

Uncle Ho, Catching The Bug

You say the river is heavy with melted ice and melted snow.
What a slushy thing to say: We mirror this, this river's flow.
By the river we found a bug, underneath our feet, underneath the ice.
Now we are waiting for the joys of spring, will it come to life, will it come to life?

I WANT TO FEEL WHAT IT IS TO LIVE.

You are wonderful and present in the sun. I can see your skin, I can guess your bones.

Into our hall of mirrors I choose to run with a bag of tricks, a bag of stones.

CAUSE I WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT IS TO LIVE.
I WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT IS TO LIVE.
INSIDE MY HEAD ...