

You Me And The Violence

Birds in Row

A provocation to loneliness, when all the best ends up into a grand march that doesn't fit you. Insisting looks and cheeps perfumes on trampled sidewalks are aggressions that I won't answer to. I try, I swear, I doubt, I fail, I tried, I swear, I tried, I tried, I tried. Just another witness ain't seen it coming. I was sitting there and yes I could still watch silhouettes dancing, with some kind of interest. I ain't seen it coming, month by month experimenting the distress of not seeing sense in the cadence of bodies. I'm sitting back in place and watching the world of declining slowly as a grandpa. All wrinkles drawn with millions of shoes used on the side of complacency. It's simply not for me. I tried, to give it all a sense. I tried to love perfume again. I tried to give it all a meaning. I tried to remember. In the morning of my world, all love has ceased. And in the end it is only you, me and the violence, with no kinda limitation. Before the death of all hearts, when all love will cease, the hope is saving. Give me a way to see clear in this foggy sea. Slowly we walk to the end of our dreams.