



we flew lowly over the ground.  
The moon knew nothing of us  
as our engines resounded lowly.

What kind of people are  
living there, laughing?  
What kind of dreams are  
buried, raised there?

We can't read the name of the town on the map.  
Tonight, we'll let our banner of justice fly.

Among every living thing  
a scorching fire  
flows within.  
Everything goes as planned as our planes rise,  
the ammo hatch is pulled shut;  
victorious, we loop and roll.  
I can't see, I can't hear.  
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing

As if a joyful celebration,  
modest fireworks are being launched.  
Anger, grief, darkness  
and then it's hatred.

[War,] it is like the dazzling sun;  
abruptly, it breaks through the glass

Among every living thing,  
the same crimson-colored blood  
flows from their chests.  
As I grasp the joystick weakly  
and yell to my comrades,  
no-one answers.  
The far-away moon vanishes in the mist  
Just like my mother, father, friends, and you [my love]

If we were born in a different country  
the glow of this desert  
would not exist to us.  
The nighthawk in the dawning sky  
gets lost and turns away;  
it becomes a shooting star.

Among every living thing  
the same crimson-colored blood flows;  
it brings forth life.  
No matter what justice we wave above us  
the flow of that crimson blood  
cannot be stopped.  
It was dream, a long dream,  
a long dream, a long dream.