

Asian Kung-Fu Generation "Imada Minu Asuni"

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The fragrant wind and the mid-summer indigo dye, a
few drops of tears melt them away
We turned into tie-dyes and blurred over
Thunder clouds salute the skies, look up a few drops of
tears fall
Let's turn into snails and crawl out of our shells

Faint dreams, a horizon filled with loss
A wide world
I'm left behind as usual

Exaggerated news will eventually fade
Yes, scattering into pieces as it revolves
We who are presently here
Yes, to an unseen tomorrow
No matter how sad the ending awaiting us is
Let's call it Hope

In a corner of a room filled with the afternoon sun
Lies a crumpled diary
When it fades to an orange and you become lonely
The last white page
Rip it out and fold into an airplane
Let it fly the great skies as we promise to meet again

Faint dreams, a horizon filled with loss
A wide world
I'm left behind as usual
To exaggerate,
The magnificent Milky Way in the heavens above
Turns into dust between expansions and contractions
How much is your soul worth, sold out in pieces, your
pride soiled
No matter how much success you reap
What good is it?

We turned into tie-dyes and blurred over
Then turned into snails and crawled out of our shells

Exaggerated news will eventually fade
Yes, scattering into pieces as it revolves
We who are presently here

Yes, to an unseen tomorrow
No matter how sad the ending awaiting us is
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