

## MARWIN

They found him drunk like a celebrity // In the center of the city where nobody see // The next day he surrendered to the authority // A lot of pictures, a couple screams // Suddenly his majestic feet // Returned to be the most horrible thing // That all those girls had ever seen // From the back of the police car // The amazing landscape // Was always so far

One thousand thoughts crowded his head // But the only thing that he could actually think of was

I've seen it, the low moon // Its bottom couldn't fit in my palm // I miss it but soon // I'll be there again to jump

Trapped in a plane he remembers // The day that he was found, the 26th September // When those idiots decided to save the farang beggar // Maybe spending the coming-back money in Pattaya wasn't so clever // Here we are // He was deported // He can't go back but his long travel never stopped // Even right now, even today // He's seeking for another girl in another state

He always walks with a limp // Station to station // He's looking for a home, he's looking for a new nation // The architecture of his sadness changes in every airport // Every month, in every city and street, in every sector

But there's a part that it's missing // And the only way for him to find it is just singing:

I've seen it, the low moon // Its bottom couldn't fit in my palm // I miss it but soon // I'll be there again to jump

## FOONESTA

Since when Ben met Anna his duty is to protect her with his eyes // On the Sunday's train // She is so pretty // She is so shy // She never speaks // And when she does // Everything turns out to be so special //

Now together they feel safe // Or more precisely // Less in danger // We will never understand // The way they look out of the window // No they truly do not need // Anyone else // No doctors // No parents // No friends

They're so excited // They just can't wait // To reach that place // To bury all their pain // Their stress // Every other thing // Under the sand // Of an opaque beach // To forget about it // For at least a couple weeks // Kicking the waves // Feeling so dumb

Nobody can stop them // Nobody can stop us // Nobody can stop you

Tonight // They fight // The sight // Of light // Their face // Is bright // She's wrong // She's right // They fly // So high that // They smell // The sky // It falls // That thing // They had // Inside

## DIZZY

You need // A place to think // Or just a place to thank // I've got this room // Is like a roof // With no lights // Can you see, the piece of sky // Sticked over my head? // The moving stars // Make me feel dizzy

All those blurry dots are way too much above my hand // And I pretend to count them all as if I can // Now I'm up in the sky but still the ground touches my hands // I do not need place to think, I need a place to stand

Wait I feel a train under my skin // I've got a train under my skin // I can't miss it

Please does anybody know where it's taking me? // I can't feel my hands and I can't feel my knees // These days I feel like a fish that swims over the sea // Now there's nothing but a door and please tell me you've the keys

Do you? // You do not

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The underground is a crossing point, not a meeting point.

A huge funnel of stories that brush against each other,  
before breaking up into countless branches.

We have just a slight perception of the many stories that surround us,  
and most of the times we don't really pay attention on all of them.

We wondered what would have happened, if we had started to do it.

We decided to tell the true stories of three different people  
through three video documentaries. We wanted to highlight  
how everybody around us has its own story to tell.

We posted messages online, we got in touch  
with a lot of different people and then we chose only three among them.

The protagonists had to be the most different.

We followed them for a whole day, trying to stay with them  
as many hours as possible. The videos had to be completely truthful,

we didn't use any filter or script.

The videos were shot in January 2017.