

# FictionJunction YUUKA, ???

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{{ruby|}}  
&lt;/lyrics&gt;

{{Translation|Japanese}}  
== Romanized Japanese ==  
&lt;/lyrics&gt;

kaze sasou kikage ni utsubusete naiteru  
mi mo shiranu watashi wo watashi ga mite ita  
yuku hito no shirabe wo kanaderu GUITAR  
konu hito no nageki ni hoshi wa ochite

yukanaide, donna ni sakende mo  
ORANGE no hanabira shizuka ni yureru dake  
yawarakana itai ni nokosareta  
te no hira no kioku haruka  
tokoshie no sayonara tsumabiku

yasashii te ni sugaru kodomo no kokoro wo  
moesakaru kuruma wa furiharaisusumu  
yuku hito no nageki wo kanadete GUITAR  
mune no ito hageshiku kakinarashite

akanashimi ni somaranai shirosa de  
ORANGE no hanabira yureteta natsu no kage ni  
yawaraka na itai wo nakushite mo  
akaku someta suna haruka koete yuku  
sayonara no RHYTHM

omoide wo yakitsukushite susumu daichi ni  
natsukashiku mebuite yuku mono ga aru no

akatsuki no kuruma wo miokutte  
ORANGE no hanabira yureteru ima mo doko ka  
itsuka mita yasuraka na yoake wo  
mou ichido te ni suru made  
kesanaide tomoshibi kuruma wa  
mawaru yo  
&lt;/lyrics&gt;

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==English translation==

&lt;/lyrics&gt;

Shaded by the trees, calling out to the wind, I'm lying face-down crying  
I saw a version of myself I didn't even recognize  
On this guitar I'm playing the melody of someone who's passed on  
A star falls in the grief of someone who'll never be seen again

Please don't go, no matter how much you scream,  
all it will do is quietly stir these orange petals  
Saved on my soft brow,  
I send the memories in my palm far away  
An eternal farewell as I keep strumming

The heart of a child clinging to a gentle hand  
The blazing wheels cast it off and continue on  
On this guitar I'm playing the grief of someone who's passed on  
The strings in my heart being plucked at violently

In the pure white unstained by sorrow,  
the orange petals stirred in a summer shadow  
Even if my soft brow is lost,  
I'll cross over the far off, red-stained sand  
The rhythm of farewell

Branded into my memories, on the ever-turning earth,  
there is something sprouting in remembrance

Sending off the dawn's carriage  
Those orange petals are stirring somewhere even now  
The peaceful daybreak I once saw  
Until it is placed in my hands once more,  
please don't let the light go out  
The wheels are turning