My description:

Everyone around me was in a hurry. Shades of red and black dashed around me as the deafening sound of cymbals and guitars pierced my ears. The uncomfortable taste of dust and dirt tinged my tongue, and I could feel myself trembling underneath. Everything-it felt as if a million boulders were weighed upon me. As if I didn’t belong here. I felt as if I was a trapped bird, longing for freedom - how was I to get out of this endless crowd.