

Cannae, Pretty Noise

One out of a million, they don't see me. I am to this world as a raindrop is to your forehead. Suppressed only by myself. I need to let me out, out of the sky falling. Time and mind separated only by night and day. They all seem the same to me, no matter what anyone might say, I will never what I want, "free", like addiction I must come back to this. Endless loops of creativity, creatively sitting alone.