

## Gazette, The "Carry?"

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The dearest fiance is me  
It whispers in the sweet voice  
You are having already died  
I did not find a translation  
Me reflected in a mirror  
She who looks at it and cries  
Please let me know someone  
I am such a figure, why  
Carry, can you love such me  
Carry, may in the side all the time  
Carry, do not already cry  
Carry, I do not go anywhere

Who made me such a figure  
It is already many  
To die, if it was such a thing easier  
It is too pitiable and too unhappy  
I am not a ghost  
It gives without seeing me by such eye  
I have really become what  
The head is likely to be crazy  
Please help me, it will die  
Doesn't it understand  
You are already dead

It remembered at last  
At that time I was dead  
At that time it jumped down  
From buildings and died  
Carry, I love you forever  
Carry, goodbye dearest you

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