

If it weren't for the paper lanterns that make up the sky, the world as we know it, would be a scape for where the darkest of creatures could hide out, but I'm afraid that had already happened, even with them illuminating the area on which we walk.

There was no beginning, there is no end. Just— fun. Fun is the best way I can put it. The night... or day.. oh, it doesn't matter. It's all the same. It's a circus that repeats itself, something that never ends. Never through my life of running, have I ever heard it stop. Never have I heard it echo more than it already does.