

Uncle Ho, Show Them What You Are Made Of

Adapted to a myriad of ends...
Adaptability, the way we bend...
Covered in glittering, connecting sparks;
Caught in the cogwheel jitterbug.

Why don't you show them what you are made of right now?
Get up and show them what you are made of right now...
Nothing is there to hold you back, a black wall.
But nothing is nothing, it is nothing at all ...

YOU'D BE ALL RIGHT, HEAD-ON.
YOU COULD BE ALL RIGHT, YOU COULD BE AT ONE.

Guiding light from a long way off ...

Glowing tissue in an ocean of moths ...
Floor of wings underneath you, too ...
How I wish to open up into you...

I WOULD BE ALL RIGHT, SHINE ON.
I COULD BE ALL RIGHT, I COULD BE AT ONE.

I COULD BE ANYTHING, I COULD BE ANYTHING ...
I COULD BE ANYTHING, OH GOD, I COULD BE ANYTHING.

I COULD BE ANYTHING, I COULD BE ANYTHING