

The Diplomats

"Drain Away"

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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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