

Absurd Minds, The Gash

The dirty town casts a cloud on us.
A blanket of smog like a sword of Damocles.
Mechanical moves. people cannot smile.
Forcing my way through streets.
Leaving this monotony for a while.
We pile up money. We love our cars.
Perverted age. We need our wars.

Consumption, selfishness and hate.
We will never learn.
Stupidity, decay, lack of restraint.
We annihilate ourselves.

The civilisation is an experience,
A learning process.
But it's a trap. can you stop turning round the key
And spitting out the exhaust fumes ?
If a sore bursts open you concentrate on it.
But do you know - we are this gash.

People speak to god, most people speak to god
Only in their final hour.