

## Resident in My Room

Fact

That's quite ironic. Something eddies in me.  
I entrust my body to it. Unchanging days.

I was looking up the smoke  
I found a spider gazing me through a gap in the smoke.  
As if myself losing the way to go  
I can't move like the butterfly caught in the web.

I would play into your hand, if I struggle.

How long do you keep me as a preservative food?  
For me, you seem to look over there.  
How long do you keep me as a preservative food?  
It's your territory

I'm a wingless bipolar

How long do you keep me as a preservative food?  
For me, you seem to look over there.  
How long do you keep me as a preservative food?  
For me, you seem to look over there.

There's a reality behind the window  
The rain drops are like tick  
If you wait a little longer, I would fly, before the smoke would be gone.