

[as many e-noru lines/lyrics possible, including things commonly assumed to be him but not confirmed]

[no yet to be translated lines included though, sorry </3]

[translation sources are embedded in the titles]

[if you're accessing this document for the quote bot, not every lyric of ending rewrite and shock reaction is included in the bot. please know that!]

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[\[Prologue: Next Error\]](#)

Do you know what a "time paradox" means? Surely, you've at least heard about it before, right?

A paradox of time... It can result from going back in the timeline to an event in the past and changing it, creating a contradiction between past and present. This contradiction, in many cases, is a theory or something of the like insisted upon by a scholar.

A simple example I could show... One day, you encounter a strange old person who hands over to you the blueprints for a time machine. You, using it, invent the time machine which causes you to achieve great success. Before long, all your years have gone by, and you use the time machine to go back to the past. You hand over the blueprints to your past self.

Doing one thing in that way is what allows a contradiction to emerge. Do you know what that "one thing" is?

Your future self, where the blueprints originate from, hand them over to your past self, receiving the blueprints.

Indeed, it's really marvelous.

It seems, the question becomes, "which one made the first version of the blueprints?" Asking when they were created just leads into saying "when it was given to you."

If it was possible for us to go back in time in that way, we'd end up going in circles, moving forward without an understanding of spacetime.

Existence is a loop of chance occurrences allowing existence to exist.

A similar sort of conversation... Do you think the chicken or the egg came first?

Crying out "the bird came first!" or "the chicken came first!" creates quite a dilemma, doesn't it?

Then, in this way, another question is then presented.

Going back to what I said first, it's the same with the blueprints. Starting from the same timelines which keep going back and forth, making contact at different points, so we still don't know when it was first created.

In that case, is it possible there could be two worlds existing?

Perhaps the key to understanding this is asking whether or not there's a date that creates a fork in the road.

So, a previous day where the blueprints were handed over to the world, and a not-yet-here day where there weren't any blueprints. If it was never handed over, it would never exist in this world.

Parallel worlds... parallel realities, like Schrödinger's Cat, a similar experiment.

(laugh) Oh, please, it's not that hard to think about. Schrödinger's Cat is actually a remarkably easy theory to solve, you know.

In its essence, it's a story about quantum mechanics. In an average-sized box where no one can see within, a small, lonely cat is locked inside. The box's lid is closed. In this case, is the cat alive or dead? Until you check to make sure, there exists a possibility for either.

The blueprint being handed over is the same way. You open up the lid, and in an instant, one of those possibilities is no more. That was obvious, I'm sure.

Well, in that case, it applies to this stage too.

It seems... In this case, nine boys and girls are within a tragedy. However, if they became aware of the fox existing amongst them... What sort of contradictions would occur, and what sort of terrible things would be done, I wonder... don't you feel the same?

And in that case... Alas, that sort of distant future I know of is most like an urban legend.

So, that— Is that a miracle? Is that a tragedy?

If, if, if, if.

So, that is, E-ki and the others from 10 years ago, and A-ya and the others from the present day, which of them is the egg, and which is the chicken?

Hey, how about it? You clown.

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[\[Epilogue - After School, In the Music Room\]](#)

E-ki was my uncle.

Anyway, A-ya, don't be like that. I heard your conversation echoing in the hallway, with you saying such unimaginative things... Urban legends are things that evolve as they get passed around. It's just like how this time, it was about a "voice" sent to the future.

Sure looks like it. You could've waited for me...

Sounds nice, I'm getting hungry too.

...After all, urban legends are things we create ourselves, aren't they? E-ki-kun.

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[\[Speech from the Stage\]](#)

An ending story. The closing act. Under a star that has not a single glimmer of hope.

It would seem that the fruit they had eaten was much too ripe.

... What could these four have been feeling when they reached this kind of outcome?

It's often been said, "Dead men tell no tales."

A common game, and common story's unrewarding, hopeless world.

But even so, would you still like to continue?

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[\[Re:Write Crossfade\]](#)

Do you know? Of the "worn out diary" that a single fox brought out, of that incident from 10 years ago— Of the forbidden penalty that must never be touched, of the cat bookmark, and the empty book.

—That's right, of the "Bookmark of Demise"...

"Boring." That is his favorite phrase.

To greedily seek thrills is, more or less, different for each person.

To break out of a mundane life. to kill time, he committed the taboo, alone. This is his story.

In this story, there's one traitor. Do you know who it is—?

If some of you do know, please...keep it shut, deep inside your heart.

Since I'd like you to remain happy for the rest of your lives...

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[\[Re:Mind Crossfade/CM\]](#)

In the rumor from 10 years ago, it was said that he was still dreaming in room 1713.

Even now, that boy is still sleeping on a small bed

This time, we'll talk about a dream he had of a certain day.

"If only it was just a dream."

Do you still remember? That worn out diary that a single fox brought out.

This sound... It sounds just like rain. In a lonely hospital room, room 1713, that sound never ceases, they say.

I don't know the details, but apparently, the boy there was involved in a horrible accident that took the lives of his close friends.

I'm not sure if this is a condition that can be explained by modern medicine, but perhaps due to the mental and emotional shock, it seems that he's been asleep ever since that day 10 years ago.

I wonder what kind of dream he's having?

A dream that's continued for 10 years... I can't even begin to imagine it. Right, E-ki-kun?

Well then, don't you also want to take a look? Into the story of how the boy became so unhappy, and into the truth of the Bookmark of Demise.

The misery of others is as sweet as honey.

There's no point in waiting for the rain on the eighth day.

Because unless you step forward, nothing will change...

"It was said that this lying world once again wished misery upon the children."

You broke our promise, didn't you?

Even though I wished for you to keep the identity of the traitor shut away in the depths of your heart, I suppose it can't be helped.

This is the continuation you've chosen.

Do you still remember? That this world stained with lies continues to fish for more lies. Even 10 years ago.

And now, the quintet from 10 years ago will perform a tragedy for you.

It seems that once again, there's no one left.

Dead men tell no tales. It's the same old pattern all over again.

Then I guess this, too, will be the same. In a group of 5, a single person will play dead, and will be the only one left standing – the fox.

I'm sure you have no idea what I'm talking about...

But I, too... Just kidding.

But still, I'd like for you to keep the culprit locked away deep in your heart.

I mean, if you don't, you'll just get in their way, right?

After all, this time, those four are still full of hope.

And so, in the hopes that you will forever remain happy, I will quietly, softly, pray for you. And with that...

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[\[Manga Chapter 33\]](#)

Yeah, sorry I'm late.

I see.. Cheer up, A-ya!

Long time no see. Thanks for that time. You know, with E-ki-kun at the hospital.

I'm already the same age as my uncle when it happened.

I'm way cooler than him though.

You aren't the only one chasing.

That's a secret. By the way, that's the new health preservation teacher just now..

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[\[Novel 1\]](#)

Another boring story, is it?

The beginning of the story. The opening act.

The sky outside of the window was cloudy, and summer had yet not begun.

At that time, a certain rumor was passed around. No one knows the details. Rather, no one is allowed to know the details.

All that is said is that if one finds the blank book and the cat bookmark, they must not touch them. That is the Bookmark of Demise.

...Flip.

...Thump.

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[\[Novel 2\]](#)

"I saw a dream again."

"So this is the same as always too, huh..."

Will you continue?

Yes / No

In the school building that was supposed to be deserted, the sound of footsteps resounded. The wooden floor made unpleasant, creaking noises. It has become completely dark outside.

The sound of water slowly dripping from a tap somewhere could be heard, as well as the window clattering as the wind hit it.

It was the same as always. An unchanging result, one seen many times.

D-ne had killed B-ko, and after. that D-ne also died. And A-ya had killed C-ta. Finally A-ya had committed suicide here.

No one was left. This time as well, not a single person was left. With this, this time's pattern had finished.

Game Over. Ahh, I've done it again.

How boring how boring how boring how boring.

I've had enough of this B-grade outcome. Come on, let's put an end to this already.

No matter how many times it happens, it'll be the same. Somewhere in my heart, I wished for an irregular outcome that should never happen.

The result of a story that fled to a worn out, extremely common, incredibly boring parallel world.

And then, opening the "ordinary" old school building's music room's door.....

The story's continuation, a curtain that can't be closed...

Just like the cloudy sky beyond the window, it stirs up uneasiness once again.

Summer has yet to begin. In this season, there was a single rumor that never disappeared.

No one knows the details. No, they mustn't ever be known.

All that was told was that even if the blank book and the cat bookmark should be found, no one must ever touch them.

For that was the Bookmark of Demise.

I couldn't understand the scene that appeared before my eyes.

And then, all of them point at me. ...What in the world was this?

From then on, I couldn't hear a thing. My vision shook violently, and as I moved, I notice sense of discomfort.

Inside my pocket, there was a single "letter". I slowly open it. There, very plainly, was written...

Don't turn the page.

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[\[Novel 4\]](#)

"You're looking into the Bookmark of Demise, aren't you?"

"If you could, I'd like for you to come with me..."

"If you look into it, you'll understand; if you compare the urban legend that was circulated to the facts of the case, there's something that doesn't line up."

"Yes. According to what's been said around the school, all of the students involved ten years ago died... right?"

"But that's incorrect."

"Not all of them died."

"On the contrary, he's the one who created the Bookmark of Demise."

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[\[Repeatragedy\]](#)

Something's strange – something I can't see lurks silently, making my unease smoulder

I can feel someone's gaze – someone I can't see

The piling up possibilities, like a spider's "that"

Betake to, warp, doubt, leave, and pulled the strings; these intentions can't be taken back anymore

"Because he's like this" "It's all that guy's fault" At the end of eternally repeating hopes, all alone, why am I alone? Unable to even speak

Only pretty words were lined up and closed. Tomorrow has nothing left.

I wished, and I saw a dream.

Inside this dream, again, again, again, again, it can't end.

Something's strange – something that doesn't disappear, has a trap set in it, turning people mad

Someone's clapping – somewhere I can't see, a twisting and falling tragedy, just like a person's "that",

Recalls, cuts off, draws in a picture, approaches, and just goes along with it; the rain won't stop anymore...

"At that time, it was like this" "It's all that kid's fault" At the end of perplexing hopes, I'm all alone, alone again, left only doubting

Just lining up and quibbling between ourselves, we've been "confused" by the fox



The irregular I wished for in this dream, why, why, why, why, why won't it end?

Re:write someone's future and someplace, if there's a continuation to this kind of story

Betake it to, warp it, doubt it, break it off, avoiding my eyes, you're already there

A forever repeating repeatragedy, at the end of thousands of tragedies I'm alone again, so lonely – look, it's the same, again and again.

I've even forgotten to pray, and grown so bored of this déjà vu

I've set aside this dream, I've seen this dream

That dream still, still, still, still can't end

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[\[Ending -Re:write\]](#)

A lone cat came back

Bearing a dark grudge and a curse of the end

People were asked what they wanted to do

The beginning of a passing moment

A heart and silence

That causes the sudden rain to waver

A horrible depiction of a landscape without any sound

It's a dogmatic one-man show

Gathering only absences

If the edge of the blade caressing my cheek

Without knowing its destination

Throws away the life

Of a single bird that tells of success

At the end of repeating and recalling mistakes

The running shade blacks out the eclipsing crescent moon

Overrunning its light

Somebody said that the end

Is a sign of the beginning

The telling hand, distant everyday and reversal

Calls forth God

One, those who are defeated leave  
Two, those who are protected leave  
Three, those who gave up leave  
Four, reviving with the daybreak

The Demise Game resounds like so

A lone cat came back  
Bearing a dark grudge and a curse of the end

People were asked, for what purpose?  
The cold-hearted cat laughed

A heart and silence  
That causes the sudden rain to waver  
A horrible depiction of a landscape without any sound

A dogmatic indicator's  
Swaying is cut off and comes to nothing

The edge of the blade caressing my cheek  
Clumsily holds up

The already volatile balance  
A "Tragedy", destination undecided

At the end of repeating and recalling mistakes  
The blinding shade blacks out the eclipsing full moon  
And lost the light

Somebody said that the end  
Is a sign of the beginning  
The telling bell, distant mundane and reversal  
Calls forth people

One, those who are defeated leave  
Two, those who are protected leave  
Three, those who gave up leave  
Four, reviving with the daybreak

The Demise Game is spelled out like so

The young children that touched the taboo  
Unable to even come up with an excuse  
Wipe tears away and swallow their breath  
Dead men tell no tales

Someone said, someone said  
At the end of mistakes  
That's right, you blacked out the eclipsing crescent moon  
And lost the future

Repeating and looking back  
On a sign of the beginning  
The telling hand, distant everyday and reversal  
Calls forth God

One, those who are defeated leave  
Two, those who are protected leave  
Three, those who gave up leave  
Four, they will not come with the daybreak

The Demise Game is told like so

"Enough, already, it ends with you."

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[\[Shock Reaction\]](#)

That's right, I'm sure I heard  
That we'll be saved from this ending tomorrow  
Even if it's a coincidence, I want to call it a miracle  
(I just want to believe it's true)

This showcase, displayed even beneath a flood of rain,  
What is it for?

Notice it, this abandoned box  
(With no destination)

Within a second, the end signals the beginning,  
It's the signal of  
(An unparalleled miracle)

You who bewitches dreams, pray until you reach the end of your world line[2]  
The echo of stars that have been lost in the past

Take that stopped time, and unravel this tragedy  
The tomorrow that God mocks will be reflected in those eyes  
Onwards, to demise!

(The lamenting dead have no mouths with which to speak.)

That's right, I'm sure I heard  
Your scream at the end  
After that, no one has any idea  
(Of even your voice that day)

This rigged game we have to play, with no dreams in sight,  
Who is it for?

I'll trust you, and tomorrow, I'll entrust it to you  
(Our futures)

Just before dawn plays the requiem of countless stars  
It's the song of  
(An unparalleled miracle)

You who brings light to the darkness, wish until you reach the end of the horizon  
The echo of stars that have been covered in lies

Hold onto your tears, and understand this tragedy  
The truth that God clings to will be seared into those eyes  
Onwards, to demise!

You who bewitches dreams, pray until you reach the end of your world line  
For us, who have been lost in the past,  
Pray, pray, pray; unravel this tragedy  
The future that God mocks will be reflected in those eyes  
Onwards, to demise!

Spread your wings and fly!

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*[Other]*

Movies are lovely, aren't they? Little worlds that humans create. Lovely, so lovely! Grimy worlds befitting the good-for-nothing gods that created them. [\*\[Smiling Summit\]\*](#)