The Girl Next Door Is Always Screaming

Ion Dissonance

amy, sweet lewd amy... the way she moans, it's so obscene.
whether she's crying or complaining,
and the way she's getting beaten, it's almost arousing.
I cannot differ the sounds anymore,
they all seem like a relentless buzzing discomfort.
fuck this treacherous imagination of mine,
if you'd only knew the complexity of the scenarios emerging from there.
it feels like a bad soap-opera,
yet you cannot help yourself from watching the next episode.
she must be so beautiful,
I guess that is why I hate her and her voice that much.
the mystery in itself, of her real self, is far more interesting than knowing.
introspection, yes I do fear the return of the ever-questioning process.
it has forced me to review most of the basics concerning females.
I hear them, over and over again, throughout the night.
I don't remember the last time I slept,
and... and I'm not feeling well, here,
alone with my thoughts... staring at a blank wall.
battered and bruised, bleeding on the floor.
worthless piece of meat. I know she's crushed.
but I am useless, unable to save her, and maybe I don't want to.
oh how I beg for complete silence...

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