

The Flow At 9 30 Am

Age of Silence

Coloured flashes never burned my eyes
The way the dirty sun does
On my way from the office,
Through streets of bleached light,
It came to me that what I had to do was
To find the main flow and obstruct it
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So I went to the cathedral.
Nick-A was at the turntables as always
The fans were already dancing like madmen

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To the pulsating beat.
It had a cashier-like quality

A soundtrack working in verdant direction
Mr. A kept chasing the flow with an ever-increasing BPM
As the audience exchanged movements
- bargaining for moves and grooves
until power restrictions were enforced
and the BPM sunk like a stone

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So I went to the cathedral.
Nick-A was at the turntables
The dancers were left in despair - discontented
It was rumoured that some of them chose the red exit