The girl next door loves playing piano, she asked me to play with her.

Her room is quite small, barely enough space to fit that of an adult, one could only Imagine a child living here.

It’s raining for forever, lost track of when it begins, time seems like a deep abyss with pitch black end, or maybe... infinite....

Silent clear tone of the piano floats in the background, the solemn posture of an invisible pianist, running his fingers lightly over the black and white keys, where the notes smoothly connect.

Lighting my mood，bringing color for this dark room.