

Go your own Way!

-dear Miyavi-

Von Miyabi

Prolog: Lyrics by Miyabi

|utakata no...yume|

The thing that visits me who is sleepless...
is it having the stage to myself when I'm awake or asleep?

The sound of the hands of the clock, carve out "time" as they like...
The ill-tempered moon asks "can't you sleep?"

The hands of the clock break "the present" close to my ears...
Saying "won't you sing a lullaby?"...

Thinking of you, drawing you, wanting you, if I fall asleep
Tonight, will your dreams again lure me to that place?

There isn't even a brief dream that comes together with the dawn like this
Reduced to ashes with you, all the way to your playhouse, that's all...

The sound of the hands of the clock tell of "morning" all the way
-into your dreams...

An ill-tempered you asks "won't you go home?"...

Thinking of you, drawing you, even if I try to continue looking for you
When I open my eyes, will even your dreams disappear...?

"Even though we pinky swore that:

"we'll always be together"