

And Oceans, Mechanic Hippie

Mechanic Hippie

What are these penetrating colors

Of this soundscaping noisefloor?

Is this the old empty future

or the black electric nature?

Colors circulate inside of O

Ambient mind, the overdose

(...and I was injected with silence)

Are we all elastic worms

In this red tekknostorm?

Are there any energetic atoms

In this paradoxical zone?

Can the relapse of spasms

Be the rhythm of this dance?

Is this the neo-cultural spacetrip

Or the perpetual trancegrip?

Is the echo a shadow of presence

Or a soundtrack for nonexistence

Are the voices orchestral nightmares

Or synonyms to black and white faces?

Color circulate inside of O

Ambient mind, the overdose

(... and along came the spasms)

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In this paradoxical zone?