

In The Corridors Of The Wind

Taking a life is like picking a flower.
You know this, since you're always drawing skulls.
Picking a flower.
A fleeting snapshot of the flesh and its emotions.
Its greenish liveliness as it drops.

Is it permissible to cross two bellies?
Fond of you.
I've grown fond of you. A total affection.
But sometimes, you just need to bail out!

Ideally, suicide is an art; it is not the act of a desperate key.
Clarity is just as essential as motivation; in this way, the preparation and the ritual will be right.
First, you must learn it by heart.
A choreographed heart. *An the key*, never mind that part.

She has to bail, too: the key is just a tool.
If you do not understand her heart, then do not use the key.
Her heart is your score.
You must learn the heart, then the key.

Is it permissible to cross two bellies?
Fond of you.
I've grown fond of you—a total affection.
But sometimes, you just need to bail out!

Once the key is acquired, the opponent's heart is found.
Not found by you, but offered by the adversary.
Only then are you free to commit suicide!...
Only then are you free to cross the two bellies.
Yours, first of all.

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Taking a life is like the art of
picking a flower.
You mean a lot to me. So much.
Only then are you free to commit "suicide".
Only then are you free to cross the two bellies.
Yours, first of all.
First *of all*... Ah-ah!

Taking a life is like the art of picking a flower.
You mean a lot to me. So much.

Only then are you free to traverse the belly.
It is the desire to use the key that comes first, not the desire to go toward the belly; the belly without desire is a lost cause.
And yet, as we have seen regarding this specific matter,
the key is nothing *without* the heart.

Woo-Oh-*whoo*!!

"You mean a lot to me. So much.
— You mean a lot to me. So..."

You're a true fleeting snapshot of
my flesh and its emotions.
Its animation curves while wilting.

*

Scare in the night. Yeah, yeah—right' now.
Once the key is acquired,
the opposing heart is found.

Fond of you.
Is it permitted to
cross over two bellies?

So, ow-ho-ow-oh-oh!

Ideally, suicide is an art; ^{Ow-ooh!} it is not the act of a desperate ^{Ow!} key.
Clarity is just as essential as motivation; in this way, the preparation and the ritual will be right.

First, you must learn it by heart.
A choreographed heart. An the
key, never mind that part.

Taking a life is like
the art of
picking a flower.

Cause as Earth,
hearts fades.

You meant a lot
to me—so much.

Lyrics : Ada Benson.