Coldvenience

Rotten Sound

One individual lies on a floor of an empty room In an apartment stuffed with functionality and a lonesome fool! A midget size fridge full of novelties for oral needs Gorgeous little things to rip off the weakest of us all! The attic above so heavy that it forces down the roof Inhalation made less possible by the walls closing by Noises coming far from below unattaching everything but a soul: The innermost, claimed to be divine, an object full of faults

A hope for nobody to see The recession of normality Loaded with Hotel-TV Dark thoughts and mortality

Voluntary way To drive you less sane Unexpected reactions From energetic persons

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