

Azra

"So What"

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night in the city of salon strivings
night has pulled on a virginal veil
do you feel the octants in your blood
do you feel the rumble of the pressure in
your head

so what

are you waiting for something strong
really worthwhile
for the impulse that sets things into motion
think hard
at any moment orthodox vultures will
press toward

so what

two words are enough
f*ck off

the beast has a hundred faces
and while you drink and walk embraced
in the darkness
and while you're caressed by rough hands
and while you lick split lips

so what

and then god's sirens stop the flow
and the traffic lights strive to shine at a minimum
only strangers stride forward
and life settles like milk in a glass

so what

two words are enough
f*ck off

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