

The Diplomats

"Sajou No Uta"

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In the season, the month of April, the song written on sand vanishes.

At the bottom, it is a dark and endless tomorrow. to meet, to say goodbye under the blue sky.

The end of summer, I met the sea.
What is love if it just drifts away and it's gone?

What did I pray to the sun that I know I can't reach, and turn it to ashes?

I can't seem to end it,
So again I pick up the pieces of you that disappeared in the sand.
He sings the song written on the sand with his head down,
Keeping his voice down, and underneath it..

The tears from the sky hit me. Everyone looks so happy.
You are not here by me on my left side. The breeze is in blue from last year.

I met you in early autumn.
The weight of sadness more then the weight of the pain.
Flowers blooms and flowers fall, but a flower is as it is a flower.
But also wish to change by tomorrow.

The spring when I looked for you the sand of the sea disappears.

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