada wa hokorobu hana deshou

soine suru komadori tachi  
toge de dakishime  
amaki mitsu wo hikikae ni  
iki chi wo sosogase akaku akaku  
tsuki wo abite san san to  
sakari no toki wo tachi tomarasete  
inori no you ni noroi no you ni  
aita hana kuchibiru no okusoku de utau

sou made mo shite  
sakhokoru no ka to  
tou nakare

moshi mo watashi ga  
no ni saita soubi nara  
kokoro wa ugomeku sono ne deshō

tsuchi fukaku ni nakigara wo  
ikutsu gazoete  
yami ni soumishi nigoru yotsuyu  
maziri tsukushi sui tsukushite  
akai kuki wo nobori tsume  
hikari no arika saguri tsudzukeru  
tennyo no you ni kemono no you ni  
ochite iku basho wa boketsu to shire do

sore hodo made ni  
aishitai no ka to  
tou nakare

eda wo meguri ha wo nijimase  
mizukara no mi wo kakei to sen  
tsuki ni hisomi kou kou to  
watashi wa bara de watashi wa onna  
niroi no you ni inori no you ni  
kakusuru omoi wa kaori tsutsu tadare

soushite nao mo  
ikite yuku no ka to  
toi nagara  
&lt;/lyrics&gt;  
||  
==Translation==  
&lt;/lyrics&gt;  
if i am  
a faint blue flower  
is my body a flower that's opening broadly?

the robins are sleeping together  
holding onto the thorn  
the red, red blood is being poured  
into the delicious nectar  
the moon is bathing brilliantly  
the prime time is being stopped  
like a prayer, like a curse  
singing at the opened flower

so it seems like that  
and am i in the fullness of bloom?  
if i am not able to ask

if i am  
a flower blooming in wildness  
will my heart struggle to your roots?

in the deep earth  
how many corpses will i count?  
darkness is dying the impure night  
i am completely poor and completely stuck  
the scarlet stalk will continue to rise  
i am continuing to look for the hiding place of light  
like a heavenly nymph, like a beast  
this place where i fall is my grave and i know it

to the extent of until that  
and will i want love?  
if i am not able to ask

the branch will return and the leaves will ooze  
my body can not compete with my crucifixion  
the moon is brilliantly lying dormant  
i am a rose, i am a woman  
like a curse, like a prayer  
the hidden secrets are fragrant while inflamed

and even like that  
will i come to live?  
while i ask