

# The Girl Nextdoor Is Always Screaming...

Ion Dissonance

Amy, sweet lewd Amy...  
The way she moans, it's so obscene  
Whether she's crying or complaining aloud,  
And the way she's getting beaten, it's arousing

I cannot differ the sounds anymore,  
They all seem like a relentless buzzing discomfort  
Fuck this treacherous imagination of mine,

If you 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, of her real self, is far more interesting than actually  
knowing  
Introspection, yes I do fear its return

It has forced me to review most of the basics concerning females

I hear them, again and again, throughout the night  
I don't remember the last time I slept,

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...