

Successfully Delirious

Discount

you're just skin. you're just eyes. wearing clothes and breathing in, it's never any problem starting again. that must be why you can't smile. that explains the circles circling your tired eyes. you must hate me for killing, ripping off your shoddy disguise. consumed with elbow room and lost in the yellow light, you slip me subtle glares while you attempt to pretend you don't care about anything. from across the room, you slip into the hall and into character. i sit and watch from the couch. i think i'm successfully delirious. your face has faded with the rest of them. this room is full of smoke.