

The Girl Nextdoor Is Always Screaming...

Ion Dissonance

Amy, sweet lewd Amy...
The way she moans, it's so obscene
Whether she's crying or complaining aloud,
And the way she's getting beaten, it's arousing

I cannot differ the sounds anymore,
They all seem like a relentless buzzing discomfort
Fuck this treacherous imagination of mine,

If you only knew the complexity of the scenarios emerging from
there
It feels like a bad soap-opera, yet you cannot help yourself from
watching the next episode

She must be so beautiful; I guess that is why I hate her and her
voice that much
The mystery, of her real self, is far more interesting than actually
knowing
Introspection, yes I do fear its return

It has forced me to review most of the basics concerning females

I hear them, again and again, throughout the night
I don't remember the last time I slept,

And I'm not feeling well, here, alone with my thoughts...
Staring at a blank wall

Battered and bruised, bleeding on the floor
Worthless piece of meat, I know she's crushed
But I am useless, unable to save her, and maybe I don't want to

Oh how I beg for complete silence...