

They get lost in the crowds
By themselves, they can wander to some place they have never explored
They can wander to some place they can find themselves
With the city in their minds
In on their feet
As they wander down an empty alleyway
Abandoned for their discovery
They find someone lying against the wall
Sleeping, slumped again the alleyway
A chain-link fence separating the city behind them
They look so tired
The someone who wandered
Push something in front of them
It doesn't matter what it was
But the slumping figure was grateful

Later in the evening, almost night,
The wanderer goes back to her condominium.
Back in the city's alleyway-the figure dies.
Two Side of The Same Coin
Flipping over a coin,
Two colours are present.
One a colour of white
One a colour of Gold
Through their white and gold eyes,
They see their own version of life
The Bottom (A Hand's Rise)

Destruction imminent blown-up outsides of life.

Sounds of life outside can't be heard anymore

A hand is drowning in the sounds of a dead silence

Taken away from them when they lost grip on the world

A menacing mind, crushing an existing grip of the world

A hand, that flows in a water of shallow air

Head is submerged under hell

Demons dance above in the air without caring

They crush her mind beneath

A force-a manipulation of consciousness

She feels her strong grip on self weaken

Under manipulation and psychological torture

She isn't sure who she was born to be, anymore

The damage to her was already done so long ago

Feet stomping on her head, the demons dance without a care for life

Her head repeatedly smashed and broken before being repaired to be

Tortured and destroyed again

That nagging voice, somewhere quiet in her mind

It is there, telling her to stop resisting against demons

"Let yourself be crushed. It's no use resisting. Accept you cannot do anything."

A voice, annoying with hate.

Letting herself reach up to a demon's foot, she smashes and screams his head into

A brick of air

Soaking an ill-coloured blood unto her body, she sees her eyes in its life.

A demon, much like her, who had dark and powerful eyes.

A destruction of bright colours that occur inside her

A fluttering eyelash

Floating away in wind

The air wants part of her face to name it a human

Two reaching hands out of air

A demon bites her neck and swallows her shining colours

Choking on the amazingness, he swallows a shade of her

That was an angel

Spinning around without control it falls to a hellish death when she pulls it under the air to kiss him

A kiss makes him slump into the air and fall back down to an empty planet, far past earth

The wind claims his kiss from her, jealous of her soft-pink lips

The air wished to have her, but it can't stand seeing her kiss a demon

Like that demon was more worthy than it

Her brown hair

Long with a wavy straightness

Pops up from the air

The earth pops up a little beneath her,

Shifting a power of gravity a bit to pull her down

Her hair is rising, a failed gravity to destroy her

She intimidates an air and is spun out of its hands,

Dragging a demon down with her and she tries to kiss off his head

A breaking neck-snap, snap, snap- something ugly to her eyesight that falls on top of her as she starts

To ascend otherworldly heights

Bringing herself

Her crème, so close to gold-colour flesh

Her brown, straight but with a wave hair

Up to a rise in air

With a demon left

She lets him be

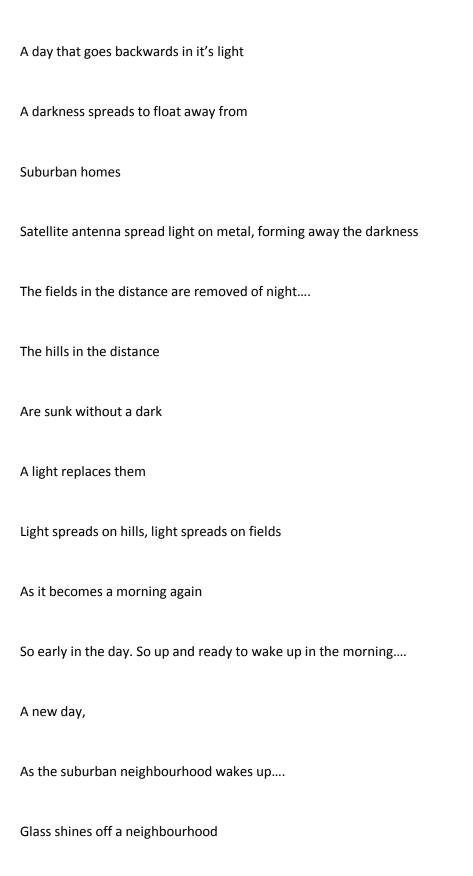
As she stared down the air's pit she came from,

Watching it with a force of power and dark eyes

She walks to the demon, who is trembling at her sight

.... She blows him a kiss, before giving him a soft kiss on his cheek

Her pink lips, so soft and naturally alluring He faints, too overwhelmed with her essence Dropping to his knees as he fades his consciousness out, The demon begs to serve her She tilts the demon's eyes to look at her dark eyes Irises and pupils so huge, he is paralyzed from gazing at his As he hangs his mouth open, full of amazement at her, eyes filled with an Experience of something wonderfully special His breathtaking throat shuts off the oxygen supply of his breath, and her breath she is giving to him She gives him a warm kiss on a cheek again, before pushing him down to The bottom of the air she ascended powerfully from Existing in the clouds, she floats to her throne, covered in the flowers of her colours Taking a seat She finds a new planet, never discovered for her A childhood, reborn again on a throne of flowers, made for her discovery of the planet Dark and powerful eyes watch the world from the ascent of clouds, And her ruling position floats and flows huge, alert eyes across the country Seeing what the girl held dear in her life No longer crushed by air or manipulation, trying to conform her mind A bottom of air, she would ascend from Houses below her air Reversed Day The houses reverse themselves in time



When the day wakes itself up Taking out it's alarm clock
An alarm clock that echoes through the neighbourhood Lively and awakened.
The light of morning, the dark of night
It makes this environment on the planet
Bustle with life, coming to a
Reflective sunny life.
Then, everyone leaves their homes
To go
Somewhere
So far
When a rain hits the planet
Demon
A mirror. A pair of feet. Standing. A look. A touch of glass.
A breaking person. A breaking room. A breaking eyesight.
Strange. No one should look like that. A sight of cruelty.

Everything looks alright. Not perfect. Just alright.

But that was enough. For a time. When everything that was alright....

When it saw a mirror.... No, no. It's all wrong. The glass should be breaking.

Not I. The mirror should be the one to shatter. I am not made of glass.

But a shatter I feel in me. A shatter I see in you. You, looking anywhere but at me.

Why won't the glass shatter? I'm not the cause of anything.

Everything that looks at it is so wrong. Glass doesn't want to shatter when there's not enough force to apply to it.

Everything seeing the glass has no power. Splitting apart, everything that sees a reflection wants to turn away.

Make everything better, or seize looking at a reminder.

Not sure whether to do one or the other. No way to do the first and put enough pressure on the glass.

No way to do the second and not feel pity for not leaving a lasting mark on the glass mirror.

So, a sleep. A sleep will cure everything. I go into a deep sleep.

A glass mirror shakes its head and sighs at me. There is no power pushing against its reflectiveness.

Everything that retreated into sleeping escapes, needs to wake up and crush that fragile glass.

The glass will break off into them. That is the point. A pressure that's a strong wish.

Broken-away sleep and aimless rest

Glass breaks at my long-naked feet

Everybody but You (A Flowing World)

Everybody sees her

She's in her own flowing world

Every pair of eyes looks at her, seeing a wonder

Every wonder is shown in her

She's in her own bubble, floating through life

Not trying to lift herself up; Everybody who sees her wonder in the flowing world
Does her lifting for her
Spreading wings and catching air,
Every pair of eyes on the ground
Notices her otherworldly face
The ethereal eagle of clouds Of air.
Everybody sees you, floating over your life, nobody bothers to see a wonder, you hold
You haven't seen the clouds yet, no pair of eyes can be bothered, to touch you
Wonder, floating through air, hardly with feet off your life, a planet's stony ground
the stone makes your feet cold when they touch
Floating up into the air, lying beyond the ground
You see her, floating through her life, letting the air pass her by When she flaps her wings gently in a soft breeze
Looking your eyes up at her, you realize everyone's eyes are admiring her, as she takes a glide in the air.
A world flowing around you and her.

A Blow of Kiss (Lost to a Cool, Fall Wind)

Blowing him a kiss, she opens her eyes wide at him.

Feeling an effect of love, she feels himself flow out of him, inside her.

He's hers now

He has formed himself into her life

A desire he wonders if he wished for all along

She doesn't take her stare off him

She is looking at him, trying to figure him out

Something, she gets from him.

But it's too late.

He doesn't need to figure her out, anymore.

He wants to consume her.

He wishes to feed on her.

Bringing his teeth to her neck, he chews on a soft, edible flesh

Pleasant with an aroma of sex

Sinking teeth into her flesh as she breathes under his breath

A chewy, yummy texture

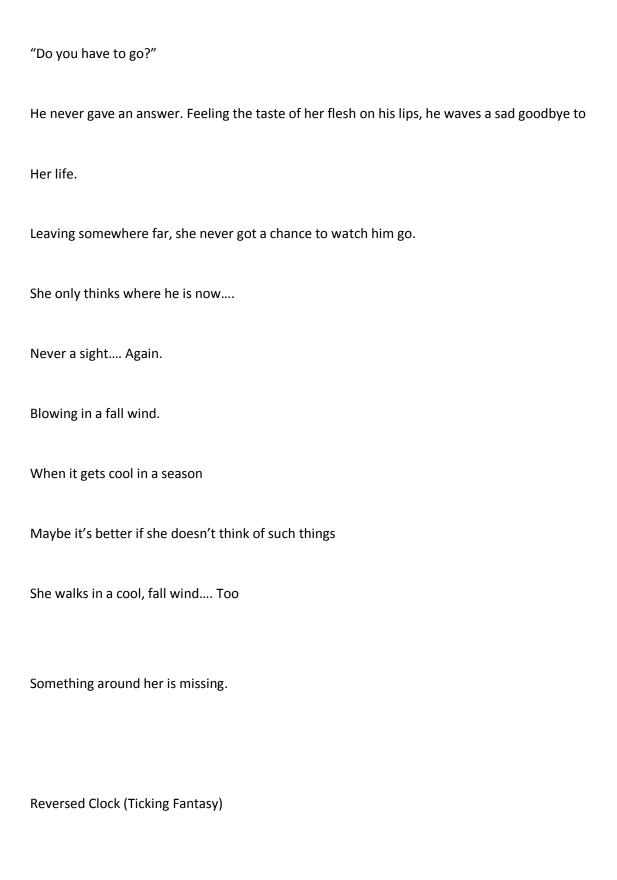
He chews a love into her

Holding her hand, he pressed it against his heart.

Feeling his heart, she realized he was dead.

In sadness, he lets go of her chewy neck.

Not wishing to let go of his hand, she firmly squeezes his heat tightly.



The clock ticks and ticks,
But it doesn't bother to move
Ahead in time
Moving slowly backwards
It only stops
When it cannot move behind
Anymore
It has run out of time
As the clock sputters and breaks
The time sputters
And skips ahead
To a point
Where time speeds
Up
Too, too fast to
Understand

On
A confused mind
Lost in time
Lost to time
Confused
And
Falling
Apart
Somehow
A mind
Dies
To sacrifice
Its time
To give
The planet
Some time
To live
A revered ticking
Of the clock
But still,
A nostalgia for the past years remains
A ticking clock that
Destroyed

What is going

Something that cannot ever Be brought back to life. The clock ticks a time, backwards to forget about whatever it never remembered. A wish that was lost to time.... A forgetful fantasy Of a passing time.... The Hole (Death Pit) Having shoved ourselves into a hole, we can not get up Having shoved ourselves into a pit, we wish to lay there and Die. Having tried for so, so long to get out of the hole, we just fall back in, Sliding on the sides of the dirt. As we scream our way back into the black. Is there no end to this nonsense? Will we ever find our way out? Is there a way to escape and grab hold of our dreams? Our dreams are buried under the dirt of the pit Our dreams are buried under the sand that creates the sky of the pit Even if we climb up, the sand buries us in it Even if we suffocate while pushing our heads in the sand, we will die a slow and painful death So, what is the way to create an escape out of the pit's depth And let us finally.... Finally.... Reach our dreams.... So, so, so far up above the very highest reaches of the sand and It's dead suffocation?

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