# Mechanic Hippie

## And Oceans

What are these penetrating colors
Of this soundscaping noisefloor?
Is this the old empty future
or the black eletric 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 nonexistance
Are the voices orchestral nightmares
Or synonyms to black and white faces?Color circulate inside of O
Anbient 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?

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