

The Design

Blind Witness

I've slept for years under a white blanket.
Maybe I'm not right?
But all these things have changed from themselves so fast.
So should I ask them to be like before?
I don't think so.
Buildings are higher by the time and all this highness get rid
of me.
Take these five snakes and take your time.
Slowly, hold them tight.
Clearly, it shows a light.
And oh dear, they won't bite you.
I promise.
They're kind of seraphic.
Please, please show them who the king is.
By the next days, I'm leaving the high voltage kingdom,
Becoming one of the glowing sea.
Underneath the torrent, filling the stream.
I'm levitating through well-known capitals.
Walking down the dark hallway; skies are sinking cocaine.
The citizen's routine.
This is the first look of a new generation novel.
Oh god, this can't be happened all these snakes around me. I wa
ke up.