

The people pass by barely notice me as they walk by. There 1000 bullshit things that seep into their mind don't allow them to observe my decaying state.

I don't have a purpose. Each day I slowly decinigrate as each day passes. My pointlessness only increases. Some point the letters peel off until there is almost nothing left.

Each day I accept a little worse condition. Never able to fix the past mistakes that have piled up. I am sure that things can't get much worse yet each time they do..

The motel has a similar attitude. Somehow even with OTE I'm enough to be left alone. I have never reached the true breaking point where it might be worth fixing