

I cursed this ferocious blood of mine.  
The cross of such momentous legendary sins...  
As the ripples in the lake expand, I pray to the moon  
for punishment for my grave sins.

Lock them up, lock them up, these instincts I've  
hidden, their freedom snatched away by chains.

In flashback  
I can't bear any more of those days to which I don't  
want to return. I won't waver anymore - the present is  
the seed of a future that I want to truly live.  
All my sins, all my punishment, I'll accept everything.  
I'll live in a tomorrow where I can transcend all my  
bestial blood.

In a corner of my revived memories,  
A lamentation ruled over the darkness and the night.  
With the clock still unchanged from that time, the  
fresh blood and the cross in the night of a full  
moon...

I won't run away, I won't run away, someday you,  
prowling about, seeking light, will disappear.  
The chains that bind my heart are so painful, so  
painful - our final parting...

In flashback  
I can't bear any more of those days to which I don't  
want to return. I won't waver anymore - the present is  
the seed of a future that I want to truly live.  
All my sins, all my punishment, I'll accept everything.  
I'll live in a tomorrow where I can transcend all my  
bestial blood.

Now as the final bell sounds and I confront it all...