

Gazette

"D.L.N English"

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I knew it from the beginning. So I'm not sad.
Little by little, little by little. It's as counting numbers.

The colors of dying plants get blurred. I don't find out
the end of a season.

The day, which traces footsteps, reads the day, which
listens to footprints
It is common that I cannot change tomorrow if I don't
have any wishes.

I follow the sound of dying plants. And I feel the end of
a season.
When the flowers are blooming, what will be left on my
hand?

The moon closes the curtain. But the sun shines on me.
I knew it from the beginning. So I'm not sad.

Even if I wake up and the night doesn't end. And even if
there are no shiny stars there.
Even if the all lights in the town vanish...
I saw enough of the happy face of the one I should
protect and the end of the one I loved.
So I am satisfied with it.

Song of the sheep in dark long night

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