

Shock Activities

Anja Garbarek

The street's reaching up to the open window
Too much information leaks in and shoots up my spine
Lifting my head off the pillow
And the dust rises when I set my feet on the floor I breathe in and out while I try to focus
When I feel okay I twist my mouth
To save what little air is left 'Cause it's a question of constructing
An imitation of conditions
It's a question of constructing
An imitation of conditions To survive, to survive, to survive
This situation, situation, situation, situation
To survive, to survive, to survive
This situation, situation, situation, situation I keep far away but I'm missing nothing
My eyes are an endless panorama of blue
There's nothing here to block my view
And with a sideways glance
I am shown as much as I want to see 'Cause it's a question of constructing
An imitation of conditions
It's a question of constructing
An imitation of conditions In full motion, no variation
This need for speed
The notion of convulsion
This seed of greed Shock activities, lack of memories
Don't wanna be
Cannot see
Anything wrong with the picture 'Cause it's a question of constructing
An imitation of conditions
It's a question of constructing
An imitation of conditions To survive, to survive, to survive
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To survive, to survive, to survive
This situation, situation, situation, situation 'Cause it's a question of constructing
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