

Matsushita Yuuya**"Hallucination"**

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Hallucination by Matsushita Yuuya
azamuku ni wa
ososugite
sasayaku ni wa orokasugite
sono omoi o tsuki ni utsushi yoru o wataru
hito wa minna zetsubou no
kago no naka de kurasu kotori
dareka ga kagi kowasanai to tobenaifurete sugu ni
hagasu kuchibiru
kore wa yume itsumo no yume
nami no you ni dakiyoserarete
unmei ga kuzureyuku oto o kiku
nando mo mita yume
demo kon'ya wa...shiro ka kuro ka kimeru yori
motomeatte ushinau yori
kanashikute mo ima no hou ga fukou ja nai
rinne to iu mayakashi o
shinjiru nara semete tsugi wa
kizu ga itamu kisetu no nai dokoka dekaramenagara
mayou yubisaki
sore wa tsumi? soretomo wana?
kooi datta mune no honoo ga
tokedashite moedashite me o tojiru
nando mo mita yume
demo kon'ya wa...yume ja nai koto o
modorenai koto o
futari shitte shimatta
osorete ita mono
sore wa kitto
machikogareta hikari ga tsukuru kagefurete sugu ni
hagasu kuchibiru
soshite mata sotto furete
nami no you ni dakishimeatte
unmei ga kuzureyuku oto o kiku
karamenagara mayou yubisaki
sore wa tsumi? soretomo wana?
kooi datta mune no honoo ga
tokedashite moedashite me o tojiru
nando mo mita yume
demo kon'ya wa...

English translation

It's too late to delude,
and too foolish to whisper,
as we project our thoughts onto the moon and traverse
the night.
Everybody is a puny bird
living inside a cage of despair;
if no one breaks the lock,
no one will be able fly. Your lips peel right off as
soon as they are touched.
This is another dream, a fantasy as always.
Embraced and pulled closer like ocean waves,
I listen to the sound of my disintegrating fate.
It's a dream which I've seen many times,
but as for tonight... Although sadder than judging if
something is black or white,
although sadder than losing someone you've sought
after,
this present moment is definitely not a misfortune.
If you believe in the make-believe called
"reincarnation",
then in our next life, may we be reborn in a different
land,
where the wounds on our bodies would not throb.
Are our intertwined and wandering fingers
a sin, or rather, a trap?
My chest used to icy, but now, its flames
begin to melt and burn, as I close my eyes.
It's a dream which I've seen many times,
but as for tonight... In the end, the two of us found out
that everything was not a dream,
and that we could no longer turn back.
What we were dreading
must have been
the shadow cast from the light we were longing for.
Your lips peel right off as soon as they are touched.
But still, we touch each other again,
hug each other tightly like ocean waves,
and listen to the sound of our disintegrating fate.
Are our intertwined and wandering fingers
a sin, or rather, a trap?
My chest used to icy, but now, its flames
begin to melt and burn, as I close my eyes.
It's a dream which I've seen many times,
but as for tonight...

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