

A photograph of a room with a strong green tint. In the center, a doorway leads to another room. To the right, a desk is visible with several cables plugged into a power strip. The floor in the foreground is covered with a textured, shaggy carpet. The text "VS THE INSIDE" is overlaid in the center of the image.

VS THE  
INSIDE



**3:30**

Three Thirty under the window  
I'll bring some tarts  
You bring your anger  
Three Thirty AM  
And we'll pretend  
We are children again



# Reality

I don't fall asleep before 2am  
And I wish I would never wake up again  
Need litres of caffeine to keep up this persona  
Try my best to pretend, I've got it all together  
But I don't like the night  
I'm afraid of sunlight  
I don't wanna be alone but people scare me  
Let me sleep till midday  
Tell me everything's okay  
At last this life is quieter when I'm not awake  
When I'm not awake

# People

I can't explain  
It's like being grabbed by the throat  
I just want to go home  
I just want to go home  
Isolation becomes my best friend  
And I, continue to pretend  
That I can explain  
By saying it often enough  
That I can get rid of it by acting tough  
It's never enough

Am I insane?  
For thinking the way that I am  
Is it my fault my brain makes me run when I can  
I try getting away  
I'm so afraid  
This isn't my game  
A lunatic has the controller  
When I try to quit, he just pulls me closer  
He won't let me go  
He makes me a loner  
People scare me



# By The Wall

I heard the bathroom floor  
would give me compassion  
Now I'm clinging to the bed, I've lost my passion  
My head needed some kind of distraction  
So I punched the wall until it had that satisfaction  
I want to hope, I almost beg to shout  
For the alien next-door I won't be too loud  
I want to cry and wail, I need to let this out  
Even if I try I can't make a sound,  
I can't make a sound  
Can't make a sound

If I had one wish, it'd be a soundproof world  
Something I could shut on or off as preferred  
It would be my protection, it would end in my death  
If I'm not heard I might die on impact  
It's a strange feeling, a fight, maybe a controversy  
Nothing alike what others prefer to perceive  
Another day down and up in purgatory  
Everything like the usual routine  
I cannot make a sound



**MMP1**

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