

## Mechanic Hippie

...and Oceans

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)

Are we all elastic worms  
In this red tekknostorm?  
Are there any energetic atoms  
In this paradoxical zone?