

WHY CLASH ?

Call it class! Bells ring in time. And it looks
Like kids hop out of a box, hat or tin.
A1 a cast! Read, write and carry books.
Smoke not! Smile and speak of rights: All one kin!
Soldiers cross the gardens' green on feather soles.

Call it class! Gates close on street. In the sun
Looks like black's a colour and white the light.
Alike a mass! Gypsy's son and his hon'
Sing. No rhythm nor style of say in sight ?
Halt! Step it up. Head over heels. Go to show!

Run it fast! Shoot in the air. Start the game
And bodies move: a knee, an arm, a head.
Clean the test! No dope in vain ? All the same,
Even winning gold will make not rich but sad.

Call it race! Blood can be green. And the blue
Like to mix with the pink. Burn down the whole ?
A goal: The species as one will come true!
Search for servants! Love and peace feed the soul?
Halt! Step it up. Head over heels. Go to blow!

Suck it out! Pain's far too sweet. Pay the fees!
Ev'ry sip can thrill, kill or fill the bill.
X the ban and flowers will bloom, hum the bees.

Call it sex! Brain is of use. Only fools
Let one plus one be more than three. Don't buy
A spy! Kings possess queens and follow rules.
Stop the rebel! Life's to respect a lie ?
Halt! Step it up. Head over heels. Go so low!

Publié dans le numéro 9 d'ARTMANIAK en décembre 2005