

Five Pointe O, Syndrome Down

I kick back and watch the stars.
They say: "This day will come so please don't be afraid."
But since this child's a man now,
We'll be away, away, away.
You've spent too long away, away, away.
We only sleep to pass away the days.
I've learnt to leave my body;
To find peace away, away, away.
You've gone too far away, away, away.
A childhood friend is now unknown to me.
Thieves in the stars are godlike.
While they're away, away, away.
Home, a smothered star.
The womb's way too far.
All fingerprints astray, astray, astray.
Where wide-eyed gods are thought to be unseen.
Some slip out of their conscience to find truth.
Away, away, away.
A gathered source of waves, of waves, of waves.
Abandoned body, mobility of "think";
Aesthetic proof beyond nimbus,
Come find me away, away, away.
Home, a smothered star.
The womb's too far.
Something's wrong,
It's very wrong.
It all becomes unharmed.
Seared stretch of soil and scab.
A bored time of simple man.
We need something more.
Something more.
Time stands still in children's hands.
It all changed 'cause Bruce Lee's dead.
We need something more.
Something more.
Coffee-fuelled robots with plans.
Dollars, dimes, supply and demand.
We need something more.
Something more.
Home, a smothered star.
The womb's way too far.
World way out there.
You're sort of strange.
Fruit for the brain.
Hope of true source.
But it's so far.
It seems way too far.