

Miyavi

"Hatachi Kinenbi"

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Birth...grow...mad...the end.
"Bye bye, nineteen age." From 19 me, to 20 me.

Happy re-birthday to me.
May I be happy.

"Congratulations, from the bowels of my heart, * how
are you feeling?
I'm pretty weak, therefore this is probably pathetically
soaking wet...
(sorry for this kind of song at such a happy time)
My condolences from the bottom of my heart, not one
thing has changed, has it?
Life is the same no matter which way you go, and that's
how it is for everyone.

I've become an adult!
Je vous souhaite un bon anniversaire
(I wish you a happy birthday)

Here's to you, yeah.
Stick up candles in a muddy rotten cake,
Cheers, year
"Celebrate!"
Drink a toast to the death of Peter Pan.

My mouth is stretched full with a taste of bittersweet
obligation,
!hew well and spit and chew and spit and chew and
spit, drink it up,
Aftertaste to the garbage dumpster.

Here's to you, yeah.
Stick up my ring finger in muddy recession,
Cheers, year.
"Let's celebrate"
Drink a toast to the death of Pure Japan.

See you boy...

