

Nakashima Mika

"Misty Moon"

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At the green field of flower, the sun sets
Looking out over the edge of the mountain
There is only mist
The gentle spring breeze blows, I look at the sky
Where the evening moon is suspended, the air faintly
fragrant

The firelight of the village, and the color of the forest
The small road in the middle of the fields, which
people follow
The croacking of the frogs, and the sound of the bells
They are as if a blur, in the misty moonlit night

Listen, listen
When you shut your eyes
The wind, the stars
You can hear their songs

At the green field of flower, the sun sets
Looking out over the edge of the mountain
There is only mist
The gentle spring breeze blows, I look at the sky
Where the evening moon is suspended, the air faintly
fragrant

Far far-away
Into the distant future
The strong, strong
Radiate the light

Everything, everything
Born from Mother Nature
It lives, lives on
Inside my chest

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