

Spirogyra, An Everyday Consumption Song

I asked him to take me upstairs where the music was loud
He said things have changed and consumed,
they belonged to the crowd
My life's an echo, where do I start the remission
to you and the world
World sping round, they say the world spings round
And I'm alive...

And my head spins rounf, I said my head
spins round, I've been confined
Feeling defying descriptionare troubling me
I'm in a vaccum and nameless statistical seed
My life's number seeking a factor to triple
it's value to three
Three times three equals a point
where rhere maximize me
Three blind mice at an amazing price
Come here and see...
Here with the swindlers, I never make it,
I met a date,
My life is useless, Rupert refuses to be my friend
We will think of you, think of you
Rupert's confided to me, he got a boyfriend,
I am out of place
Faces keep on changing, nothing is stable
I lost the race
We won't think of you, think of you