

Tōmei Ningen Jūhachi-Gō (????18?; Invisible Man #18)

RADWIMPS

Hareta sora no ao sa dake ja mohaya kabai kireha shinakute
Kono mama de wa boro ga deru to kuroku somari iro o shimai kon da
Saredo kuro ni mi o azukeru hodo no futokoro nado nakute
Dochira ni seyo isagiyo sa ga motomerareru koto o shitta

Seija mo boku mo douyou ni terashite kureru no ga sukui da yo
Taiyou ga terasuaite erandara kitto boku ni iro wa ataerarenai

Tada hitotsu o tsuranuku hito iku iro ni mo mamireru hito
Sorezore nakenashi no tadashi sa o furishibotte iru noni boku wa
Shiro to kuro no hazama de kyou mo migotona made no hai no iro
Namida hitotsu koboshite mite mo iroha oshiete wa kure nai

Kenja mo sora mo bonjin mo sorezore no iro ni somaru naka
Taiyou no hikari matotta kimi wa mushoku toumei ni kagayaiteita

Nani ni ni mo somaranu you ni nani ni demo tokeru you ni
Kokoro to koe to no sukima ni hadaka de tatterareru you ni

Kurohatsu: shiro jaku donkou ni nori nanman kai me ka no satogaeri
Sono michisugara norikon de kita kimi ni boku wa mitsukattanda
Suruto hai no iro no boku o nagame kirei to ittanda
Niji no iro o kakimazeru to onaji iro o shite iru to

Seija no koe ga kono boku no mimi ni mo kikoeru no wa sukui da yo
Koe ga todoku aite eran dara kitto kimi to boku wa deaenu mama

Nani ni ni mo somaranu you ni iroiro kara nigeru you ni
Kore ppocchino kono boku ni nani o erabe to iu no kai

Boku ni mo nareru kana
Nani ka kirai to iu ni wa nani mo shiranai kara

Boku ni mo dekiru kana
Kono inochi no aida ni subete no iro o te ni

Dekiru kana

Aisanaide medeyou
Saguranaide sagasou
Kataranaide shaberou
Ayumanaide arukou

Aisanaide medeyou
Kazaranaide kazarou
Kawaranaide kaeyou
Ukusanaide suteyou

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I can't hide it now in just the blue of the clear sky
I tucked away the colour dyed black when I saw it fading
But I had no pocket to tuck things dyed black into
Regardless, I knew I should act like a man

Saints and I are similar; We both are shined upon to help others
If someone else was chosen for the sun to shine on
Surely the colour wouldn't have been given to me

People who deal with only one thing, people who can deal with anything
I, though struggling for every insignificant truth
Am the colour that is beautiful until it turns to ash
Even if you try to shed a tear, the colour won't teach you a thing

Wise men, the sky, normal people
The interior, dyed with each of their respective colours
You, who put on the light of the sun, were shining colourlessly and transparently

So it couldn't be dyed in anything, so it could dissolve in everything
So that it could stand uncovered in the space between the heart and the voice

Arriving at white, from black, riding on the train

I visited my parents for the thousandth time
I boarded the train again along that road, and you saw me
When you looked at me as the colour of ash, you said it was beautiful
That it could fit in with the colours of the rainbow

The voice of a saint in my ears was a help
If someone else was chosen for that voice to reach
Surely you and I would never have met

So it couldn't be dyed in anything, so I could run away from the colours
What is chosen for this kind of me

I wonder if I'm used to it
Saying I hate it, because I don't understand it

I wonder if I could do it
To put all the colours in this life in my hand

I wonder if I could