

so i shut my self down again, and wipe away my surroundings.
while the pain in my heart reminds me of time spent and forgotten.
alone but capable to see through your shit, i will bloom into what's unexpected of me, because your fucked up reality has driven me to this insanity.
how do you like me now ?
that what i thought.
disappear.
melt into the cracks i created for you, at least you can do is play the part, the one i wrote for you.
now time is wasting, and i have ruined many makeup days on your behalf.
another day will end, at least there's tomorrow.