

## The Flow At 9 30 Am

Age of Silence

Coloured flashes never burned my eyes  
The way the dirty sun does  
On my way from the office,  
Through streets of bleached light,  
It came to me that what I had to do was  
To find the main flow and obstruct it  
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So I went to the cathedral.  
Nick-A was at the turntables as always  
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To the pulsating beat.  
It had a cashier-like quality

A soundtrack working in verdant direction  
Mr. A kept chasing the flow with an ever-increasing BPM  
As the audience exchanged movements  
- bargaining for moves and grooves  
until power restrictions were enforced  
and the BPM sunk like a stone

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So I went to the cathedral.  
Nick-A was at the turntables  
The dancers were left in despair - discontented  
It was rumoured that some of them chose the red exit