

here are the keys to unlock my care-less soul

sometimes...

when the twinkling nodes beat (lateen togheter in harmony) ((ins:v2 network image))

with the elixir of the constructive interferences

in the middle of the spiral made of a big circular void

where we dare to look for the truth serum

in the time-travel velocity of the snake tunnels

boozing a rescue "eeeeeehhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!..."

the digital energy scratching our shaped minds

the terrace nights of the diamond sounds

when we let us capture by the predator-steps ((ins:siriusmo-the uninvited guest))

contours without a shadow

spacing, spacing out in the abstract intelligent music

when the tonsils silent me

we'll sit and criticize the horrorist

in this under-see city that bites silently

we'll connect again, when we'll hear the god particles blinking

with the dutch strange voices pushed backfordwars

in the trance when we invoke

anyway...

hendrik de keysserstraat, my own observational center of the universe

the beat, the beat, the psycho beat