

In a fireflies' world already gone when we begin to look at it
Interested in anything disinterested in production
In this fireflies' world

Arriving on the threshold of a half-life
I'm troubled by the thought of living only half
I get worked up about the heat of parading
Debilitated by the anxiety of inspecting me inside

I love men of the great contempt, they are also the men of the
great veneration
In life, rather than in chess, the game goes on even after the
checkmate

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In this fireflies' world

Arriving on the threshold of a half-life
I count the forever things I have done
My soul, my skin, the only responsibility
My soul, my skin, testimonies of existence

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great veneration
In life, rather than in chess, the game goes on even after the
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