

Skit: On The Start Line

BTS

Ah-ah

Yeonseupsaeng
Eojjibomyeon na jacheijiman
Mworago hyeongyonghal su eomneun geureon mal
Eodingae sokajido anko
Geureotago mueongareul hago itjido aneun
Geureon sigi gwadogi

Naega geu yeonseupsaeng sinbuneuro
Salmyeonseo gajang gonyokseureowotdeon geon
Chincheokdeulgwa chingudeurui eonje naolgeonyago
Debwi eonjehal geonyago haneun geureon
Geu jilmun deurieotda
Naneun dabeul hal suga eopseotda
Waenyamyeon nado moreunikka
Nado geu dabeul al su eopseunikka

Jasingamgwa nae daehan hwaksineul gatgo
I gose watjiman
Nareul gidarideon geon jeongmal dareun hyeonsil
Ajikdo 3nyeoni jinan jigeumdo
Naega nagamyeon gayogyereul jeongbokaebeorigetda
Hal su isseul geot gatda ireon hwaksineul chatdagado
Maksang PDnimdeulgwa seonsaengnimdeulkke honnago namyeon
Naega jeongmal amugeotdo anin geot gateun
Jeongmal meonjibakke andoengeot gateun geureon gibun
Kkok machi nae ape pureureun badaga itdagado
Dwireul dorabomyeon hwangnyanghan
Samagi nal gidarineun geot gateun geu gibun

Jeongmal geureon moraesigyegateun gibuneseo
Geu gibun sogeseo
Naneun nae yeonseupsaeng 3nyeoneul bonaetda
Geurigo naneun jigeum debwireul apdugo itda

Nega debwireul hadeorado
Ama dareun badawa dareun samagi nareul gidarigo isseul geosida
Geuchiman jogeumdo duryeopji anta
Bunmyeong jigeum nareul mandeungeon
Jigeum naega bon badawa geu samagินิกka

Jeoldae itji aneul geosida
Naega bwatdeon geu badawa geu samageul

Naneun yeonseupsaenginikka

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Ah-ah

Trainee

In many ways, this term defines my existence
But at the same time it is a term that I can never truly explain
A period of time, a state of transition
Where I could neither belong anywhere
Nor do anything

The biggest concerns I had living as a trainee
Were the questions of friends and family
"When are you going to come out?"
"When are you going to debut?"
Questions like these
I couldn't give them an answer
Because I didn't know either
Because such answers were unknowable

Though I came here through a certain confidence
And belief in myself
What awaited me was a different kind of reality:
Even now, after three years have passed
Even as I occasionally gain the self-certainty to think things like
"Once I debut, I will conquer the music industry"
Whenever I hear the criticisms of the producers and teachers
I am again overwhelmed by the realization that I am nothing

That I am as inconsequential as a speck of dust
It's as if though before me lies the bluest ocean
And if I turn to look back
A vast desert awaits me

In this hourglass-like mindset
In this mood
I spent my three years as a trainee
And now, my debut is finally drawing near

Even after I debut
New oceans and new deserts will likely await me
I am not afraid
Because what has made me who I am
Are the oceans and deserts I have witnessed until this moment

I will never forget
The oceans and deserts I have seen

Because I am a trainee