

Fatal Frame II

"Crimson Butterfly"

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Underground in the cellar, I continued digging a hole
Without knowing where the hole was going to
With a shovel wet with earth in one hand, I was
searching for your arms
I pieced together a patchwork happiness
As I planted my seeds, I was crushed by your strength

The scars on my palms that won't come off
Burn, burn
Breaking through the gap in the clouds stained red by
torn wings
See how well I fly

I wonder if the eternity that I pictured while trapped in a
cocoon
Is now a flower blooming somewhere
The morning will soon bring back the dark night
Stealing away my vision
I believed
That by groping along in the moonlight,
I'd find you in the place where things tangled and
overlapped

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