

# The Gazette, Ganges Ni Akai Bara (wersja ang.)

When speaking figuratively you seem to be  
A crow that wanted to dive on the water's surface with spread wings  
What are the eyes seeing that pretend to be innocent?  
Please give ease to the girl who's thin hands are pointing to the sky...  
A rosary made of brass hangs around your neck  
And was replaced by a light brown leather rope  
The hymn mixed with a smile is interrupted and at the same time you lose your footing  
While watching the trembling shadow, rationality is mutilated  
Understanding has no meaning in this scattered cult like the tone of a bell that's ringing coldly  
February is decorated in taciturnity, palms put together in a deep prayer  
To God, unable to save, please answer me...  
Experiencing life's value in death, this death lets the flowers of life bloom  
A colorless God and a sleeping withered rose  
I hold onto the drowning you, let's face the beautiful darkness  
In order for wax to melt, it's shape was taken  
When tomorrow is left without shadows, what is there more than reality?  
I want to acknowledge you, please don't be sad, even if there's nothing reflected in these eyes anymore  
February is decorated in taciturnity, palms put together in a deep prayer  
To God, unable to save, please answer me...  
Experiencing life's value in death, this death lets the flowers of life bloom  
I'm singing those deserted words  
Your birthday is decorated in taciturnity, no matter how many times the celebrating of this day was  
You were born and raised here, at the place you loved  
Weakly it continues trembling and flowing, this eternal sleep in beauty.  
Your journey was decorated by red roses.  
What I asked peacefully is to never entrust the language of emotions  
Can you laugh from your heart, I wonder if there is any happiness?