

Age Of Silence, Of Concrete And Glass

Found the core to stop the flow
No obstruction, green pierces everything

I have been washed

Now the errors and faults are a blur
See the glass under my feet and the reflection above
It has all come to this:
My view to the left and to the right has been lost

Something is blocking it
To help me focus on what is important
For it and for them
I have been eaten by dirty blocks of concrete
And concept-paper
But in the end, as I was sliding brutally through the system, the whole feeling of being digested turned

"P&S to be returned to _"
I guess it's all set

So it has come to this
Measuring the distance
Between this world and mine