

## Tha Blue Herb

### "Tenka Nibun No Kei"

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Oral and aural body-blows of Irubon's cosmopolitans,  
break through a ziplock and we synchronise.

Both of us are SOLOISTS who can battle with no  
support, we are gonna bowl over the five continents  
with a great dignity.

A "Miburo" walking round hunting down the target  
persistently, the skill we cultivated through dilated  
pupils.

THE infinite rhyme list, the drum output, KEEP ON  
keeping on with the right people behind us.

Onward to the rest of the nation, radio, clubs and  
stores, with a square X-ray image highlighting  
the darkness of the mind.

This is the story within the nation, but nobody has  
heard of our success externally in history, we are  
the liberating battle front, SP Corleone.

Most cats get caught in a trap, by an obsession of  
domination mixing the pure blood of the resistance.

B vs. O, the second round, the headbanger, hold the  
mutual balance by clashing each other's databanks.

In this world, things go wrong sometimes, but this is  
not a game that you can quit when it suits you.

Sneak through the key hole, the only evidence is ash, a  
coating of seeds, cold sweat and goosebumps.

At the deepest end of this snow-covered city, people  
don't believe in material success.

To the days of scooping up water with bare hands, I like  
it how the road is muddy.

Since the night we found the bog, how much time has  
passed?

What's reflected on its surface, red eyes under 2 pairs  
of eyelids and discontent painted on our faces.

Since the day, that afternoon we took a fire close to it,  
how much has the Autumn deepened?

What's reflected on its surface, red eyes under 2 pairs  
of eyelids and vacant expressions.

After all, we are winning all the way, I have to admit  
that I was betgining to feel good.

The big money and work that was offered, and those

devoted fans, they akk tempted me with a drug called satisfaction.

I heard that one shot of it lasts years, the dealers of it have followed me around for months.

They are all familiar faces, among them when i take a closer look, I see thos ewho used to disregard us before.

In this bog, I will always be, is what I realised one day when my lyrics got sold for a considerable amount of money.

When it was taken out of my hand, I was left feeling like the emotions I had put into it suddenly were diluted.

I agree that music is nothing but a commodity, and its vallue is measured by sales.

But for me, no matter how hard and paingul it is, creation of something new is like a mission from god.

Along with my pype, I went back to a dark, small working room, the flame of revival lit the tip of my pen.

I admit that none of my peers' songs interest me, let us see how many enemies we have now.

A scene of carnage is where the Blue belongs, the rhyme assassin with a 180 centimeter blade.

Our territory is still the snowdrift at the corner of Hiragishi, don't forget to speak in the Sapporo dialect while you are here.

Wearing away my heart, is the passion, that comes from dust, I'm gonna test your stamina.

When a day breaks after the darkness of the wild north winds, whe will still be standing here with ties unchanged.

Since the night we found the bog, how much time has passed?

What's reflected on its surface, red eyes under 2 pairs of eyelids and discontent painted on our faces.

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