

Sakura Saku (feat. Nicamoq)

Yunomi

The sun sets again today without (me) gaining anything.
I turn my back to the tireless winter sunset in the west.
The sun goes round and round baited by the feed of livestock with dead eyes.
How nice it would be if tomorrow didn't come at all.

The dream to answer to frustration; what a idealistic fate.
The result of laziness, ego, pride and internal conflict; too late.
Little pieces of happiness like rubbish along the road one, yet another, the days of gathering them up.

How much longer must I wait for you to come?
Weirdly, I've grown horridly tired of hurting.
Not like I'm going to do something.
I'm just here waiting for the cherry blossom season, and for you who will eventually come.

And so, spring comes, summer comes, autumn and winter; I part ways with love.
Well then, who is it who holds the keys to happiness?
I won't weigh the dreams in my hands that lay on top of my life. For now, let's compromise and blame it on the
bitter reality.

How much longer must I withstand this?
What does it mean to try?
I've grown horridly tired.
Not like I'm going to do something.
I'm just here waiting for the cherry blossom season, and for you who will eventually come.

Goes around, and around; and comes around again.
Meeting during long travels.

This year the cherry blossoms flower again as if it's unquestionable.
Swallowing lost hope many times I, flowering like the cherry blossoms, think of you who I will eventually meet.

Credit: <https://youtu.be/bzFRh9ZRYdk>

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