

Koe

Von yoshi_in_black

Koe

If you were alive there by the sea
I would cut away these legs, and becomes a fish
I would drown so deep, if it means reaching you closer
I am willing to be a shadow wandering in an eternal oblivion

Gokudera was drowning. Since the Tenth died he was the one in charge. He was the one holding everything together even though he was grieving too. He had to be the strong one, even though he was not ready for it. He was trying to stay as busy as he could. On the one hand to stay on top of work, but on the other because it helped distracting him and kept him from thinking too much. Thinking about the hole in his heart. Thinking about the future - his and that of the Vongola.

Enveloping the air ceaselessly, my heat haze
Simply drowning into the days of wish left unrealized
You aren't here
I know
I know

Hibari was angry. Angry and sad at the same time. He knew what would happen, since he was part of the plan, but it hurt nevertheless. He wished there were another way, but that was only wishful thinking.
So he did what he always did to release his anger and trained until he couldn't stand anymore. He wished he had a strong opponent, but the only things he could bite to death were training poles and herbivores.

It's ascending, ascending, the sun
Purifies the place where I belong
This blue engraved etches
Will be gently carried away by the lukewarm, lukewarm wind

Kyoko took a gaze at the golden band around her ring finger with tears in her eyes. Now that she was finally alone in their room, she could finally let loose. When she was around the others she tried her best to appear as her usual cheery self and light up

the mood, but the hole in her heart never left. She was a widow now at the tender age of only 24. They didn't even have a child together before her husband was taken from her just one month after their wedding. The whole thing was just too unfair.

If these words, will ever reaches you
Even if it'll hoarse and took away my vocal cord
It's fine for me to lose them

Sasagawa Ryouhei was no quiet man. He always got complaints that he was too energetic and loud, even while talking normally. But now he still tried to appear cheerful and lift the mood for the others around him. Using his catchphrase "extreme" to let the others roll their eyes and distract them. Until he was alone, because the only thing that was really extreme was his sadness. So he did the only thing he could do and that was boxing. Throwing punches at the sand bag in silence until his knuckles started to hurt.

At this very moment as my vivid wounded scar vanishes
The which robs every torment away, your warmth
I seek them
I yearn them
Even if it's an illusion

Hetero chromatic red and blue eyes meet brown. Mukuro chuckled bitterly while looking at the illusion in front of him. How could he be so foolish and recreate what he lost? That was nothing but putting salt into his own wounds. But there was no denying that he really missed the man standing in front of him. He hated the mafia now even more, but he really liked Tsunayoshi, because he was so different. Not that he would openly admit to any of it.

It's vanishing, vanishing, the warmth
Bringing them to the place where I belong
This arms which erases even my sin
I wish to slumber within it's cuddle

His smile was fake and he knew it, but he couldn't help it, because the alternative would be crying and that was no option. Everyone else tried to move on and keep things working, so there was no way he couldn't do the same. Also being busy helped him a lot to distract himself from the thoughts. Thoughts about his dad, who had just died a month earlier, and also thoughts about Tsuna, who just died a week ago. Loosing two of his most important people in such a short time was something he thought he could never come over with. He had tried to support the others like he always did, but it was difficult. So he took as many missions as possible and trained until he almost fainted and could finally fall asleep to block out his grief.

It rises, rises, the sun
Purifies the place where I am

These arms which eases my punishment
I want to be embraced and sleep in them

Lambo couldn't stop crying. Again. He was so sad about what happened, because not only was his Tsuna-nii dead, but also everyone was just trying to live on and hide their pain, which made him feel very lonely. He wanted to talk about his big brother, let out his feelings and cry, but the others were keeping themselves busy and tried to put their feelings to the backs of their minds. Or even worse just isolated themselves for days in their rooms. He was really missing his big brother, the cuddles, the head pats and the shoulders he could cry on. Maybe that was his punishment for not showing how much he loved that affection back then.

It faded, faded, the warmth
Carrying them to the place where I am
These azure carved etching
Gently blown away by the tepid, tepid wind

After giving up her duty as a guardian to pass everything on to Mukuro-sama she was good friends with the others, especially I-Pin and the other girls, so it devastated her to see them like this. Their smiles were as fake as hers so that they could live on. They never mentioned his name and always pretended that everything was okay when it was clearly not. But they had no choice, because there was no time to grieve. The only thing they could do was smile and take care of everything so that the guardians could take care of their business. Even if that meant to hide her grieve from Mukuro-sama.

It's rotting away, these fragments of memories
It's as if a piercing loses it's needle
It's slowly be forgotten, it is obscuring and blurry
Your voice slowly fading into the static

Even though she no longer had a crush on Tsuna-san she was absolutely devastated when she heard that he died. It felt like her heart was ripped out and she didn't want to know how Kyoko felt after loosing her husband like this. It must hurt a lot, but Kyoko just smiled and tried to ease the mood for everyone and would let no one see her tears. The others were not really different and Haru felt like a picture frame of their family shattered and everyone and everything fell apart because their sky was gone.

It rotted away, it sloughed away
As insignificant as the earring without it's piercing
It dissolved without a trace, completely erased from memories

Nana has always been a cheerful and welcoming woman, but the news of her son's death felt like someone pulled a rug under her feet. She knew everything about her husband, her son and the mafia by now, but she didn't know how bad the situation has been. She felt numb, sad and mad at the same time and just lay in bed all day crying or went for a walk. She didn't care that the house was messy or if she ate. She wasn't hungry anyways and there was nothing left but her shell. Until Iemitsu took her to

Italy for a change of scenery.
Your voice becomes the static noise.