

# The Delicate Sound of an Explosion

[Sadaharu](#)

i've got my back against the wall. i've got my feet planted firmly in this... i break the surface to breath again for the first time. chill november air burns my nostrils. (a fleeting moment - soon stolen). and i can never look at this the same again... (there are two types of people in thisworld... the dead, and the dying.)

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