

Shock Activities

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The street's reaching up to the open window
Too much information leaks in
and shoos up my spine
Lifting my head off the pillow
and the dust rises
when I set my feet on the floor

I breathe in and out while I try to focus
When I feel OK I twist my mouth
To save what little air is left

Cos It's a question of constructing
an imitation of conditions
To survive this situation

I keep far away but I'm missing nothing
My eyes are an endless panorama of blue
There's nothing here to block my view
And with a sideways glance
I am shown as much as I want to see

Cos It's a question of constructing
An imitation of conditions

In full motion
No variation
This need for speed
The notion of convulsion
This seed of greed
Shock activities
Lack of memories
Don't wanna be
Cannot see
Anything wrong with the picture

Cos It's a question of constructing
An imitation of conditions
To survive this situation