

The Curse

The city species we became, walking
on spicy beat, raining down on Amsterdam

all of our soul, you that want to pick
come but be warned we left the tropics far beyond

to know what only enstranged tribes see
to tell ourselves of richness, to die in shadows
of citylights, while being chained to a drowned island

what to name it, magic understood?

the world complete is sticking at our fingers
the wealthy, the poor, what culture is and
civilized, blue eyed girls playing djembe

look at it closely before you speak of minority
complexes, natives, 80% of Europeans
never spoke to a sprinting brownie in town

the curse is to be untamed abundance
and to be first born in a new era.

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