

Uncle Ho, The Long Slide

Moving inside a structure of restraint and doubt.
A state of torpor induced by what the code allows.
Grant me one wish and I will bag that set of rules.
Let's break the wishbone, let's break the rules that govern you.

I'm a creature in great shape and thus I spend my days:
A grey thought in a grey shade, folding into a light-filled space.

The long slide, the long slide,
I'm going down the long slide.
My trail of star dust
Was once the fabric of my life.

I'm coming back to what I know.