

Key

Fact

I feel I'm boiling with anger.
I feel I'm lost in a sandstorm, even though I've looked only ahead.
I wonder if you laugh together when you know I can't get out of this place.

Only time passes.
I'm tired of looking at this sight.
I hope someone opens the door.
I hope someone gets hold of my hands , and brings me somewhere

I'll throw away the key to go back here.
Then I'll flush my memory. Vacant now.

My imagination turns into ashes and spread into the sky.
The only thing I can is to somehow get it.
I put them together, (recall what it is) then understand it.

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