

There Is Only One Chair In This Room

Birds in Row

A bunch of thoughts quietly laying on the silence, and a ton of reasons to not open the doors. I've been looking for space and time in the moments I shared, but time fades away and my space is a whore raped by thousands of strangers, and begging for rest. Call me disaster or social retard but I only feel safe between my two pairs of walls. Don't let me out the world outside is a damn f**king nightmare. And the people a joke that should have stayed stuck on the teeth of its goddamn son of a bitch owner. When nothing seems clear through the cleanest window, the obvious would say the problems not in and the doors will stay closed for all strangers. May my building burn and I will surely burn into it. There is only one chair in this room and it does not wear my name.