

# Shut Up I'm Trying To Worry

Ion Dissonance

It's 3:57 in the morning, I know it 'cause I just passed by a payphone that told me so.

It caught my attention because it rang about 3 or 4 times, I'm not sure?

(Anyway... I didn't answer...)

I was way too drunk and lost into "Ulver's Perdition City"  
To truly acknowledge what was going on.

And prior to that particular insignificance, I had lost all senses of time & space

(I'm alone and the subway docks are empty, completely deserted by the Metropolis's natives  
Closing my eyes for a second, I could've sworn I heard tumbleweeds, rolling on the other side of the track... )

Then I saw a girl, only a child to my poor tired eyes,  
Running after what might have been fragments of my life...  
Porcelain doll, a permanent scar on the smooth face of Depression.

(The phone is ringing again, breaking through my illusions,  
Leaving me to witness an impenetrable view upon boredom itself.  
Could this call save me?  
Is it salvation on the other end of the line?  
Or just a mere attempt to disturb my concentration?  
Still, this will have to wait.)

It shines; I'm sore and inspired...  
Scribbled upon the wall, you can easily read; Amy was here, 07-12-1980  
Answering, I simply wrote back; Hope was here... and quickly left, 02-10-2005

I've narrowed it down to it's simplest core.  
And I know what's required of me now...  
There are no parallels in my mind... no subtleties.

And how come this phone is still ringing?  
It'll be the last time and I'll still ignore it completely.

For once I think I'll be noticed, by doing something concrete & visible,  
As of tomorrow... hundreds of humans will be late for work.