

A lost voice, dimming field of vision, there's no
impairment at all,
Time keeps on passing systematically, expressionlessly
with no end

A confined voice, what you heard in the depths of your
chest was a scream

"What am I here for?"

Stand up barefoot and face forward with the strong
wind, You can go onward,
I'll illuminate the light of the sun and shine it on
the unsullied path we've chosen, Until you can sleep

What seeps into the depths of your locked up chest are
the teardrops

"What am I living for? Realize it"*

Stand up barefoot and face forward with the strong
wind, I'll push your back,
I'll search you out with radiance like a loosened arrow
and cause a stir, Toward the place where I'll be
waiting

The land is still shrouded in a fog of shyness

Breaths softly brushed cold cheeks on the morning of
your birth

Stand up barefoot and face forward with the strong
wind, You are a goddess

If I raise high the light of the sun and erase your
hesitations, face forward, powerfully flap your wings
and take off into the innocent sky