

Signature

Ion Dissonance

The sound of dripping rain beating a frail window, enhancing the tick-tocking noise in my head.

Against the shivering glass, I cannot hear my own sobbing anymore.

That way, maybe I can learn to forget and forgive myself?

I'm not interesting, I'm interested (- Boris Vian)

The comforting perfume of urine mixed with mediocrity,

It's a matter of appreciating what you truly know.

It's a cynical point of view from a back alley to a crowded main street in broad daylight.

I could've been saved you know... a pretty girl who just passed by, smiled at me.

Only to realise that she was actually smiling at somebody else she knew right beside me.

I'm not good at being noticed.

There's not a chance in the world that I could possibly erase all the oily fingerprints

I've left on everything I've done that I'm not too proud of.

Yet I still think that all this crying, arguing and fighting, was good for nothing if in the end

I didn't kill her...