



I RUN TO BE ALONE. MY MIND'S EMPTY. I DON'T THINK. I LOSE MY SENSE OF TIME, AND MY BEARINGS AS WELL.



NEVER LIVED ANYWHERE BUT IN THIS TOWN. I STILL DON'T REALLY KNOW IT WELL. I'M CRUNCHING KILOMETER AFTER KILOMETER, AIMLESSLY.



THE FEW PLACES I DO KNOW ARE HARD TO FORGET. LIKE LEATHER'S SMELL FROM BOXING GLOVES. OR BLOOD'S TASTE IN YOUR MOUTH.









