

Human

Lia

I wander from city to city, Floating away on the wind. Where do the people go? I have also become one of them.

Sometimes, people become cold - sometimes, become unfeeling. Even so, they will become the sacrifice for someone else.

Where does the life that was lost like that go? Has that person's journey already come to an end?

I wander from road to road, Sometimes pelted by the rain. I came searching for the footprints of the person who disappeared.

If you say that even that little heart has faded, The place where that person existed Is the same as ours. If you say that this faint feeling is not conveyed, This place where I existed Is the same as nothingness.

Both the feeling of saying thanks And the pain of parting Were remembered as I walked. I looked up at the sky. The clouds were high spirals; The storm was about to come.

I'll chase after and overtake The numerous footprints. Even if I'm broken to pieces, I'll head for that other side. The end now visits. My life now begins. I curled up inside the warm water .