Drain Away

Dir En Grey

I reminisce under the late afternoon sky of the pressed flowers I miss so dearly.
Back then, I counted down the days with my fingers to the day I would see you.
The sky was blue, the good old days when my dreams were shattered.
It brings sadness and sorrow. The sin is endless. Not a single sound to be heard. Tonight it is spring.

One cold evening I saw her as she stood under the cherry blossom tree,
with petals that bloomed too early. This story goes way back.
She was beautiful and pretty but there was something about her.
She had a very sad face. Her long hair hid her tears of late afternoon.

Through the forgotten seasons, this place still reminds me of her.
Time has made her disappear, as she was so delicate with her black and white scar.
The sky was blue, the good old days when my dreams were shattered.
The sin is too deep to bear, as I hear the sound of darkness. Tonight it is spring.

The show booth

It was a cold late afternoon and I remember seeing her being colored by people.
She couldn't do anything but cry as her tears bloomed like the petals.

I reminisce under the late afternoon sky of the pressed flowers I miss so dearly.
Back then, I counted down the days with my fingers to the day I would see you.
The late afternoon sky lights the shed. The cherry blossom tree grew in back of it. And underneath the tree,
she lies hiding her scar with the sleeve of her shirt hoping it would disappear just for that moment.
The sky was blue, the good old days when my dreams were shattered.
It brings sadness and sorrow. The sin is endless. Not a single sound to be heard. Tonight it is spring

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