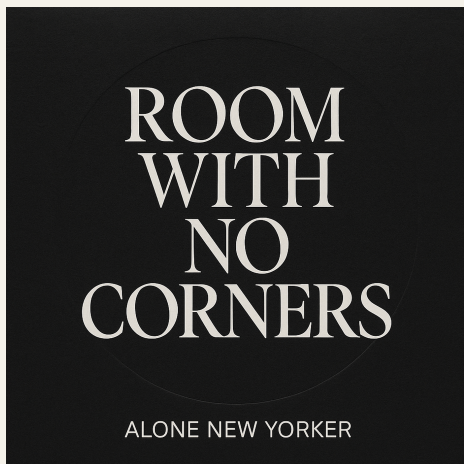


Alone New Yorker Maps a World Without Edges on Room with no corners

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The New York project's debut single turns a private bedroom into a continuous emotional field, where domestic noise, restrained piano and a fragile high voice create a space that refuses to end.



ROOM WITH NO CORNERS
Alone New Yorker

Alone New Yorker is a New York bedroom project that treats anonymity as a working method. The artist remains deliberately out of frame, preferring an illustrated visual language and a focus that stays on the songs themselves. The writing comes from Belgian songwriter Benjamin Decraene. The production and the voice take shape in a New York bedroom. The collaboration is remote in geography yet precise in tone. What they share is a preference for intimacy over polish, for small irregularities kept intact, for songs that sound lived in rather than presented.

Room with no corners arrived on 28 November 2025 as the first public transmission. Everything that followed has grown from the same temperature. The track still feels like the founding statement.

There is a strange thought that surfaces while the song plays. In ordinary rooms, corners give the eye a place to rest. They create visual anchors and acoustic nodes. A room without corners would offer none of that. The walls would become a continuous surface. Sound would travel without interruption. Thought would have nowhere to land. That is the territory this song occupies. It does not describe isolation so much as it builds the architecture of it.

The production stays deliberately small. A detuned felt piano sits at the centre, soft and slightly imperfect. Sparse ambient pads open around it like distant air. Field recordings of fridge hum and bus brakes are folded in without spectacle. They become part of the atmosphere rather than decoration. The voice sits high and close, androgynous, lightly reverbed, almost too present. It carries the writing with a kind of quiet insistence. Nothing is rushed. Nothing is overfilled. The arrangement leaves space for the feeling to arrive on its own terms.

The lyrics work like notes left in a private room. Coffee stains grow into constellations on a glass. Posters blur into outlines. Daylight is kept on airplane mode. Windows stay on screenshot. The central image holds: a room with no corners where every thought spins in scenes, high and almost weightless. The self dissolves yet continues to resound. The song understands that some signals only become clear once the body is no longer the point.

What gives the track its weight is the precision of that choice. Alone New Yorker does not dramatise solitude. The project simply stays inside it long enough for the ordinary details to take on scale. The crack behind the wardrobe becomes the only honest line. Broken frequencies turn into a way of breathing. The result feels less like a performance and more like a transmission from a sealed space that somehow still reaches outward.

As a debut, Room with no corners established more than a sound. It set the rules of the world that followed: restraint as presence, imperfection as texture, the private room as a complete emotional landscape. The project has continued to send further signals since, but this first one still holds its temperature. It remains the clearest map of the territory.

The song does not ask to be solved. It simply opens a continuous surface and lets the listener stay there.

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Room with no corners is out now.

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