



## KINO KNOCK OUT FESTIVAL

Today we live

The time is coming. The countdown has begun, 2012,  
the apocalypse announced, and KKO follows at its heels.  
The movement of the fourth month  
and the 11<sup>th</sup> day is scheduled.

To those, blind to the signs of time  
Deaf to the sound of Midnight,  
To those who have diminished the ascension  
of the unlikely Mount  
to a bunch of tweets, RTs, hashtags and likes,  
To those who have sighted away to convert themselves  
to mere strass and photo calls.

When everyone gives way to the little black dress,  
When our missing desire reasons with itself,  
When they crown the seducers and the self-promoters,  
Rage rumbles.

Everyone unties itself from the world's destiny,  
All would scream to shelter.  
Then the lion flees at the coming danger,  
Bequeathing an era spent riding on opiates.

Left without cover, sitting in the front row,  
the cynics and the relativists,  
The reckless visionaries, the sinners,  
Those who pass themselves off for alive,  
but who are dying.

Let's open the gates,  
Let's cheer for this ravaging wind.  
Round up, at dawn, on the parking lot,  
Our hands against the divine nunchucks, round 1, Fight.

The time for those doubtful of themselves,  
For whom nothing comes for free,  
Is coming, after having paid the price,  
In the trading currency of the day.

The reign for merchants of nightmares reaches its end,  
The citadel of fortresses crumbles,

In the ruins of the old Rome,  
Other than us, no one is there, only the thunder resounds.

The sea rises and Hellas, submerged, fights back.  
The energy of the damned.  
Mindful of having erected towers to stay dry,  
What does it matter now that we swallow water going  
under.

Let's put on our K-WAY and ride those waves,  
Intoxicated by the risk and the danger.  
Let's sail on cypress wood,  
and dive in the depth of unknown waters.

Let's celebrate the works which move forwards, masked,  
Those forgotten treasures, unachieved, that  
waves have returned, that destiny has sound out.  
May Creation finally reveal to us all its secrets.

How to shut the fountains of the deep,  
And the locks of heavens?  
When the piano sleeps us and our mentor;  
Terminator.

Let's rebuild that pyramid of times.  
Let's live the time of history beyond our existences.  
On the fringe, KKO, the child of an unflinching generation,  
Is planning the time of the end of coteries.

The foam is dispersing already,  
A world ends,  
This one, the new Middle Ages.

Open your arms, you, son of the last Man,  
Walk in the mists of times,  
Life is nothing but a constant challenge.

Those who are attentive to the rumors on the airwaves,  
And to the stars, must consider this.  
We will continue to dance until the end of the world.  
Even if it means sweating until the very last second.

Flared up,  
We have been jarred,  
Waiting for the lightning to set us ablaze.

We will continue to broadcast, to programme  
After the rust and the salt,  
After the bag (???) and the flood.

The shadows disappear when the Great Noon rings out.  
It is time to go conquer the dormant world  
Nothing to lose, not even scared.

The opportunity is too big; at last, we will reveal ourselves.  
We're up to it. It's that simple. Here and now,  
'Cause "Today, we live".