

## Of Concrete And Glass

Age of Silence

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 out to be nothing more than the feather-soft caresses of a juggernaut world

"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